AMERICA AS I SAW IT

Alec Tweedie.

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AMERICA AS I SAW IT

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Alec Tweedie.

AMERICA AS I SAW IT

OR

AMERICA REVISITED

BY

MRS. ALEC–TWEEDIE

AUTHOR OF "THIRTEEN YEARS OF A BUSY WOMAN'S LIFE,"
"THROUGH FINLAND IN CARTS," "SUNNY SICILY,"
"HYDE PARK, ITS HISTORY AND
ROMANCE," ETC.

WITH MANY ILLUSTRATIONS

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PREFACE

What am I to say to precede this cubist-impression picture of a great country?

Odd notes at odd moments, often made at lightning speed, and under all sorts of circumstances and conditions, lie herein.

"If you write about America and don't lay eulogy on with a spoon you will never be able to set foot in the United States of America again, they will hate you so," said a friend.

I don't believe it.

Americans are older and wiser and kinder nowadays, and will accept the good, and the bad, and the honesty of both, I feel sure.

My first visit to the United States was in 1900–1901, on my way to Mexico to write "Mexico as I Saw It," which has run into many editions since then. It appeared at five dollars, with three hundred illustrations, and is now brought up to date, and published in abridged form at twenty-five cents. Cheap sales of goods generally mean deterioration; but cheap editions of books luckily denote the popularity of the originals.

My second visit to America was in the winter of 1904, when a telegram received in Chicago from Ex-President General Diaz invited me to return to Mexico for his seventh election. It was then

I commenced "Porfirio Diaz, the Maker of Modern Mexico." After much persuasion, for he is a strangely reserved man, he supplied diaries, maps, and private letters, and the book has been translated into other tongues.

In the autumn of 1912, I crossed the Atlantic again — this time on pleasure bent, and to have a holiday and a good time generally after completing my thirteenth book, entitled "Thirteen Years of a Busy Woman's Life," which in a few months was in its fourth edition.

The "New York Times" then asked me for a series of articles on America. I refused, for America has been hypersensitive and antagonistic even to friendly criticisms; but, on consideration, I accepted the compliment, and when the publishers wished these articles enlarged for a book, finally arranged with the Macmillan Company of New York to write "America as I Saw It." * * *

One day four months later a woman came into my cabin off Brazil, at Easter, 1913, and asked to see a book in the making.

The manuscript was unearthed from under the pillows which acted as paper-weights on the sofa, and as the leaves were turned over, she exclaimed, "Why, all the paper is different shapes and sizes, and all the pages different types."

She was right. It was a mighty untidy production.

"The first pages, in black letters," I explained, "were dictated straight to a machine beside my bed before breakfast in Chicago. This official business-paper was done from shorthand notes by a secretary in Ottawa. The small type on smaller paper was dictated at odd moments to a stenographer in New York, who took her shorthand notes away and duplicated them. These larger pages on thin paper were typed at the British Legation in Buenos Ayres, from manuscript written at sea between New York and the Argentine. Lastly, these purple pages were typed on board the *Vandyck* between Buenos Ayres and Southampton, from pencil scratchings made at an Argentine ranch in tropical heat in February. These untidy scribblings have been put together from rough notes during forty-nine days' voyaging, often on stormy seas. Hence this curious jumble, and now you know how a book should *not* be written. People who find it difficult to concentrate their thoughts at sea sufficiently to read a book may realise a tiny bit what it means to write one."

Twenty-six thousand miles alone, without a maid or a secretary, made writing a hard task.

"Is it finished ?" she asked.

"No, not yet. It will have to be re-typed and corrected in duplicate in England ; one copy will be posted to America to be illustrated and printed

in the States, while the same will be repeated in London." * * *

If I have omitted subjects other authors have mentioned, it is probably because I have purposely not read any book on America by anyone, not even by Dickens, so what I have said is my own, and I alone must take all blame.

Alas, I missed many dear old friends in America during my last visit, friends such as Colonel John Hay, Secretary of State; Colonel Aldace Walker, Chairman of the Atchison Topeka Railway, in whose private car I travelled; Mr. Lorenzo Johnson, Chairman of the Mexican Railway, in whose private car I also spent many happy weeks; Dr. Horace Howard Furness, the great Shakespearian writer; Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, the poet, and others. They have gone to their long rest; but, thank God, I still have many friends left in the United States.

I love America, her women, her oysters, her grapefruit, her rivers, her roses, her express elevators (lifts), and her quaint ways; her eager life, her kindness to the stranger within her gates, and — dare I say it — her serene satisfaction with all and everything American.

London, 1913. E. ALEC-TWEEDIE.

N.B. It is interesting to note the difference between English and American humour in the illustrations.

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AMERICA AS I SAW IT

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CHAPTER I

Noisy New York

Hyper-sensitiveness is an American sin.

What is to be said of a people who resent all criticism?

Why is fair and square comparison with other lands so often taken as personal insult?

Praise is distrusted, and blame resented.

Why is the universal reply to any banter, "We are still so young"?

Qui s'excuse s'accuse.

Even children grow up. They pass from babyhood to the days of standing up in their little "cages," and on to school and 'varsity. They grow and grow, expand and expand, and what is forgiven in the child is aggressive in the adult.

"Still so young." What a paradox. Half the forbears of the American-born citizens seem to have arrived in that ever-elastic *Mayflower* in 1620; at least a Britisher — called a *foreigner*, by the way — is continually informed so; and if that is really a fact, half of the population of the

United States is sprung from a stock established on the land three hundred years ago.

That is not so very young, is it? And it is nearly a hundred and fifty years since England was foolish enough to make herself unpopular and lose her hold; so for one hundred and fifty years America has not even had a foster-mother. That again does not make America a swaddling babe.

Why, in 1791, her public debt was already $7,546,847,652.

No, no, America is not young. She is in the full force of her strength and maturity. She is a great country, and has a great people, so it is a little childish and peevish to be always sheltering herself under the cloak of babyhood. We might just as well excuse ourselves in Great Britain on the plea of senile decay; but we are not senile, not a bit of it. We are all alive, full of faults and fancies; napping occasionally, perhaps, but more often wide awake. Sometimes even suffering from insomnia, strange as it may seem to the American mind.

Parents and children are seldom companions. The baby is the plaything of the father and mother; the young child has to be guided and encouraged; the grown boy or girl has to be guarded and inspired; the youth or maid has to be gently ridden on the snaffle, as they resent restraint; the young man or woman likes to show independence and indifference, and break away.

Not, then, till the age of twenty-five or thirty — or better still forty — does the child stand on the same footing as the parent. Then, and not till then, are they companions in the true sense of companionship. Both are fully grown, and endowed with strength.

Great Britain was the parent; the United States was the child. Both are in the full power of maturity, of mutual respect and confidence. They are chums by habit, relatives by blood, comrades by circumstance, and allies by understanding.

"How do you like our rush?"

"What do you think of our politics?"

"Have you had your blood pressure taken?" are three questions asked the stranger three times a day.

1. I do not find any particular rush; there are slow people and busy people in every land. We generally find time to do exactly what we want to do in this world; and we all find excuses, readily enough, to leave undone all those little things which irk us. They are always talking of hustle and rush. If the people of America were not slow by nature, and slower by habit, they would not wait for hours at barbers' shops to be shaved, and loll about on sofas during the process. Men would not waste precious moments standing in

queues to have their boots blacked, or sit in rows and rows and rows, at all hours of the day and night, in hotel lounges. The women are just as slow and wasteful of time over manicure, hair-drill, face massage, and general "prinking" (titivating).

One can be busy running round a steamer's deck; but that is only a fetish of energy.

Americans are also inclined to be unpunctual, and in their unpunctuality waste many precious moments daily. Moments are like pence, they become of inestimable value when they are collected together.

Of course, they are slow in America, and they show their slowness by not understanding how slow they really are. American hustle is a myth. It is merely false haste.

2. Reporters cannot drag opinions from me on American politics, because a hundred millions of people are divided into three camps, on their own politics, so that my opinion would be of no particular value, to give, or turn a vote; although I did offer to become an ENGLISH WOMAN PRESIDENT OF THE WHITE HOUSE if they wanted a Fourth Party to scramble over. American politics are becoming cleaner every day, while ours are tending the other way.

3. Blood pressure has not yet disturbed my peace, but if I hear about it every day and all day for much longer, I shall begin to think mine

had better be tested. It would be a pity to be so far behind the times and so unfashionable as not to be able to answer glibly: —

"Oh, my blood pressure is —"

In 1900, when I first crossed to America, everyone had, was going to have, or wanted to have, appendicitis. In 1904, they were all talking Christian Science or divorces. It was quite *démodé* not to be associated with one or another of these forms of excitement. In 1912, the split in the Republican party, the Treachery of Roosevelt or his Godliness, the Stupidity of Taft or his Virtue, the Genius of Wilson or his Villany, were the uppermost subjects. Or — don't let us forget that all-important factor — everyone's blood pressure turned up cheerily as a spice to conversation. People have even been known to go about with little machines for testing their own and their friends' blood pressure, so important has the subject become.

Alas, no meal is complete to-day, in any land, without some sort of medical discussion and personal diagnosis, occasionally even accompanied by the weighing of food.

Each voter during many weeks of my last visit thought *his* man "the only man to save the country," and each voter worked himself into some kind of fever for months. Every important man

feared he would be put out of office, while every would-be important man hoped to receive emolument; but the morning following the election, all was still, just as though nothing had happened. Even the stocks and shares barely moved; only the nation's blood pressure remained to worry over.

The United States is a vast subject, too vast a problem to discuss in little pages. It contains too many conglomerate nationalities, too many theoretical political economists. One can only be superficial and give snap-shots of the things that strike a British cosmopolitan mind in that vast, progressive, wealth-producing, and often surprising country, — a land of "natural resources," as the stranger is told as repeatedly as that "the country is young" or "everyone hustles over here."

I love America. Why, of course I do, or I should not have crossed the Atlantic six times to visit her shores. We see faults most distinctly in the people we love best, and so it is with a traveller and writer in the lands they care for most.

Passion is blind and fleeting, love is reasonable and long-lived; but it is a mixture of oil and vinegar.

Women are jealous of other women's wealth. They are covetous of material things, of popularity, and social success. Men are seldom so, but men

are jealous too, a hundred-fold more jealous by nature. Jealousy is often the finger-post to ambition in youth, and a ruffled rose-leaf in possession at a greater age.

True love such as the Mother country has for America is unselfish, and true love strengthens with years. We criticise each other as we would not allow any one else to criticise either of us.

"Where do you come from, ma'am?" is a constant question put to the visitor in the States.

"From London."

"London, Canada?"

"No, England."

"Ah, London, *Eng.!*"

It really is amusing to be asked which London one has come from. To us there is only one London, our London; the LONDON. After all, our London is as big, aye bigger than the whole of New York and Chicago put together. We number some seven million souls. There are as many people in our London as in the whole of Canada, or in the whole of the Argentine, but we don't call it "the biggest city in the world." We Britishers are content to call our London "London" without a prefix or even a suffix of "Eng."

London is dirty, London is old. It dates back 2000 years from the Roman occupation, poor, dear decrepit old London, with its trees and its shrubs and its window-boxes galore. London is

a Garden City, surrounded by golf clubs, and England one large park.

Another constant remark of a personal nature, made by tram-conductors or hotel servants, is:—

"Guess you're English?"

"Yes, what makes you think so?"

"I knew it by your ac-cent."

To anyone who does not talk Cockney, nor Yorkshire, nor Somerset dialect, it is somewhat amusing to hear they have an *ac-cent*. American and English are only approximately the same language.

They are always pulling down in America; putting up or pulling down again.

Twelve years ago the Grand Central Railway Station in New York was being built.

"It is the biggest in the world," people said; and they added, "It will soon be ready."

Four years later that station was still being built, but "It will soon be done now, and it is the biggest station in the world," the stranger was again told.

Eight years later, it was still being built.

And it is still "the *biggest* station in the world", and is still "*nearly* finished".

Well, I spent so much time at Christmas, 1912, trying to find my train, over rubble, under hoardings and bill-boards, and across scrap-heaps, that I lost it. No wonder they have so many bath-

chairs about; I nearly hired one myself, but a nice darky porter took me in hand instead, and steered me about under iron girders, between baskets of bricks and bags of sawdust, telling me meanwhile:—

"This is the biggest station in the world, ma'am, and it is nearly done."

An echo of the story of twelve years before. Victoria Station in London took about half that time to build, methinks.

How delightful it is that America has instituted porters at last; and what a joy that they have a high platform now in a station like the Grand Central. Let us drink to the health of high platforms, and hope they may soon appear over the length and breadth of the land. Those acrobatic crawls up slippery steps into Pullman cars were not only exasperating, but dangerous.

A house in process of erection in the States is a curious-looking object, especially when it is thirty or forty stories high. They all appear like glorified Eiffel Towers, but, to begin with, they are nothing more nor less than a steel frame without bricks, somewhat in the shape of a box, but quite light and airy. From the top windows of an office one could see an erection of the kind which had already reached the tenth or twelfth story. Then came several more tiers of steel frame, naked, gaunt, ghastly, but above it all the roof — already

made — crowned the summit. They had begun that house at the bottom; they had then put on the top, and they had left out the middle bit. They certainly build on plans of their own, hard to understand, in this land of topsy-turvydom.

The early Victorian, Dickensian type of American who cherished a bitter and unenlightened animosity for all things British, is not even yet utterly extinct, though — be it said — he or she is to be found for the most part now only in the unlettered minority.

An American of this sort rebels fiercely against the mere notion of the possible merit of any country, or anything, outside of what he calls "God's own stamping ground."

His remarks of a patriotic nature, full of wholly unconscious humour, might be a source of joy to "G. B. S." or "G. K. C."; for instance, one of these hopeless bigots actually said in all sincerity: —

"Why, foreigners aren't anything more than a lot of fakes, anyway, and doesn't our American money prop up the decayed thrones of Europe? You bet —"

A lady of the same calibre, with unreliable ideas on history, informed a Britisher, "That it was only the other day that England tried to take this country, anyhow!"

This grade of American will invariably refer to English, Scotch, and Irish people as "for-

eigners." Even the coveted and much-pursued "English Dook" is no exception, however proudly the plutocratic States take him into their families. One must not blame the American for striving to climb; the blame rests with the representative of some fine old European house. It is far worse to sell ancestry, blood, and traditions than to buy them; the vendor falls from his ideals, the purchaser merely aspires to ascend.

The morality of marriage is imperative for the good of a nation. Without it, society falls to pieces. Men must avoid side-slips; decent women should not be expected to marry indecent men.

New Yorkers are far too busy making money, fighting for dollars, and spending them as fast as they can, to worry about small details. This rush for money may, of course, only be an incident; it may only be the desire of the American for power, just as his endless questioning is a desire for knowledge. If America takes unto itself a coat-of-arms, that coat-of-arms should be a huge note of interrogation emblazoned on a dollar shield.

The American, God bless him, always wants to know things. He is right. We cannot know things unless we take the trouble to learn them.

"Money-making is the lowest form of intellect," said one of America's most prominent lawyers to me.

"How so?"

"Often it is mere chance; often it is merely cheap cunning that amasses wealth. The creative brain is the real brain. The arts are the only things that really count. Amassing money becomes a disease and seldom consorts with a big brain."

I suppose I looked surprised for he continued: "A man may be a genius, but if he has not a genius for making money, he is no good in America. That is probably why the arts are so little encouraged, and why the professions generally have not the high position they have in other lands."

He was right. Money counts above and beyond everything. Money counts far beyond brains, in America.

In the United States, and in the Argentine, money is the god; money makes and rules society, and money mars many homes. There is great similarity in the social status of men and women in Buenos Ayres and New York; and yet, intellectually, the women of the two countries are Poles asunder.

New York sets the pace, and inaugurates fashion for the whole United States. New York is very much nearer to Wall Street than to Washington, so it is only natural that more interest should be taken in dollars than in politics, and

that the women should imperceptibly follow the cue of the men.

New Yorkers simply throw money about, and live in magnificent restaurants and public places; it is often a mad rush of social excitement to kill time.

The wealthy Britisher spends his money differently from the American.

He has a beautiful country place, with lovely, well-kept gardens, sweeping lawns, and greenhouses, which latter are usually his wife's hobby.

That wife knows every flower, every shrub, and she revels in her blooms and her fruit.

The man prides himself on his farm, his model dairy, his pedigree stock. He is enthusiastic over his shooting, his horses, and his hunting, and takes pride in his forestry.

He and his wife are closely interested in public affairs, in politics, in municipal government, the cottage hospital, and schools, in the welfare and individual lives of their tenantry.

There is still something of the personal interest of the old feudal baron lurking in his breast, and his wife is still the bountiful lady chatelaine who distributes soup in time of sickness.

In America such places are extremely rare; shooting and hunting are almost unknown, tenantry barely exists, the private gentleman takes no interest in politics, and his time is spent enter-

taining at hotels in a gorgeous fashion, or going from one smart seaside resort to another. His wife dresses more elaborately than her English sister; he eats richer fare, and pays double what the British squire would give for her pearls and his champagne.

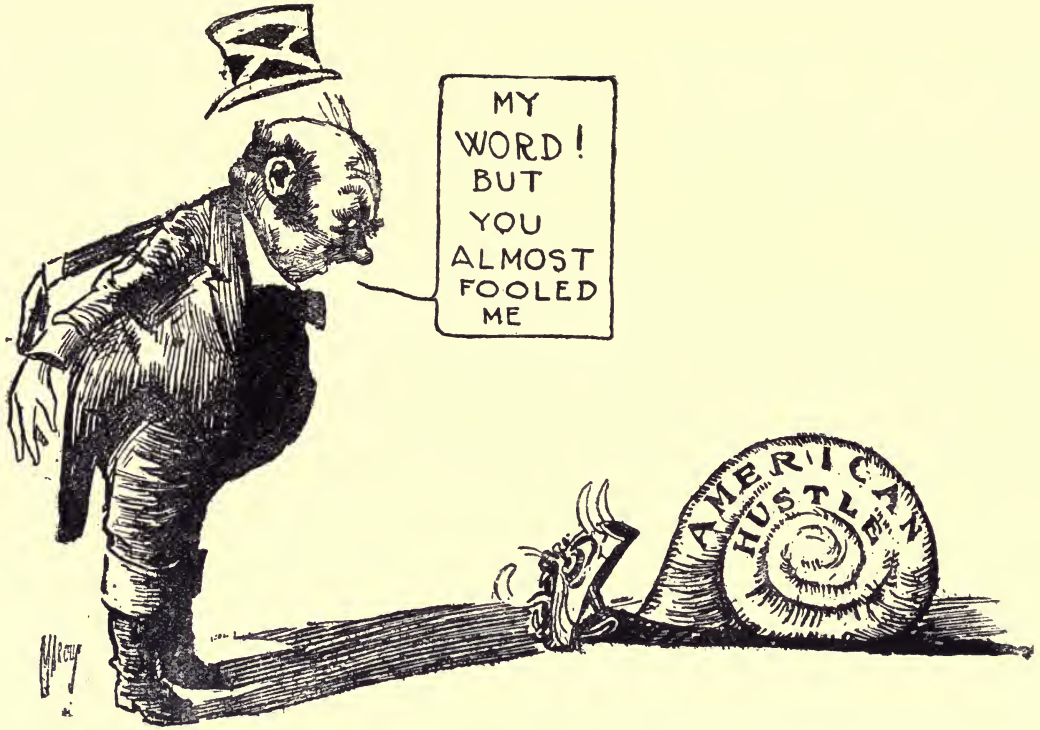
The lives of the wealthy are totally different in the two countries. The rich American often leaves his own shores to settle in England. He appreciates our life. The rich Englishman stays at home, and yet it was the young ambitious Britisher who made most of the great railways of America, Canada, Mexico, Argentine, and Brazil; who carried out their tramways, and their water service, their electric light, and financed and pioneered many of the prosperous lands of to-day.

The Britisher was not asleep then, and the Britisher is not asleep now. "He does not say much, but he is a devil to do," as the Irishman said.

The Englishman has a motor-car of moderate price, but he sees that it is kept clean. The same class of American runs one that is more luxurious, costs twice as much, and is quite content to let it come to the door dirty, while he is explaining how many thousand dollars it cost.

New York had grown since I first saw it.

Yes, it has grown up, inasmuch as it is more



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AMERICAN HUSTLE IS A MYTH

sure of itself, more self-possessed, and it has grown up because its buildings are nearer the skies. The first time I saw sky-scrapers was thirteen years ago, when I thought them perfectly hideous. They merely seemed blocks of prison-like similarity, with soulless eyes of bricks and mortar.

That is all changed undoubtedly. "The Times" Building, which was the pioneer attempt at something really architectural in the sky-scraper line, reflected Italian beauty. To-day there are many buildings that are really beautiful, and their sheer height gives a certain dignified magnificence which makes New York a much more imposing and majestic city than it was at the dawn of the century.

Fifth Avenue is certainly one of the finest streets in the world. Standing near the Central Park, and looking toward Washington Square or the Old Bowery, one cannot but be impressed by the variety of the buildings, the good taste many of them display, and the delightful sky-line they represent. Fifth Avenue is something to be proud of.

Fifth Avenue, too, has grown. Thirteen years ago many private houses were to be found "right down town"; now they seem to be pushed farther and farther up toward Harlem, and the hotels and shops (Oh, no, one must not call them "shops"! that word is prohibited; one must call them "stores") are creeping along towards the north

at a tremendous pace. In another thirteen years business houses will probably have monopolized the whole of Fifth Avenue as far as Central Park.

By the bye, Bond Street must be a shock to the American visitor with its funny little buildings. The houses are old-fashioned, the street is very narrow, and one's patience is tried by the congestion of traffic therein. There is nothing to impress the stranger by outward view, and yet its renown is world-wide as the resort of all the smart shopping world. Old age must be the excuse for its dowdiness, and we ought to prohibit traffic or leave it to pedestrians as they do in the narrow streets of Rio de Janeiro.

Central Park is pretty. It is somewhat small and modern, and possesses one good statue; but it would not be fair to compare it with Regent's Park, which is the most beautiful park in London, or with Hyde Park, one of the most historic spots in our country.

Nobody can help admiring the wonderful homes of New York. Mr. Carnegie, a quiet little gentleman who intends to die a poor man, lives meanwhile in a splendid, dignified, Georgian, red-brick palace. Mr. George Crocker has built a house in the style of Louis XVI; James B. Duke has a home of simple white marble. Mr. Phipps has an Italian house. W. K. Vanderbilt, both father and son, have homes in early French Re-

naissance. New York is nothing if not cosmopolitan in its tastes. It is this very versatility in its beautiful private homes that makes the uniformity of the sky-scrapers endurable. They say the interior of Mr. Whitney's house is most charming.

Those houses of the wealthy in New York are really splendid, and American architecture to-day is perhaps the best in the world. Two of these mansions belong to two of America's most famous men. The late Mr. Pierpont Morgan's father was a rich man, and could afford to give him the best possible education as well as to bring him up in an artistic and lovely home. Mr. Andrew Carnegie began at the bottom of the ladder. Those men were the strongest factors in the States when this century dawned; Mr. Morgan as a financial power, and Mr. Carnegie as a captain of industry.

No two men could be more unlike. Mr. Morgan, with his strong intellect, his individuality, his active mind and body, his inherited literary tastes, his genius for finance — which is far more than mere money-getting — had that quick, ready adaptability to the situation which seizes an opportunity when it arises. From birth and education Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan was well equipped to fill an important rôle.

On the other hand, Mr. Andrew Carnegie had

little education in his simple Scotch home ; no preparation by heredity or environment to take his place in the great world. He attained his position and wealth by shrewdness and industry. This persevering little man, who built his own iron trade about him in Pittsburgh, was most sagacious in the business itself, and wise in the selection of his staff. If a man did not prove all he hoped, he paid him and sent him off at an hour's notice. If a man served his purpose, he stood by him and backed him well.

It is rare to find three qualities together in one man: conception, organization, and execution; and Andrew Carnegie possesses all these. A moment came when the United States Steel Corporation took over his vast iron concern for hundreds of millions of dollars. Then Carnegie showed his greatness of character. The little man living in the big red house knew he could ask, and could obtain, more, had he insisted; but he did not insist. He was generous to the men who had helped him climb, and Carnegie made many millionnaires. To-day he is busy, trying to learn how he can most suitably give the bulk of his money back to the people, by the labour of whose hands he made it.

Both these men have been charming to me personally, and it is easy to understand how they deserve the great position they attained; each

with a distinct individuality; each strong; each able to command. And yet one saw at a glance how different they were, one from the other.

* * * * * * *

All flirtation is done in public. To the Britisher's amazement on first visiting the United States, he finds there are no doors between the public rooms. The idea originates, no doubt, in the supposition that this arrangement is cooler in summer, and warmer in winter, in consequence of the excellent scheme of heating; but it is a little embarrassing to discuss one's family affairs under these circumstances.

When the threshold of an ordinary American home is once crossed, there are no more doors, and everybody forgets about locks. One lives in public. One feeds in the dining-room feeling that a dozen people in the adjacent rooms may be listening to every word. If one plays the piano in the drawing-room, every other occupant of the house has to be soothed or irritated; for no door can be shut even to muffle the sound. If Tom proposes to May, every member of the family and every domestic in the place can hear their sweet nothings. Privacy there is none. It is a doorless existence. Even the bedrooms often open out of one another, and a bathroom is not unusually halfway between the two. Perhaps we are grumpy folk in England, but we like

privacy. Most of us love to be alone, to think alone, to work alone, at least during some hours of the day, and anyway we like our homes to ourselves.

Every North American couple seems to have a mother. It may be *his* mother or it may be *her* mother; but there is nearly always a mother — "our mother," and she generally makes her home with the family. In South America it does not end with the mother. A man marries an entire family, as a rule, and dozens of them live under one large roof, and get along in the most perfect manner. The Latin-American races have huge families, and then these combine housekeeping, and twenty, thirty, or forty persons share expenses in a fine palazzo. One does many strange things in South America; one takes to cotton gloves in the heat, powders one's nose till it looks like a flour bag, drives out in the dark, grows fat and indolent, and perspires at every pore; while the North American takes exercise, keeps thin, and is taut and tidy under all circumstances.

The Britisher and the North American closely resemble one another; the South Americans are Italians, or Spaniards, sometimes mixed with a little Indian or negro blood. The North and the South American peoples are totally different races, and oh! how either hates to be mistaken for the other.

America is the land of extremes. It is the land of wealth and it is the land of poverty. Much of the wealth has been easily made, made without responsibility; for there are no old-landed properties to be kept up, no old titles to be maintained, no old retainers of generations to be looked after; and therefore the wealth is widely scattered, and dollars are thrown round in an amazing fashion.

The poverty is equally amazing. There are sweat-shops everywhere. One has only to travel any warm evening in a Sixth Avenue Elevated car and see the dens of misery where people work long into the night, to realise a little what this sweated labour means.

At the same time the average immigrant gets along, learns to be self-respecting, and in a few months wears a collar. The engineers work in gloves; this sounds silly, but it is not from snobbishness, it is from wisdom, because they save their hands and accomplish more. We might with advantage copy the washing and dressing rooms provided for employees in all establishments in the States; there the workers don their working clothes on entering; and their toil over, they wash and change again, so that in the street they are clean, and tidy, and proud of themselves. It is a splendid scheme.

Skilled labour does not appear to be in demand,

By permission of the New York Times.

How well their Daughters Learn to be English Duchesses!

and human lives are quickly ground out in the machinery of civilisation, which thrusts aside many men and women as worn and weary after forty.

In the docks in New York and Buenos Ayres there are more murders than almost anywhere else. Both are unsafe after dark. Both towns are colossally rich and amazingly poor. The hidden poverty of the States is appalling. Strindberg must have been thinking of such poverty when he wrote, "I will not wish you happiness, for there is no happiness; but the strength to endure life." Strindberg was religious and yet despairing.

America is a land of surprises. Every time I visit the States, every day I spend in America, I am impressed by the luxury, the wild magnificent luxury, the wealth thrown about, the stupendous extravagance; why, even the newspaper boys give themselves that audacious dollar air; and yet how little simple comfort there really is.

Gorgeous food, often badly served; lavish clothes, without ladies' maids to put them on; splendid hotels and houses, generally without pictures or books, although the work-basket is in evidence, as there is a bedspread-mania in the air, and every woman seems to have a square for one on hand; money, money, wealth, wealth; and

yet there are hotels where one cannot have one's bed turned down, nor a hot-water bottle filled.

Every person is not a millionnaire, and cannot afford what he wants. Those who are millionnaires do not always know what they do want. One can only generalise on habits, homes, people, customs, and ways. Individually one would like to pause and praise all the nice things that have happened to oneself, but that would not be a general or honest criticism of the whole impression of America to a practical, travelled mind.

The homes in which the writer has stayed have been perfectly delightful, the people have been cultured and charming, but they do not make America, any more than Buckingham Palace makes London; such homes stand out in remembrance as bright stones in a diadem, but they are not America; that is, the America of the people.

I have been smothered in *aliases*, yes, *aliases!* Other people's names than my own decorate my person. At every house I stopped at in the States the laundress boldly stamped in black ink upon my linen the name of the person with whom I chanced to be staying. Result, I am covered with a nomenclature of Brown, Jones, and Robinson. Were an accident to befall me, it would be really difficult for anybody to establish my identity;

and I begin to doubt it myself sometimes, on looking at the heterogeneous collection of names, or room numbers stamped by hotels on my garments. In Europe the laundress puts a cross, or a number, in red or blue cotton on the linen, which is easily removed, and does not disfigure one's frills. In America they stamp odd names and numbers in ink all over one's treasured lingerie; but they wash it beautifully.

We have only one sauce in England, and many religions, tradition asserts; but America has only one god, and many advertisements. Sometimes one wonders if there is any square inch of America that will not some day be covered by a bill-board.

The night advertisements are quite a revelation. Does it really pay to spend so much money to amuse children and tickle the fancy of the adult? Broadway at night is as amusing as a cinematograph show. From end to end it is a constantly revolving kaleidoscope of electric lights. One moment there is a motor-car, high up against the sky, the next there is a lady who winks and goes out, and then appears a man playing polo. He even lifts his club in electric light, and hits the ball. The next it is a baby crying; when lo! another flash, the tears are gone, and baby is all smiles. Watch the girl skipping. Over and over the rope she goes, and close beside the fluffy

young lady is a whiskey bottle itself, announcing some famous brand of the fluid.

Even the railways are not immune. They advertise their tours and their charm with unfailing punctuality; indeed, the chief thoroughfare in Chicago is marred by the hideous advertisement at a railway station, which can be seen for a mile. By the bye, the railway stations of America are generally splendid.

America is a vast advertising machine. Hoardings are a great feature of the towns. They are everlastingly pulling down places and rebuilding them. All this rubble and rubbish has to be hidden, and the hoarding, or, as our American friends call it, a "bill-board" goes up. A bill-board is no synonym for bills or posters, it is just huge advertisements; not posters stuck up promiscuously as ours are, but large, painted, permanent signs, even framed and movable from one hoarding to another. Expensive but lasting.

American advertisements have become a science. The Americans have even gone so far as to raise the advertisement to the dignity of a Congress. Advertising is no longer a luxury, but a necessity; a satisfied customer, however, is always the best advertising. They are ceasing to exploit their wares in the old form of notice; that is quite out of date; everything is veiled nowadays except the ladies at the music-halls, and even a paragraph

on tomatoes has a hidden suggestion about some special tinned brand. The "Educational Leader" casually mentions some particular system of teaching; the gilded pill is everywhere. Really one shivers when a friend recommends a particular motor car, or shoe last, or hay fever powder, for fear it may be an "ad" naked and unashamed. Men are the worst sinners with wine, horses, and cigars.

Advertising has reached such a pitch that there are tens of thousands of men and women doing nothing else but write and place attractive "ads" in suitable positions: in papers, in stations, in country meadows, on rocks, on walls, on floors, stairways, or ceilings. It is a huge business. There are "Ads Clubs", the first and largest of which is in Toronto, where advertising by this means originally started. Canada led the way — the States quickly followed — Great Britain is beginning to do likewise. Up to a certain point it is a good scheme, because it means that the right things are sometimes placed in the right way; but it leads to corruption in the press with its veiled puffs, and also to disfigurement of the landscape. The "Ads Clubs" hold their Congresses, and the "Ads Clubs" hold the public in their grip.

"Ads" do their best to disfigure the wonderful entrance to New York by the Hudson; but they cannot succeed. Anyone who has entered New York in the dusk of the evening, or the dawn of

the day, will never forget that majestic, yes, majestic line of sky-scrapers in the soft light. New York is not a lovely harbour like Venice or Stockholm, not amazing for its protective powers like Vera Cruz; not wonderful as a precious gift from Nature like Rio de Janeiro or Vigo; but New York harbour is magnificent, thanks largely to the work of man.

New York lacks trees. There is hardly a single square; two or three only at the most. There are no avenues of trees; in fact, roughly, there are no trees at all. London is full of open spaces; our squares and our parks are right in the middle of the thickest of the population. Paris, though minus squares, is interspersed with boulevards — real boulevards, not merely asphalt roads called Avenues, as in Chicago, but boulevards with trees, beneath which the children play and the wonderful *nourrices*, with their gorgeous caps and long ribbons, carry the babies.

One misses all this greenery in New York, and the roof gardens have to take the place of Gardens below.

New York has more up-to-date tricks and less up-to-date ways than any place I know.

Those express elevators are marvels. There is one house fifty-five stories high, among many that are thirty or forty. Up one whizzes in the lift to "Story 15" or "Story 16"; out one steps,

starts in another Express Elevator up to "25" or "30"; and changes again for the last flight. It is a marvellous lift system without constant stops.

On the other hand, American ways are most primitive.

At St. Petersburg in the hottest weather — and any one, who knows Russia, knows what degree of heat that means — a man goes round with a ridiculous pail and a mop, and waters the streets. It doesn't seem an efficacious way of watering streets, but somehow these gentlemen in white, wearing Indian sun-helmets on their heads, who run about the streets of New York, with large spoons cleaning the road, always remind me of the primitive ways of St. Petersburg.

How can any civilised city stand dust-bins full of garbage in front of their entrance doors in the afternoon? They must like it, or the municipality would not be allowed to foster disease by such hideous means. Dust-bins can be seen any day, and all day, anywhere, and everywhere, in up-to-date New York. London has the best municipal government in the world; New York, probably the worst.

Hygienics, Eugenics, and Economics are the three most important subjects in the life of a nation to-day. New York might begin with dust-bins and end with police morality.

They have many queer ways in Norway of notifying a death by putting branches of fir trees upon the ground and around the door. Perhaps that idea came to America with the Scandinavian immigrant. Anyway, it is the fashion in New York to put extraordinary bows of black crêpe ornamented with flowers upon door-knockers, door-handles, on window-sills, and other such queer places where there has been a death. If it is a child, white flowers, or white crêpe is used; but if the lost one is grown up, or a middle-aged person, black crêpe relieved with purple is universal. One can see these offerings of respect in any back street in New York. There always seems to be someone dead somewhere, and these little tokens denote the place of his passing.

We put up black boards in our shop windows in London, but in New York they close the entire store, and put a card on the door to notify the customers that the proprietor, or a member of his family, is dead, and is being buried on some particular day. We occasionally wear short veils with our black dresses for mourning — the American, like the Frenchwoman, smothers herself in crêpe, and dons a veil which is almost as large and as long as a window curtain, and reaches down to her heels.

These are all little things; but little things make up life.

New York is full of interest. It is not American. It is a railway terminus or a dockyard of people from other lands, and it is interesting and instructive beyond expression. But you must wake up your Civil Council, dear old Uncle Sam; you are napping badly.

Dear, boisterous, noisy New York has reached the age of discretion; an age, alas! so often followed by the more dangerous age of indiscretion.

CHAPTER II

Where are the Men?

(Cultured Chicago.)

"Where are the men?" one continually asks.
Echo answers, "Where?"

In New York there are plenty of men to be seen. There is a large percentage of idle men there, just as there is in every other capital; a particular type of charming, well-dressed, smiling man is to be found in London, Paris, Berlin, St. Petersburg, or New York. But once outside Manhattan, one asks continually, "Where are the men?"

Is this striving for dollars worth the total obliteration of personal comfort? Do these men believe that the cheque-book is the only powerful book in the world? Is the neglect of home ties for the slavedom of business worth the struggle? Do Americans drudge for the sheer love of attainment or to satisfy their wives' love of luxury?

Would a little more business method not accomplish quite as much in less time?

Better civic administration would organise

easier means for getting about and save many hours' weekly worry to the breadwinner.

Yes, half New York is one continual round of society obsession. People are lunching, teaing, dining, calling, all the time. Even the men do it; but New York is not in the least representative of America. Just as the Society stampede is overdone in that city, the social side is equally neglected by the men folk in every other town of the land, and one asks again and again, "Where are the men?"

This does not mean that the men don't slip away from their office for a couple of hours' bridge, or billiards, at the Club before dinner, because they often do; it means that custom and habit have absolutely divided the sexes, and each leads its own particular life. Men and women meet seldom. Husbands and wives are not much together, but they are generally most excellent friends, and while the woman appears mistress, the man is most decidedly master. It is the other way in Britain.

The majority of Americans resent a man putting on dress clothes, or even a dinner jacket — which he pleases to call a *Tuxedo*, after a fashionable country place where it was first used. Some think that a little self-respecting neatness, and dressing in the evening, make the owner "look down on common people," as a man once ex-

Drawn by W. K. Haselden. Reproduced by permission of the London Daily Mirror.

pressed it. He did not explain what the creature comforts of the individual had to do with looking down on other people.

There is no respect for man or beast, no respect even for clothes. There are many individuals and little individuality. One ordinary American must and shall do exactly the same as another ordinary American or he is called "crazy," and that settles him.

Talking of being conventional, one has only to look at the hands of the women to see that every single person in every single circumstance wears white gloves. There are short gloves, and long gloves, and medium gloves, but they are invariably white; no cream colour, nor grey, nor fawn, nor black, but white, white, white. Englishmen have, alas, also taken unto themselves a conventional form of bondage in that gold signet ring on every man's little finger, and that charming but monotonous blue serge suit.

A woman wears these white gloves with the same unchanging regularity that a soldier dons his white doeskin. She wears them because she has not the pluck to be unconventional; he wears them because they are part of his uniform, and are made by tens of thousands.

America is not only a country of conventionality, but it is a country of fads. Something is taken up most warmly; lectured upon; discussed; read

From The New New York.

THE PLAZA BY MOONLIGHT

Drawn by Joseph Pennell.

about; organised into a Society, which holds its meetings and works the subject to death; and then a few months later a new idea comes along and out goes Fad Number One to make room for Fad Number Two.

At the moment, the latest fad in America is Eugenics. They are just founding the Eugenics Education Society of New York along the same lines as ours in England, which has been going strong for three or four years.

Everyone is talking Eugenics or trying to talk Eugenics, but, no doubt, that too may be a fad and may pass away like many others before it.

It is a good thing to have fads. They shew interest and an active mind, and even if they fail, "it is better to have loved and lost" — no, had a fad and lost it — than never to have loved — no, "fadded" — at all.

Among the lower classes one is continually noting the good clothes and the bad manners.

Lack of manners — the manners of ordinary civility — is unpardonable. One is often struck in these days by the fact that poverty and refinement are twin sisters, while money and vulgarity run in double harness.

American voices are improving. There is a marked difference in the last few years. The people travel more, and listen to the lower tones and softer enunciation of other countries. They

quickly assimilate. In another generation that old twang will have entirely disappeared. Many of the modern American voices are charming. The country has wakened up to the joys of pleasantly modulated speech, and the shrill strident tones of yore are becoming obsolete. In fact, the highly cultured American has already lost the nasal peculiarity and acquired a good intonation. Children, when they shout or shriek, are corrected nowadays, by their elders.

Unfortunately the lower classes of Great Britain have most hideous voices. Formerly it was the rough accents of the uneducated, combined with a certain amount of local dialect. To-day the raucous tones of the lower classes are even more pronounced — the outcome of Board School education — and are particularly afflicting to a sensitive ear. The Board School voice is rasping.

It is an awful thing for an Englishwoman to visit America without being primed as to what she is to wear.

The first time I went across the Atlantic I took eight or nine evening dresses with me. We always wear low gowns in the evening in London, and neither men nor women ever think of sitting down to dinner in morning dress.

Those evening gowns were perfect white elephants. In 1900 nobody thought of putting on

such a thing except at the opera in New York, or a very, very big dinner-party or a ball; so my pretty, low, evening dresses were almost useless.

Mistake No. I. — No one had told me that the houses were so overheated. I had no idea that I should live in a hot-house ranging from seventy to eighty degrees, in the depths of the winter. Imagining that Uncle Sam's land was a cold place in the short days, I had brought thick clothes.

Mistake No. II. — I nearly expired. As it was the winter I had not dreamed of bringing light, thin, diaphanous, summery garments for home wear.

Mistake No. III. — The only things I really wanted were entirely missing from my wardrobe, and I was badly dressed from breakfast-time to bedtime — far, far too smart in the evenings, not nearly smart enough in the afternoons, and asphyxiated in thick cloth garments in the mornings. Such was my life. I was never, never properly gowned.

To be well dressed is to be suitably dressed. My toilet was hopeless, even my smart London opera-cloaks were impossible in tram-cars or overhead railways.

I managed to improve things on my second visit four years later; and on my return eight years later still, made up my mind to be "just right" at last.

By Marconigram to the *Baltic*, a kind friend in New York had arranged a dinner and theatre-party for the night of my arrival. I had gladly accepted, and looked out one of the low evening dresses I had had so carefully filled in with chiffon, so as to give the appearance of the necessary high neck and long sleeves. I took myself off to the St. Regis Hotel, feeling mighty pleased that I had at last mastered the situation and possessed a smart half-and-half sort of afternoon-evening gown to suit American taste. And I had also donned a big picture hat, especially bought to wear on such occasions. This hotel, which is one of the many beautiful hotels that had sprung up since my last visit, was a revelation.

Could this be America ?

Every one in the dinning-room was in full evening dress ! More than that, the women were really décolleté ; and they wore no hats. Feathers, flowers, jewels, and ribbons decorated their heads, and there was I, the only Englishwoman present, in a light high dress and large hat in my wild endeavour to be suitably gowned at last, and yet I was as hopelessly wrong as before and apparently ever shall be, since customs change so quickly.

Mistake No. IV. — It was a surprise. In eight years the New Yorker had given up dining in high garments and hats, had taken to decorating

her head in the latest Parisian style, and cutting her dresses lower, before and behind, than is done in London.

Look at the theatres. Instead of anybody being considered a demi-mondaine for being uncovered, most of the occupants of the boxes and many of the stalls are now in full evening dresses. The lady in the next seat may wear a coat and skirt, and the man beyond her may wear the same suit he has worn at his office all day.

How the times have changed. The audiences in the opera-houses in America to-day, with the exception of the lack of diamond tiaras, are equally smart as in London, Buenos Ayres, or Paris, and very fine opera-houses they are, too.

Yes, they all wear low dresses in the evening in New York, and high dresses in the day. But as one goes West in America, this form of procedure is somewhat reversed, and the ladies often wear low dresses in the afternoon, full ball toilets in fact for débutantes' tea-parties, and return to cloth coats and skirts (suits, they call them) with high blouses (shirt-waists, they call them) in the evening.

Costumes are a matter of conventionality. People are unmoral because they know no better; they are immoral because they know better and do worse.

Overdressing is hideous. Simplicity is far more

beautiful than complexity. And really, costumes change so quickly in the States and fashions vary so much with the different towns, that men and women from Europe should be furnished with a

Plan of Procedure for Good Society

This should be handed to them when buying their passage, on which should be distinctly printed quarterly alterations such as: —

New York. — Best restaurants and theatres: Women, low dresses, smart opera-cloaks, no hats. Men full dress.

Washington, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago. — All this is optional. Better style to wear high dresses and dinner jackets.

Other smaller cities. — No evening dress required; anything will do, because whatever it is, it *will be wrong*. Ladies don dark cloaks to go in cars and hats they can put under the theatre seats, or pin on the seats in front. Men wear morning dress.

Boots. — Please take your own cleaning apparatus and learn to clean your own boots before you start; or you will have to chance to luck, which means smudgy boots and mud.

Underwear. — In midwinter you must don the thinnest possible garments, for the houses are as hot as the tropics.

In midsummer you may wear ordinary underclothes, as Nature's temperature is not tampered with.

Outer wear. — Sun-hats and green-lined unbrellas and alpaca coats for summer; and all the furs you can command for winter use.

N.B. And with all, you will never be properly clothed, as every American town has its own ethics of dress, and it would take Englishmen six months to learn to wear a high waistcoat with a swallow-tail coat. So give it up.

Whenever you are invited "informally" to anything, beware. That word spells disaster.

"Will you dine with us on Tuesday? quite *informally*, you know." (With great emphasis on "informally.")

It being then Saturday, a verbal invitation for three days ahead leads you to suppose it is a kind of family party; so in a dinner jacket (smoker) or a semi-high dress you sally forth. You are sure to be wrong; there will be eighteen or twenty-eight people all in full rig; you have plenty of suitable clothes at the hotel, but being told "informally," you went informally. Another mistake. Or again:—

"Choose your own night when you come back to New York and we will get up a little dinner. You decide you will be back in six weeks, fix the night, the hostess writes the date in your diary, and her diary, and affixes eight o'clock as the hour. A week before returning to New York you write to ask if the date still holds good; not saying, "because if it does not, I am going to stay where I am two days longer." She replies she expects you, so you return for the dinner; you hang out your very best clothes to get rid of any creases and off you go. The party is composed of the family and one couple. You sit down eight instead of eighteen or twenty-eight which might have been the case "informally," and you feel a dressed-up Judy. Wrong again; give it up.

Several times women asked: —

"What is a gown?" They seemed as foggy about that as about "lunches" at any hour.

I may be wrong, but I should define things thus: —

An evening *gown*, a tea *gown:* something long and sweeping and artistic.

An afternoon *dress:* something dressy and smart.

A morning *frock:* something sensible, such as a "tub" frock.

A *coat and skirt:* an American tailor-made *suit.*

Or again: An English PIE is meat or fruit covered by pastry.

A TART is fruit with the pastry underneath. Nowadays, fruit cooked in a pie dish and covered with pastry is also called a tart.

It is somewhat surprising to go into an office and find men, even the "bosses" themselves, sitting in their shirt-sleeves. In great heat this is sensible, but it seems to have become a sort of habit in America, and shirt-sleeved gentlemen are by no means uncommon even in the Law Courts, where the Judges give men permission to remove their coats, and set the example by doing so themselves; American Judges do not wear wigs and seldom even gowns; so that much of the outward dignity of the law is lost.

Drawn by W. K. Haselden. Reproduced by permission of the London Daily Mirror.

BRITISHERS ARE NOT SO SLOW AS THEIR AMERICAN COUSINS IMAGINE

Americans prefer fashion to individuality. Englishwomen prefer individuality to fashion.

Let me explain myself. Whenever one enters an American shop one is immediately told that "this is the very latest." If it is the latest, it is sure to sell, no matter if the purchaser is short and stout and the dress is made for someone long and thin. It is the latest. That is sufficient for the customer, and she accordingly orders it to be copied. The result is that American society women are like a fashion-plate. They wear the most costly material, fitted to perfection on good figures; hundreds of dollars' worth of plumes of every hue cover their heads, white apparently for choice; but if it is the fashion to wear tight skirts, each vies with the other to see how tight her skirts can possibly be, and if Dame Mode decrees that hats should be worn over the face, every woman pulls her hat a little further over her nose than the other, and so on, right down the line.

To be well dressed in America is to be ultra-fashionably garbed. If the latest veil is a spider's web, or one huge chrysanthemum, no other veil is permissible; if fringe is the mode, fringe must be worn on everything. If you are not "in the latest," you count for naught. America, therefore, is a gold mine for the costumiers and modistes.

On our side of the Atlantic it is different. The great houses of London and Paris and Vienna have artists who design special clothes for special women. The desire is for artistic raiment and, above all, for individual garb. These large costumiers naturally charge enormous prices; because, instead of copying a dress, line by line, they give an individual touch to each individual woman.

There certainly is an extraordinary lack of originality in the States. The gowns are as similar as ninepins. One frock comes from Paris, and that one frock seems to be reproduced ten thousand times, in every possible stuff, in every shade of colour, in every combination of material. The same with the hats. They are charming; they are smart,—mighty smart; they are put on at the right angle, but somehow they lack originality, and one rather longs for the expression of the woman herself in her gown, or her headgear, instead of this constant submission to Dame Fashion.

Ready-made tailor suits (turned out all alike by the tens of thousand) are cheaper than in Europe, and the ready-mades are in good style and neat. That probably accounts for the fact that one so seldom sees sloppy people. The stenographer, or the clerk, are both neater about the neck, waist, and feet, and more self-respecting than the same class of people of other lands. The

lower middle-class woman is a great asset in the country; she generally looks charming.

Speaking of *débutantes*. How different things are in America from Great Britain. When a girl comes out with us, if her people can afford it, she is given a ball — coming-out dances are constant. If that girl's family is in a position to go to Court, the girl makes her début at one of the four or five Courts given each spring at Buckingham Palace. She must wear white for her presentation, and her four-yard train, having once been worn to make her curtsey to her Sovereign, is quickly returned to the dressmaker to be fashioned into a second white evening gown, unless her own clever fingers can do the deed, as they often can, and do. How proud every English girl is of her presentation dress. It is almost as important to her as her marriage gown.

When the cards are sent out by the mother for a ball, the daughter's name is not mentioned thereon, nor is any notification given on the invitation that it is a coming-out party.

In the States it is otherwise. The débutante is made all-important; the fact of her advent in society is announced on the invitation card; she is made the heroine of the hour; bouquets are sent for her to carry; flowers are showered at her feet; everyone dons her best gown, many dress up for the tea-party as if it were a great

evening function, and the facts are announced in the newspapers. One might think the whole internal machinery of the United States was at a standstill, so important a function is a débutante's tea. That girl's advent into society is of prodigious moment according to her friends and the press.

Really one might imagine that an American girl's entrance into society was going to change the whole course of the world's history, it is announced with such tom-toms.

The girls of America have far too good a time; the married women too bad a one. Everything is done to amuse girls. If they go to college, they don't come out till they are twenty-one or twenty-two; but if they don't take up higher work, they leave at eighteen or nineteen years of age, and receive their own gentlemen visitors, and live their own lives.

Old age is sacrificed to youth. Youth is too often sacrificed to old age in Europe.

Anyway the American girl has "a perfectly lovely time." In good society she does not go about alone, as is commonly supposed. She is strictly chaperoned; but the chaperon's fatigue counts for naught, so long as *Miss* wants to go somewhere or do something. She has her débutante tea, her parties, her theatres, her dances; she is sent flowers and sweets, is fêted and feasted,

and made a veritable princess. Everything appears to give way to the American girl.

Let her enjoy life all she can, for it will be very different when she marries.

The French or English woman gets her freedom with matrimony, the Yankee maid loses it.

The man who found time for courtship cannot find much time for his wife. He leaves home early and returns late. The servants are so expensive and so inefficient that they drive her distracted, and her life becomes a round of hard-worked domesticity and babies, coupled with much loneliness. Matters do not improve with years. She never sees much of her husband, so as the children grow up, and the house settles itself down more or less, she finds relaxation in her club, and turns to public work and philanthropic ideas, or seriously takes up her own self-culture.

English women may expect too much society from their men. American women certainly get too little.

A double column announces these all-important functions daily in the papers. Such a thing is unknown in Europe, where girls come out or go in and only personal friends ever hear about them. The day after the tea the press is informed of the list of "young ladies who poured" — not rain but tea!

Society World

The Débutantes' Calendar

THURSDAY, Nov. 28.—Miss F— M—, daughter of Mrs. F— L— M— of B— P—, at a tea to be given by her aunt, Mrs. J— W—, 140 E— S— street.

FRIDAY, Nov. 29.—Mr. and Mrs. K— M—, a dance for Miss M— A— M—, at the B— hotel.

SATURDAY, Nov. 30.—Miss M— B—, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C— B—, at a tea.

Miss G— and Miss J— W—, 5114 M— avenue, at a tea to be given by their mother, Mrs. W— F—.

Mrs. J— J. C—, 1310 H— avenue, E—, tea to introduce the Misses M— and F— C—, followed by a dinner-dance.

Miss E— R—, at a tea at the residence of her aunt, Mrs. T— P— G—, 1540 D— parkway.

THURSDAY, Dec. 5.—Miss K— S—, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S—, 21 E— G— street, at a tea to be given by her mother.

FRIDAY, Dec. 6.—Mr. and Mrs. G— H— H—, 1242 L— S— drive, a débutante's dinner-dance.

SATURDAY, Dec. 7.—Miss K— K—, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E— K—, at a tea to be given at the residence of her grandmother, Mrs. E— K—, 1906 P— avenue.

Miss H— H—, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. 19 E— G— street, at a tea.

SATURDAY, Dec. 14.—Miss M— L— R—, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E— R—, 19 E— G— street, at a tea.

FRIDAY, Dec. 20.—Mr. and Mrs. C— B—, a dance at the Blackstone in honor of their daughter, Miss M— B—.

SATURDAY, Dec. 21.—Miss E— J—, at a tea to be given by her mother, Mrs. S— R. J—, 1317 N— S— street.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 1.—Miss E— P—, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. D. P—, 2112 L— P— W—, at a tea.

FRIDAY, Jan. 3.—Mr. and Mrs. A— M—, a dinner-dance at the Saddle and Cycle club for their niece, Miss M— M—.

I often felt ashamed, when I first visited America in the early days of this century, of wanting a cup of tea in the afternoon. Sometimes I dared venture to ask my hostess if I might be allowed such a luxury. If I ordered it at an hotel, they made as much fuss, and charged as highly, as if it had been a dinner. Times have changed. Tea is the fashion; afternoon tea is becoming almost as universal as "Le Feeve o'clock" is in Paris, where it is generally served at four o'clock, paradoxical as that may sound.

Nothing could be more fashionable than the Plaza Hotel in New York between four and six. It is almost impossible to get a seat, and the tables are so close together that there is barely room to move between them.

There are men, too; think of it! Another reformation in America. Not only have all society women taken to tea, but the god, *Man*, sometimes appears at tea-parties and becomes the Squire of Dames at this great Civic Railway Emporium, called New York. He has learnt that it is neither idle nor undignified to drink tea occasionally with his lady friends.

Some of the most wonderful tea-parties in the world are given in America; for when they do give one, it is a prodigious affair.

Cards are sent out, flowers and plants ordered, wondrous cakes and ice-creams come in, the table

is prettily set out with lovely drawn-thread tablecloths, and handsome satin bows to match the particular flowers used for decorations. In fact, there are "pink teas," or "red teas," and endless pretty ideas on such lines. The hostess then asks certain young ladies to "pour." This custom, unknown in England, probably originated in the lack of servants, and the art of "pouring" has become an important feature in American life, and is chronicled with unfailing regularity in the newspapers. For instance, "Mrs. Fitzwilliam Smith had a tea-party on the 19th, and the following young ladies poured."

What delicious things they have at these tea-parties, too. It seems strange to an Englishwoman to see a cocktail served at afternoon tea. Every conceivable kind of punch appears, and other marvellous drinks, and fruit salads are fashionable in the States, where the tea itself is of really little importance and not often asked for. But the cakes and sandwiches, more particularly the latter, are prefectly delicious. The American mind is certainly inventive in this direction. What could be more appetising than a sandwich filled with pounded nuts soaked in cream, or another one composed of chopped or preserved ginger, or a third filled with some delicious arrangement of cream cheese and chocolate powder; egg flavoured with anchovy; kip-

pered herring minced, with butter and green peppers; dark brown German honey-cake, known as "Boston Brown Bread," sliced alternately with white bread, and filled between the layers with all sorts of delicious things? Never in all my life have I eaten anything so fascinating as those American sandwiches.

Come, come! There are two things we have that you don't know; one is an English fried sole, and the other is jam. You grow thousands of tons of oranges and you are only just learning to make marmalade; you pickle your fruit in a most delicious way, but you don't know how to make English jam, any more than we know how to make waffles or salads.

I have bought a Boston cookery book, and though my hair may turn grey in the process, I must learn how to make some of your own delicious American dishes.

If one looks at a list of functions, one sees "English breakfast tea"; 'tis a queer notion, but such is the name of a blend in favour for afternoon drinking. There is a strange new coffee in use. It is supposed to be all sorts of wonderful things, and so it may be; but the coffee bean, that important adjunct, appears to have been forgotten. Chicory is often bought in Finland under the name of coffee; likewise husks, perchance because they are cheaper. The United States have Mexico

for their neighbour, where some of the best coffee in the world is grown; so there is no excuse for this expensive medicinal concoction unless to give a new bearing to the old adage, "The nearer the church the farther from God."

San Paolo in Brazil is the greatest coffee town in the world, and Santos is its port. Having travelled up that marvellous English railway, ascending nearly three thousand feet partly on cogwheels to San Paolo, we revelled in the fresh, delicious coffee at the hotel. When leaving the place, there was half an hour to spare at that fine station ready built for the town that is expected to follow in the wake of the railway, so we went to the refreshment room to get a cup of coffee.

"We don't serve coffee," said the waiter in disdain. "You can have tea." So instead of having delicious fresh coffee grown a mile away, we had bad China tea from over the seas.

Chicago is a dear, delightful, dirty young place, and Chicago is full of cultured people. Its new post-office is as grimy after a few years' life, as Westminster Abbey after as many centuries.

The town on the shores of Lake Michigan is far more a city of home life, real "homey" home life, than New York, which is crowded with apartment houses or flats, while most of its entertaining is done at big hotels and restaurants.

Chicago reminded us in 1903 of its infancy, by declaring that it was just one hundred years old. Only a century — verily a mere babe among the cities of the world, and yet one of the largest and most prosperous of them all to-day.

Four things struck me particularly in Chicago: its size, its women's clubs, its stockyards, and its grime. The city covers an area of nearly forty square miles, and those miles and miles of houses are really amazing when one thinks of the youth of the town, and remembers that about forty years ago much of the city was burnt down. Those huge stone buildings, those splendid churches, concert halls, theatres, hotels, fine parks, and the magnificent private residences on Lake Shore Drive are practically the product of the last quarter of a century.

Perhaps because of its size, perhaps because of its situation on the banks of a lake which is really a sea, Chicago is both foggy and sooty; in fact, I saw one of the blackest fogs it has ever been my privilege to enjoy. A wet mist had risen from the lake, which, combined with the smuts descending from the factories, made a pea-soup veil of a damp and hideous nature.

I like Chicago. Michigan Avenue is really a fine thoroughfare. The sky-scrapers are not so tall nor so imposing, as in New York, because they are built on sand instead of being clamped to rock.

They are square, more like boxes; but when the great Field Museum is built along the lake shore, where the magnificent Art Gallery already stands, Michigan Avenue will be finer still.

Holland is being reclaimed by the acre. It is being dammed and drained and cultivated beyond recognition; but then Holland is a small country and wants all its land. America is vast, but it also loves reclaiming. Chicago has thrown so much of its waste material into the lake that it is making quite a solid addition to its fore shore. If Chicago increases as rapidly in the next century as in the last, she will probably become the biggest city in the world. Chicago is spreading out, not up. Her population grows at the rate of some two hundred thousand persons a year, and it is growing outwards; New York grows upwards.

The most important new thing in Chicago, to my mind, is the Art Institute. It is one of the most interesting things in the States. This development of Art is new, well patronised, and its results will be far-reaching.

Oh, those American roads. Chicago does not seem to have so many miles of road "up" as New York, but she seems to neglect to fill in the holes.

Either one bowls along fine "avenues" of asphalt track, or bumps into indentations about as

big as the inside of a baby's perambulator. Splendid houses are approached by a delirious switchback series of jumps and bounds. But somehow American motors manage to withstand the evil. Everything tumbles on the floor; even the passengers sometimes find themselves on their knees, but to be jogged up and bumped down nearly to death is just an amusing contrast to the smooth asphalt road.

Bowling along Michigan Avenue, with the green waters of the lake on our left, my companion said: —

"We have a hundred and fifty miles of boulevard in Chicago."

"But where are the trees?" I asked.

"Oh, we don't have trees; a boulevard is just asphalt," was his naïve reply.

Americans wisely drive on the right side of the road, like every other nation except Great Britain, or the Argentine, to whom we taught our bad ways.

Our stupidity in Great Britain about many things is appalling. For instance, our money. Every land of consequence has a decimal system; the German probably being the best and our foolish blundering means of counting the worst. We have clean notes for five pounds, whereas other countries have dirty ones for five pence, and our sovereign is current coin the world over; but otherwise our heavy dirty coppers and clumsy

silver of no decimal value are incomprehensible to the traveller.

In Brazil they count in decimals, but the notes are small in size and value, while the sums appear to be perfectly colossal and are not.

Then again our weights and measures are a menace; our thermometers are bewildering and annoying to the rest of mankind. What right have we to be annoying to anybody?

There should be one universal coinage value, stamp value, weight and measure value, and one thermometer for the world, to benefit international commerce. It would save many of us making a lumber-room of our poor brains.

It is impossible to do more than give a cursory list of a few of the kindly folk whom I met or who entertained me in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Chatfield-Taylor, Mrs. Pullman, Mrs. R. Hall McCormick, Mrs. Elia Peattie, Mr. Ralph Clarkson, Miss Hariet Munroe, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Walker (who kindly made their house my home), Dr. James Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Gurley, Colonel Charles Page Bryan, Mr. and Mrs. John Herrick, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Herrick, Miss Jane Addams, Mr. and Mrs. T. Goodbody, Mrs. Joseph Long, Mrs. Conkey, Mrs. Lyons, Mrs. E. J. Blossom, Dr. and Mrs. A. A. Small, Mrs. Lorenzo Johnson, Mrs. John Jelke, Dean Sumner, Mr. and Mrs.

Thomas Ritchie, Mrs. A. B. Wiles (Woman's Club), Mrs. Pennypacker of Texas, Mr. Charles Major, Mr. Hateley, Mrs. Dester Donelson, Mrs. Fish, Mrs. E. Masters, Mrs. Allright, Mrs. Ed. Bowman, Mr. and Mrs. Hamlin Garland, Mrs. Gustav Straus, Mr. John McCutcheon.

I am always sorry to leave Chicago, poor, much-abused Chicago. It is a great city of cultured people, and it is reaching the age of maturity.

Its Little Room Club is something to be proud of.

Every Friday at tea-time that brilliant artist, Mr. Frank Clarkson, lends his studio for the Club's tea-party. It is quite a small affair, and no one who lives in the city can go unless a member. To be a member one must be distinguished in Art, Science, Literature, or something high-browed and brainy. By good fortune the writer has several times enjoyed the hospitality of that Little Room Club. Every "distinguished visitor" to the city is invited, and as each week there is an actor or musician or somebody of note, most delightful afternoons are spent in the company of this quaint little coterie.

Brains, charm, hospitality, and kindliness are my impressions of the Little Room Club, with its shining brass Samovar tea tackle. Would we had more of these small intellectual centres in Great Britain. They cost nothing and they mean much :

wealth of mind, exchange of views, broadened outlook, and inspiration.

The "Explorers" have a Club, the only one of its kind. It is in New York, and a charming little place it is. They also gave me a tea, among many delightful teas, and there some of the interesting men and women of America assembled.

To name but a few: my old friend Professor Marshall Saville, whom I first met in the depths of an ancient Mexican tomb near Oaxaca, when he was making exploration of that wonderful land, and I was writing "Mexico as I saw It." The Director of the Natural History Museum, Dr. Frederic Lucas. Mr. Charles Sheldon, who has lately explored Alaska, and written two bulky volumes on the subject. Vilhjalmr Stefansson, of Icelandic descent, who recently returned from a four years' sojourn among the Eskimos of Coronation Gulf, and discovered the "blond Eskimos." Professor Parker, lately returned from an ascent of Mount McKinley to within three hundred feet of the summit. Mr. Dellenbaugh, who in 1871 accompanied Major Powell in the first exploration of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado. Dr. Henry Crampton, zoölogical explorer in the South Sea Islands and in British Guiana.

Among others was Mr. Algot Lange, a Dane by birth, who has explored and written a book on part of the Amazon, and with whom I travelled on the

same ship *en route* for South America. This enthusiastic young man, who has learnt remarkable American in eight years, is the head of sixteen men sent out by the University of Philadelphia to collect information relative to the aboriginal inhabitants of the Amazon Valley, and to explore the forests where these primitive peoples still roam untouched by civilisation. It is delightful to find enthusiasts. Enthusiasm moves the world, and explorers open new fields for men of brains, and new markets for produce.

Wars were raging in the winter of 1912, and yet Mr. Carnegie and Baroness von Züttner were both assuring America that Universal Peace was at hand.

A nation that does not fear war unfortunately becomes slow, selfish, and lethargic, while a people who live on the borderland of peace are alive, active, alert, wakeful.

In the millennium, Courts of Justice may settle disputes of war by arbitration, but while young blood exists, that millennium is a far cry.

The Baroness von Züttner is a woman of seventy. Short in stature, ample in build, with a strong, handsome face, the old lady, in long, swinging, black velvet robes and jet tiara and veil, does not look anything like her age, and possesses a quiet dignity that tells. Such a personality was Baroness

von Züttner, the well-known Austrian writer and lecturer on Peace. She gave one hundred and fifty lectures in America in six months, in English — and excellent English, too. The fact of her speaking slowly made her words all the more telling, and as she occasionally paused a second for a word, that word was heard with extra force when it came. She spoke of Universal Peace as inevitable, and strongly advocated her cause; dwelt on the Balkan trouble then raging, and maintained this was the death knell of war.

We met at Lake Forest near Chicago, at the pretty home of Mr. and Mrs. Chatfield-Taylor, leaders of society in its best form. Mr. Chatfield-Taylor is a writer of history and fiction; and he gathers about him men and women of influence and charm. The Italian and German consuls, the head of the Naval College, the head of the Lake Forest College, such were the people at the luncheon. Brain was in the ascendant, not mere money. And the châtelaine of the house is so beautiful, she is always a joy to look upon.

A pretty, clever woman with housewifely instincts is Fate's kindest gift to the world, both good to look at and to live with.

CHAPTER III

Our American Sisters

How amused those delightful Americans must often be over us. How dull and cold and hard we are as a nation they have no hesitation in telling us. They think us stiff, formal, unbending. They tell us that our cooking is vile; that our homes are comfortable, but cold. They consider we dress badly, especially the women; that we all lead easy, indolent lives, that we never hurry, that our men start business late and end early, and that we spend much of our time — even in city offices — in calmly enjoying our "honourable tea," as our Eastern friends would call it. I've heard them say all these things again and again.

We must amuse them, and we must interest them, if these idiosyncrasies make so profound an impression on them. They are always giving us sly little raps, and yet they must like us a tiny wee bit, or they would not come in shoals to visit our shores.

An Englishwoman is a rarity in the States. Men go over for business, but women do not, nor do they travel over there for pleasure, which is a pity.

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WHAT COULD SHE DO WITH $300 IF SHE WANTED TO SEE AMERICA?

"Why don't Englishwomen come more often?" is constantly being asked with surprise.

The answer is simple. The average upper-middle-class Englishwoman, the daughter of a professional man, or the wife of an officer, is not rich. She is educated, and she loves to travel; but five hundred dollars is all she can spend on her summer holiday. With five hundred dollars she can go to Italy or Spain, France or Germany, for a couple of months, or even three months, if she is economical and knows the language (which she generally does), and she can see one old historic spot after another; one people after another with their national charms and habits, and all the time she is within hail of her home. She is learning History and Art, and perfecting a foreign tongue.

What could she do with five hundred dollars if she wanted to see America?

One third of it, at the very lowest estimate, would go in passage money. She would land with three hundred dollars. Now, what would that Englishwoman know of America on three hundred dollars? Why, nothing. She might spend a fortnight in sea-sickness, and beyond two or three weeks in New York, she would travel nowhere. She earns English pay, and can live happily at English rates. Wages are higher in America, and so is everything else, except the theatre.

If she has two or three times that sum to spend,

let her forget history, art, foreign languages, and all the things to which she is accustomed to revel in her holiday. In America she can see modern history in the making; — a new people, new ideas, new inspirations; and she will thus gain new thoughts, new ambitions. The result is worth the effort. Our European incomes meet European requirements. American incomes meet American demands. One country is no better off, even among the rich, than the other. In neither land do the upper classes represent a nation. Americans have French frocks, French *chefs*, Englishmen's wear, English nurses, governesses, and grooms; German odds and ends; and in fact, rich classes are cosmopolitan to the hilt, and not representative of any nation.

As I suggested to Mrs. Pennypacker of Austin, Texas, at the famous "Woman's Club" in Chicago, a suggestion which she handed on to the members round the luncheon table in my name: the best way to get this interchange of thought is to make an interchange of women. Schools should invite teachers, Universities should invite students. During the long vacation this would be simple enough, and by its means a young woman would spend a couple of months in an English home, or *vice versa*. It would be to the benefit of both nations. We are one, and yet we are dissimilar in so many ways that the tightening of more friendly

ties would be good for both; especially in the case of women, for women make nations. It is the women who have so largely contributed to the success of the United States.

It is unfortunate so few strangers really know English country life at its best. They motor through rural England, stay in country inns, peep at the fields and hedges and woods and gardens, see all that is public; but they do not live in the homes. Naturally they cannot, unless good fortune provides them with an introduction. One wishes they could see more, understand better our week-end parties.

Roughly speaking, one is invited from Friday till Monday. Between tea and dinner the guests arrive; they are met at the station by cars or carriages, and a cart for the luggage.

In the hall they are welcomed by the host and hostess. King Edward always met his important guests at the station, however busy he was; that is the politeness of kings, which is equivalent to, and as punctilious as, the punctuality of Royalty.

After a little chat the guests are shown to their rooms, the most important lady by the hostess, and the others by the daughters. The men perhaps have a cigarette in the smoking-room or billiard-room before going to dress for dinner.

Dinner is generally at eight o'clock or a quarter

past, and everyone assembles in the drawing-room, or large hall—where the latter is used as a sitting-room — a few minutes before that time. Everyone is in full dress. If it is a small party, dinner jackets and half-low dresses are worn; if a large party of a dozen or twenty, dress-coats and full dinner gowns. Naturally the host offers his arm to the most important lady and places her on his right, and the hostess brings up the rear with the most important man, whom she puts on her left.

At breakfast and luncheon people go in as they please, and often sit where they like; but at dinner there is more formality, although if there are several people of equal or nearly equal rank, they are generally taken down in turn by the host, just for a little change. This is good both for the host and the guest.

After dinner the ladies leave the room at a nod from the hostess to the chief lady guest, the host standing by the door to see them out. They have coffee in the drawing-room, and cigarettes are handed round, although not often smoked.

In the dining-room, coffee and cigars follow the port, — which has been offered while the ladies are still present, — and the host, after a few minutes' conversation with his neighbours, leaves his end of the table once he has seen them happily started, and sits in his wife's seat to enjoy a little chat with the two most important men.

A quarter of an hour or twenty minutes is usually allowed, and then the men join the women. People generally break up into little parties; some play bridge, some talk, some enjoy music, or, if there are young people, they dance. At half past ten, trays arrive with boiling water, which is a very usual drink nowadays, lemons, barley water, whiskey, etc.; and about eleven o'clock the party begins to break up.

The hostess again takes her chief guest to her room on the pretext of seeing that everything is all right.

As a rule, if there is to be a shoot on the Saturday morning, the men breakfast alone about half past eight or nine o'clock, and get off early; the women either breakfast together later, or in their rooms, and about noon some of them go for a walk, or if on golfing bent, they start earlier; but in winter, when pheasant-shooting is going on, if the distance from the house is not great, the men often return to a one o'clock luncheon, or the luncheon and the ladies join them somewhere near by. The meal is quickly over, as the days are short, and before two o'clock they are off again. Hot Irish stew is a real winter dish for shooting parties, otherwise everything is generally cold. Usually after luncheon some of the women "walk with the guns." By four o'clock it is too dark to shoot, and they wend their way home.

Pretty tea-gowns take the place of short tweed skirts and muddy boots, and everyone gathers round the open fire for tea. That is the happy hour; the wood crackles on the hearth, the kettle hisses, the sandwiches and cakes are appetising; everyone is pleasantly tired and full of experiences. A game of bridge, sometimes patience or billiards, needlework or chatter, and then the dressing bell rings at seven o'clock and people begin to think of dinner.

Sunday may mean church or walks, golf, a visit to the gardens, stables, and hothouses; and in some large country houses, even an inspection of the kitchens after tea.

Monday morning dawns, and all is over. Men leave early for business or their profession; some of the women go with them, others remain till a more convenient hour, but the knell of the week-end has tolled.

Would that more strangers could enjoy the refinement, the peace, and pleasure of our English country life.

No American education is complete without a visit to Europe, and yet it is an extraordinary thing that there are men in the highest offices in the States, who not only have never been out of America, nor stepped into Canada, nor Mexico, but who have never even wandered from their own

particular state. This did not matter so long as America remained self-contained within her boundaries; but now she has a say in world-politics, and joins in world-arbitration, now that she has acquired the Philippines, her young men will have to be encouraged to travel, or the American will become narrow-minded.

He is too materialistic. He lacks ideals. It is all very well to build a nation of brick and mortar. Straight lines of bricks and binding mortar hold together and make a good house, but more than that is wanted to build it satisfactorily — some feeling, some sense of decoration, some sense of proportion, some suggestion of beauty; and it is thus with the American. The handful of idealists are merely a unit among millions of people. One longs for the day when one will hear less of dollars and more of learning.

The spiritual inspiration of women has always been men's best motive power.

Idealism is woman's realm. She may, and does, have executive ability, but by nature she is an idealist, and America wants women in public life to-day to guide her gently through those materialistic chains in whose grip the country is held in thraldom. Public life in the States should be easy enough; there are less traditions than in Europe, and all Europe's experience to draw upon.

A woman once said when asked why she yawned,

that she had not slept well, and that she was very tired.

"Yes, but I've gotten used to it. You see, my husband wakes about five every morning. From that moment he fidgets. He gets up, pulls up the blinds, fusses about, talks to me, even though I pretend to be asleep, for I am often deadly tired; at half past five he rings the upstairs bell to waken the maids because our breakfast is at seven sharp. After he has fussed around he has his bath."

"But is the water hot?" I hesitatingly inquired.

"Water here is always hot, in winter, because of our heating system. After his bath the barber comes, and as the clock hands mark seven, down to breakfast he and I and our three sons sit. We dare not be late. He is a dear, but an autocrat; a self-made man, but a despot. At half past seven the car comes round, and he and my sons go off to business. Then I gasp and begin to live."

"Must he go so early?"

"Not at all; but my husband is one of the money-making machines of America. He is all hands and feet and nerves. There are thousands of them who begin at fourteen to make a living, and at forty have no idea of anything else. He could depute the work of opening the office to others, but not a bit of it; he won't."

"What a life!"

"He works all day, gets home at six or half past;

wants a very good dinner, a good cigar, and a snooze; then he pretends to read the evening paper, and about half past eight he begins to fidget again, and by nine o'clock goes off to bed. Year in, year out, it is the same. Money? Why, I hate the name of money. I want less money and more life. Do you wonder I never try to give dinners, and that I content myself with lunches and bridge parties?"

Men and women lead totally distinct lives; the men work for gold, the women strive for intellectual charm; both are successful, but their interests in common are surprisingly few. As a nation advances, men cease to be content to strive only for money, and women find a lack of sympathy in men who are intellectually their inferiors. It will right itself in the States, no doubt; but meantime, the women have all the innings.

A Revolution! Nothing short of a revolution. Bloodless, but far-reaching. No bullets have been fired; but the whole economic condition of affairs has been, and is being, revolutionised by women in all the educated communities of the world.

It is no longer possible to shrug one's shoulders and use the word "woman" as synonymous with weakness. Physically, women may not be men's equals; but where brains and character are concerned, they have proved again and again that,

given the same opportunities, they do not lag behind.

All the big questions that are being probed to-day with their suggested reforms are the outcome of women's coöperation.

All women cannot be workers any more than all men can be soldiers. Childless women must do their share in the national work. The nation is crying for their aid in civic and political life.

Men are not ostracised if they cannot fight. Why, then, should women, capable of working in different spheres, be dealt with any less generously? This is Woman's century. In its first thirteen years she has swept away many old prejudices, and before its close — long, long before its close — I hope to see equality of the sexes in all things that concern the work of the world. Women are marching onwards in every land. Their advancement and the progress of civilisation are synonymous terms to-day.

The cry of women for a living wage arises from no desire to oust men — far from it; and but for the generosity of certain men, women would never have attained the position they now hold. It is modern machinery that is robbing men of work, or rather causing readjustment of occupation. To-day women sit in the Parliament Houses of Finland and Norway; soon they will probably do so in Holland and Denmark. France has women law-

yers, America — women clergy. Women have received the Nöbel prize. Nearly seven hundred women have taken medical degrees in Great Britain alone.

Pale young ladies of the Jane Austen or the Brontë era fainted, screamed at sight of a mouse, wore thin white satin slippers and ball dresses out of doors, and had the "vapours"; but were they any more loved and respected than the modern woman, with all her health and strength and courage? We can never go back to those days, when Byron spoke of "soulless toys for tyrants' lusts." True, those words still apply to most women of the East, and we see that Eastern civilisation has remained stagnant in consequence.

The greater the women, the greater the country.

What women are doing in public life, however, suggests only inadequately the part they are playing in the world's work. Obstacles to the feminine advance are being mowed down like wheat in all directions, to be swept away with the insensate prejudices of a past era.

Politicians are glad to have the assistance of women in influencing the electors, and doing the hard work of canvassing and platform speaking; but a large number, at any rate (we must be generous to those who regard us as fellow human beings), will not listen to suggestions to give women the political vote. In municipal life men are anxious to

secure women's voluntary assistance in a hundred capacities, but offer them no share in the rewards and, at best, but niggardly thanks. Women may serve them by unselfish work on committees, and in other capacities, but must ask for no power, and expect but little voice in the direction of public affairs. This state of things is bound to go.

Women are coming forward and preparing themselves for public work. I hope the day will come when women will not only sit upon all public commissions, but on juries, and among Counsel at the Bar. Women may take a law degree in England, but practice is closed to them, although they may plead their own case; the States are ahead of us in this; but we have a woman magistrate for lunacy matters:

"Miss Emily Duncan, chairman of the West Ham Board of Guardians, has been specially permitted by the Lord Chancellor to act as a Justice of the Peace in lunacy matters at the workhouse infirmary. Miss Duncan, it is stated, is the first woman who has been allowed to officiate in this capacity.

"An application for the purpose was made by the West Ham Guardians to the Lord Chancellor, who, in a former case of a similar kind at Bethnal Green some years ago, directed that the ex-chairman of the board should perform this function when the chairman happened to be a woman."

And another woman is a Justice of the Peace:

"Miss Seddon, chairman of the Huddersfield Board of Guardians, who has devoted more than thirty years to Poor-law-work, has been made a justice of the peace for the certification of lunatics."

Many women possess keen executive minds, yet comparatively few are to be found on the boards of big business concerns. Might not their services be invaluable on steamship bodies, where the practical side of housing and catering concerns women passengers as much as men? Men and women can and should work harmoniously together for the public good, each bringing his or her particular point of view to bear, and so by criticising, strengthen the other. Men are apt to forget the æsthetic, intellectual, and spiritual side of their relationship with women. Women are showing them the way, giving them friendship in return for freedom. Comradeship of men and women on committees nearly always has advantages. Men sometimes resent the advent of women, but they seldom fail to acknowledge their services in the long run.

Women wholly absorbed by babies and stockpots have no time for anything else. Domestic labour with its constantly recurring little irritants is certainly not sufficiently recompensed by money or thanks. Wives for the first years, while bearing and rearing children, should be saved all unneces-

sary work and worry; but those years are only a part of a woman's existence, and only half the women are wives and mothers, and therefore a constant stream of them is entering economic life, either from necessity or from choice; when from necessity, the pay should be adequate, and when from choice, the thanks should be generous. Women have a great stake in the country; they pay considerable taxes, although paid less for their labour, and fewer Government posts are open to them; still, they have no control over the expenditure of the Public Funds.

Woman's sphere is the home; but the world must be her horizon. Thousands, breaking down the barriers set by convention to mark the limits of "women's work," go forth into the world and labour to keep their little homes together. Very soon the woman toiler bruises her elbows against the barriers set by convention to mark the limits of "women's work."

I cannot entreat too strongly that there should be no such question as "women's work." Work is work, and all work should be open to men and women alike. Women are competent or incompetent, and in any given instance should be accepted or rejected on that ground. But to accept or reject them merely because they are women seems to me as rational a proceeding as to accept or

reject four pounds of butter merely because it is four o'clock.

The English household purse is, alas, too often dominated by the men.

In America, as elsewhere, women understand men much better than men understand women. Men are more shy than women and often more modest. Men are more vain than women. Women are the pivot round which men scintillate. Women are their inspiration. Men's actions are largely formed to please or anger a woman.

All professions are open to American women, and their work is looked upon as honourable. Thank God for that. They are admired for their wage-earning capacity, and often earn wages even when they have a husband who might earn for them.

Alas ! their social position is as often gauged by dollars as by charm.

Everyone in America is ticketed. The stranger is at once told how much a certain man is worth, or how many dollars he made lately, or how many dollars he will make soon, not what he really is.

We all get our chances in life, but men, so far, have had more chances than women, and therefore have taken them oftener. Women have much to learn. As one cannot judge a class by its brilliant exceptions, so one must not judge it by its lack of opportunities.

Notwithstanding the impecuniosity of women, in

one year in England they collected in pence and pounds the huge sum of five hundred thousand dollars to finance their agitation to get the vote. In spite of this sum (largely contributed by the poorest), in spite of mass meetings of thousands and tens of thousands of women, there are men who still declare, "Women don't want the vote."

The vote is not given to any because they are good. It is an attribute of citizenship.

Women are sometimes upbraided for being discontented, but surely without ambition and discontentment the world would never progress. It is no longer possible to shirk the questions raised by women, or not to realise that, when the doors have been opened to them, they have done their work well.

Apparently women will never have their wrongs redressed until they can command a voice in the country's affairs. The vote alone, it seems, will give them a proper status in the world.

In the United States there are one million eight hundred thousand less women than men; in Great Britain it is the other way because our colonies and our shipping absorb so many men. Women already constitute considerably over one third of the entire student body of America. This shows their enormous desire for education. In a few years there will be as many women as men students

in the land. Is it likely that these women will be content to remain without a vote, while the men, beside whom they have sat in college classes, have their political status ?

It was wonderful how America, during the last election, wakened up to the necessity of social reform. It was the dominant issue of the presidential conflict. The country realised rank abuses existed in business and politics.

Women can runs homes, organise establishments. Why on earth then should they not be able to undertake civic housekeeping ?

There is no doubt about it, a great reformation is at hand, and the women who have been working so long and so loyally organising their own homes will be called upon all the world over to help in the organisation of the towns in which they live.

American women want the suffrage. And they will get it, without undignified resource to hammers or window-smashing.

The Convention signed in June, 1913, for Roosevelt at Chicago, was actually seconded by a woman, to wit — Jane Addams. "Roosevelt would have given women the vote. Wilson is wobbly. Taft would withhold it," explained a man to me.

Too much affluence may be the ruin of America's daughters. Fathers, who have made vast fortunes, perhaps, wish to shield their girls too much. There used to be an unwritten law by which brothers and

sisters inherited alike; but latterly, there appears to be a tendency to leave even more to the daughters, not so much for them to live upon, as to enable them to keep up a smart social position.

Too much luxury saps ambition in either sex, and in every land. Millions of wealth are spent in procuring infinitesimal health.

The college women of America are a great factor. Roughly, about forty per cent go out into the world to earn their own living. Another ten per cent take up philanthropic work.

The South has long been behind the North. War depopulated the land. The abolition of the slave system impoverished the earth. The unhealthy conditions due to a southern country made sanitation more difficult. Science is entirely overcoming the last. Now a big Women's College will be opened in a few years' time at Souwanee. So even the South is waking up. I hope the head of it may be my dear old friend, Laura Drake Gill. What a fine, strong, robust physique she has, with the kindest, naughtiest, dearest eyes, the prettiest little hands and feet; all kindliness and charm, her grey hair brushed straight back from her forehead, Miss Gill looks like the mother of a large family of her own rather than the foster-mother of thousands of college girls. She comes from good old New England stock, and breeding tells; even America is

beginning to realise that rapidly — especially in the arts and politics.

Englishwomen of the upper classes do much more serious work than is usual in America; but there are exceptions; for instance, a woman in high society in New York suddenly awakened to the immense needs of women, about the year 1908. She conceived the notion of opening a large depot where men and women could partake of a meal. This lady was Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, who for four years has laboured assiduously for her cause. The Duchess of Marlborough is her daughter.

It really is an extraordinary institution, this Political Equality Association in New York. Luncheons are served there from 11.30 to 2.30, composed of good wholesome food, cooked on the premises by competent cooks. These lunches can be procured from ten cents upwards, — the price of getting a pair of boots blacked, — so that even the working men and women can afford the charge. At first this institution was run by Mrs. Belmont out of her own pocket. Much economy was effected by arranging that there should be no attendance, waiters or otherwise. Every luncher buys a ticket at the door for whatever he requires, and gives it in at the little office; in return for it he receives a plate of the food for which he has paid. He takes this on a tray to a table, sits down and

enjoys his meal, finally clearing up and tidying his place before returning his empty plates and glasses to the washing-up department. This does away with the expense of service, and also with the necessity of tips.

From eight hundred to a thousand people lunch in these dining-rooms during two hours. They have a library, where they can read papers and magazines, tempered with a good deal of suffrage propaganda, and the whole atmosphere is that of a friendly club.

I was amazed. The whole thing worked so well. The people got such good food. They seemed so happy and contented. They were so orderly; they cleared up their vacated seats so carefully, all of which denoted how much they appreciated good fare at a reasonable charge.

The thing now pays, showing that if a scheme of this kind is well organised and properly looked after, even at a cheap rate, it can be made a financial success.

Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont is one of the richest society women of New York, and has one of the most beautiful homes in the city. It is full of art treasures; it is refined and delightful; but every morning at ten o'clock she turns her back upon luxury, and motors down to her dining-rooms, where she remains hard at work until six or seven at night. With her are a whole army of associates, giving their time to the propagation of political

knowledge and the necessity of women having votes. Lectures are given in the Assembly Hall every Monday evening, and everything is done to further "Votes for Women" in this excellent establishment.

One state after another is giving the vote to American women.

Of course, the women of Great Britain will get the vote; that is inevitable, but it is a discredit to our statesmen that they should have had to fight for it.

Other countries have benefited by our loss of dignity, and America among them. Women must vote, just as women now work.

All this hue and cry about "women's work" is ridiculous. Since the world began women have worked. They have borne the greatest of all burdens,—child-bearing,—and they have cooked and washed and mended and made. Worked? Why, of course, they have worked; but they have not always been paid. Now is their day. They are strong enough to demand the recognition the world has been ungenerous enough to withhold. Equality in all things for the sexes will make happier men and women, happier homes, and a more prosperous nation. There is no question of sex in brains. Men who marry educated companions gain cooks; but men who marry uneducated cooks never gain companions. Domesticity alone, although essential, palls badly.

Surely, every woman should take an intelligent

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WILSON IS WABBLY ON SUFFRAGE

interest in the politics of her country; she should educate herself in public affairs and municipal government, so that when the day comes in which she finds herself with a vote of her own, she may be able to use it wisely. This woman's movement is one of the great landmarks of civilisation.[1]

[1] As a rough idea of women's employment in London the following may be of interest: —

THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL

Triennial election. Among other things authority for — Education, elementary, secondary, and technical schools, also schools for Deficient, Crippled, Blind, Deaf and Dumb children, — Police (except City of London) — Fire Brigade — Tramways — Public Parks and open spaces — Highways — Housing — Lodging Houses — Midwives — Licencing of Employment Agencies and Places of Amusement — Administering the Children Act — The Shop Act.

Five women serving. Two elected as councillors. Three coöpted as aldermen. On other County Councils Sixty-two women.

March, 1913, was the second election since the Act of 1907 which made it possible for women to stand. The party system makes it difficult for a woman to secure adoption as a candidate, and there are also great difficulties for an *Independent* candidature.

METROPOLITAN BOROUGH COUNCILS

Triennial elections, last election November, 1912. Public Health — Baths — Wash-houses — Swimming Baths — Maintenance and Cleaning of Roads — Lighting — Supervision of Common Lodging and Tenement Houses, etc. Twenty-two women serving.

BOARD OF GUARDIANS

Triennial, last election April, 1913. Roughly *1323* women are serving, including *146* women as Rural District Councillors who act as Poor Law Guardians for the Union in which their districts lie. R.D.C. have much the same power as County and Borough Councils. No Union in London is without a woman Guardian.

American Poor Law administration is much the same as England's.

The United States has gone so far ahead lately, that it seems probable all her women will get the vote before we do; and yet England started the demand for Woman's Suffrage fifty years ago. For thirty years women have been passing degree examinations at Oxford and Cambridge, and yet the actual degree — no matter how high the honours they attain — is withheld from these women. Is militancy not the natural outcome of such unfairness to any sex? Militancy will end in social anarchy unless fair play intervenes.

They are right to twit the Britisher with being slow in this case. Some nations, like people, are too young to be old, and others are too old to be young.

PARISH COUNCILS

Some seven thousand women are serving on Parish Councils — about eight hundred on *Urban District Councils*. Three hundred and twenty-four on *Town Councils* — to say nothing of *Lunacy Commissions*, etc.

SALARIED POSTS

Ten women Inspectors and seventy Assistant Inspectors appointed by the *National Health Insurance Commission for England*. Miss Mona Wilson, Health Commissioner for England, receives salary of £1000.

Labour Exchanges in the United Kingdom.

424 Women officers, salaries under £100.
87 Women officers, salaries over £100.
28 Women officers, salaries £150–£300.
1 Chief Woman officer, Head of Section, Salary somewhat higher.

CHAPTER IV

Disappearing Home Life

The Englishwoman is never afraid to say she wants to save money. She is rather proud of it; but the American woman is always frightened of wishing to appear thrifty. She would rather spend two dollars on a taxi when she comes out of an hotel, if the porter happens to ask her if she wants one, than boldly say "No", and walk to the street-car.

She is an extravagant person, this American woman, for she spends twice, if not three times, as much on her dress as her English sister, and she certainly knows how to make money fly in every direction. Is this not a little hard on the poor husbands? Many of them have developed into mere money-making machines to satisfy her whims; they are utterly unselfish as far as their women folk are concerned. They want their wives to be smarter than anyone else, their houses to be in the most fashionable quarter, and, above all, their parties to be described in the papers. For this they are willing to pay. Off to the office they go, rushing for steamboats to cross from New Jersey,

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WHY THE PUBLIC RESTAURANTS ARE SO POPULAR

tearing for tram-cars to get over Brooklyn Bridge, or flying for the overhead or subway to convey them from Harlem, in their wild rush for Wall Street. They work hard all day in a pandemonium, luncheon is a scrappy entertainment, afternoon tea for business men is unknown, and they arrive home for their seven o'clock dinner dead beat and thoroughly played out; cocktails — often several of them — are therefore taken to pull them together.

My heart often ached for those poor dear husbands; many of them seemed to have so little relaxation in their strife for wealth. 'Tis a hard life, that of the well-to-do American citizen, but he never complains, and goes on, week after week, with punctilious regularity, raking in dollars for his family to spend. A man once owned he looked upon his wife as a good advertisement of his prosperity.

Even single men become inoculated with the dire disease. They, too, make the little green paper dollar bill a veritable god.

Millionnaires are commonplace, people now talk of billionnaires and trillionnaires — in dollars of course — and a dollar is four shillings instead of a golden pound sterling which represents five little greenbacks.

There is nothing better than a cultured American man — one meets him often and he shines out like a brilliant gem in a crown of paper dollars.

An English person is amazed at the way American women spend; there is no mistake about that. One drops into the Ritz-Carlton, the Plaza or the St. Regis, the Holland House, the Waldorf, Sherry's or Delmonico's, and finds these good ladies lunching or dining in twos or in dozens. It is quite surprising to the Britisher to see the way women in the States constantly lunch and dine together. They order the most *recherché* little repasts; they seldom smoke — that is a vice, or virtue, pertaining more particularly to European shores. Occasionally an American woman takes a cocktail before dinner, composed of one or more spirits, in which an olive or a cherry reposes; but she rarely orders wine or spirit at the meal itself. At table America appears a land of teetotalers. Cocktails before meals are unknown in England; but we drink wine with our food.

This entertaining at public restaurants probably arises a good deal from the complexity of the servant question. Servants may be a difficult problem in England, but it is nothing here compared with the States. The republican bringing-up does not encourage an American-born citizen to accept service under anyone; therefore there are no real American servants at all, while there are nearly a hundred millions of people in that vast country, a large part of whom require domestics. They consequently have to put up with the worst

class of Irish servants — who cannot get situations at home and therefore try their luck in the New World — foreigners, or darkies. The last named make excellent butlers and cooks, and seem born for those positions. In consequence of these domestic difficulties the ladies themselves add housewifely instincts to all their other charms. They not only know how to run a house, but are generally able to do the work themselves. Everything is, of course, reduced to a minimum in the way of labour; electric light is everywhere; baths adjoin bedrooms, obviating the necessity of carrying water. One has the luxury of one's own bathroom, but without the comfort of a large bath sheet. A small towel takes its place, and one dries in bits. Basins with hot and cold water laid on are universal. So far everything is done to save labour; thus to add to the complications the family washing is often done at home.

The degeneration of the servant in America is a rapid affair. A first-class, middle-aged, highly respectable English housemaid lately accompanied her mistress to the States for a short visit. By the end of three weeks this very respectable woman objected to wearing caps, and talked of domestic service as "slavedom." Instead of the staid, middle-aged, self-respecting English servant teaching her nice ways to those with whom she came in contact, they corrupted her to their evil

manners. "Madam" became "m'm," when addressing her mistress, and then ceased altogether, and by the end of a few weeks she had entirely forgotten her own place and was quite incapable of filling any other. British servants are far better off on Britain's shores, where home-life upstairs and home-life downstairs still remain, and good servants keep good places.

When one learns that nearly a million immigrants enter the United States each year, that every sort and kind of man and woman and child, representing every country and every creed, land upon America's shores, and that the bulk of these people have gone into trade or service, one realises the heterogeneous jumble of humanity working for wages, in the lower positions of life, on that vast continent. There are agents for Swedes, Italians, Germans, or Irish, and as most ladies, in organising their households, try to have servants of the same nationality, each dame applies to the particular form of agency supplying her wants. Nationalities are clannish and appear to work better together. The writer lunched in a house in New York where all the servants were Japanese, and a few days before had dined in one where the domestics were all Finlanders; but the richest homes all employ Britishers.

All these nationalities entering the States have combined to make a large socialistic party, and to-day Chicago is literally riddled with socialism

among the lower classes, while Christian Science prevails among the upper; and Zion City is near by.

Think of the raw material imported. Most of these immigrants are not even able to speak the language of their adopted country; frequently utterly incapable of filling the rôles they have taken upon themselves. For instance, a woman will hire herself out as a cook at high wages, and when she gets into her new home, prove herself incapable of grilling a chop. Thereupon her poor mistress has to teach her. As soon as she has learnt a little and becomes useful she demands more wages, or departs. It is not to be wondered at that the upper-class women of America are often in despair, and that they are seeking peace and comfort more and more in the life of hotels. Even those who do not live entirely at these public caravansaries lunch out and dine out every possible occasion, to get away from the wearying details of home domesticity. The end of this threatens to be the disappearance of home-life in America.

Yes, the servant question is a serious problem, but America has only herself to blame.

As soon as this raw material is landed upon her shores, the children are sent off to public schools (equivalent to our County Council schools) and are there taught to be everything under the sun *except servants*, with the result that while the population

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SERVANTS MAY BE A DIFFICULT PROBLEM IN ENGLAND, BUT NOTHING COMPARED WITH AMERICA

is increasing yearly by enormous figures, the domestic class is as speedily decreasing in proportion. The seriousness of this lack of technical education does not yet appear to have been noticed, or they would not go on educating the children so far above the position they are really called upon to fill.

Domestics without references seem quaint to a British mind. We seriously consider a servant's qualities and capabilities and enquire into her character before we take her into the bosom of the family, and then she becomes one of us. Years of service speak well for mistress and maid. Both are proud of it. Domestic service is a fine and honourable profession, and one to be proud of. In America it appears to be a haphazard affair: — no references; no claims; no obedience; no consideration. The American citizen professes to have no belief or sense of responsibility. He is no happier, far from it. He walks off; drops into a new job, thinks he would like a change and just walks off again. Or, he may be enticed away. Servant-stealing appears to be quite an open game, and one friend allures another friend's domestic unblushingly away. Again the Britisher wonders.

Why they put up with all this lack of comfort is incomprehensible.

Schools for domestic education have become a necessity, not only in the States; but in every land.

It is quite time women all over the world took the reins of education into their own hands, and educated boys and girls to fill the posts waiting for them, instead of teaching them subjects that are mere drugs in the wage-earning market. Women must handle education practically; teach plumbing and carpentering, cooking and washing, and stop men's long-drawn-out theoretical muddling. Woman is an economic force in life to-day.

If men — and up to now it is men who have done this kind of thing — do not legislate for the better practical education of cooks, housemaids, nurses, and gardeners, women will have to cease bearing so many children. No woman (outside the workman's wife who has no position to keep up) can be a wife, a mother, a housekeeper, and her own "helps," all at the same time. Something or somebody must suffer.

Why are servants called *Helps?* Everyone is a help to someone. A governor has his aide-de-camp, a business man his clerk, a writer his secretary, and so on. All are helps with a definite designation. Why should a house-help not be a servant? They who dig must call a spade a "spade".

Home-life, as we Europeans know it, seems to be rapidly disappearing from the large American cities. Yet home-life is the axle of the wheel of existence, and without it love, duty, veneration, sentiment, and all filial ties vanish.

Not only among the lower orders, but in the middle and upper class homes of America, the wives have practically to work their homes themselves. Why ?

Because the servants are so bad, the mistresses often have literally to take their place. In the same class of establishment in England excellent servants bring happiness and home comfort, and are merely directed by an able mistress. In America it is different. Direction is not sufficient. The servant is incapable, and the mistress herself has constantly to turn her hand to household duties. She must know how to cook a dinner, how to make everything, down to the minutest detail ; then she flies upstairs hot and tired, to wash and change, and smilingly takes the head of the table, and sits complacently conversing with her husband or her guests while the meal is being enjoyed. She must sweep and dust a room, wash the children, make the beds, truss a fowl, and yet appear cheerfully at luncheon as if she had not been employed like a charwoman all the forenoon. It is wonderful how splendidly she does it all, how hard she works and yet how happy she looks. The wives of Brother Jonathan are marvels in many ways, especially among the middle classes, whose purses will not let them employ first-class domestics.

American servants are dear and bad. Although they are paid far higher wages than in Europe, they

are not one iota better off, for everything costs so much more than in the old countries that in the end they probably save less than a good European servant, who does not change her situation every month; for such a servant becomes at last one of the family, and is comfortably provided for by her employers in her old age.

Home-life is impossible when such revolution reigns in the kitchen as is often to be found in the States. How is the wife to smile upon her husband when he comes back to dinner, if she has been little better than a charwoman and nurse all day? How is the tired mother to give the children that happy hour from tea to their bedtime, which all English children love, if that mother is worn out with work and worry? Why, it becomes well-nigh hopeless. Gradually these bad servants are destroying the life of the homes, and hotel existence — for as a permanency it becomes mere existence — is taking its place. In hotels the staff work in relays, which is an impossible arrangement with the purse of an ordinary household.

Domestic troubles would drive me wild. How these clever, capable American women can put up with the inferiority, rudeness, — which is termed independence, — and want of consideration for their employers, is indeed surprising. Surely it is time that technical and domestic schools should be organised by women, to teach

the young American — aye, and European too — some of the necessary trades for the welfare of the community and, at the same time, manners.

Manners! I chanced to call at Government House in Ottawa to inscribe my name in the book. Apparently a messenger boy had been ordered; and a red-coated individual with black whiskers and a friendly smile, the orderly on duty, hailed the boy in this wise: —

"Come along, my boy; here are the parcels."

The boy proceeded along the passage.

"Now then, now then," said the orderly, "come along, my boy; take off your hat; you must always take off your hat when you come into a house. It is just a form of respect; it costs nothing to be respectful, does it?"

Thereupon he proceeded to give the youth the parcels. Here was a tactful touch. That orderly had been in the service of gentlefolk for years; he knew what was right, and he was wise enough not to say to the boy, "Take off your hat because this is Government House," but "Take off your hat because it is expected of you on entering any house." If a little of that element of politeness were introduced into America, how much happier the Americans would be as a whole and how much more contented as a nation. Good manners cost nothing and are a valuable asset. They gently soften the crude jerks of life.

With few exceptions, American families have always lacked those cheery evenings spent round the open fireplaces so general in England, because open fireplaces seldom exist, and sitting facing a steam-heater may be warm, but it is not conducive to pleasant chat; so those delightfully convivial hours round the family hearths of Britain are not so well known on the Western continent, where only the rich have open fires.

There is a spirit of unrest in the States that is discomforting. Everyone wishes to be something he is not, and consequently it is a life of constant change; not only change of servants, but change of environment, and change of association, which again tends to shatter home-life.

Speaking roughly, the ideal home-life of England is for the husband and wife to spend their evening together; they read and they talk. Two or three nights a week they will be at home with their children alone; the remaining days they will be either dining with their friends, or their friends dining with them. But this is not always so in America, where the men do not care to go out in the evenings at all, and consequently the women, not content to sit at home night after night, go out by themselves. There is a great deal more of that sort of thing on the other side of the Atlantic than here, although the fashion is rapidly creeping on us.

In the States the women have learned to amuse

themselves. We should do this more, they should do it less.

American women are delightfully entertaining; they talk all the time about their interests, their families, their homes, their aspirations — so all one has to do is to listen.

The art of listening graciously is a gift.

These husbands and wives are the best of friends; it is simply a tacit understanding between them that the man should make the money, and the woman spend it. In fact the generosity of the American man to the American woman is simply delightful.

But home-life, where is it? The poor man who pays so heavily for everything cannot even get his boots blacked at home, and he has to go into the streets to the nearest "shine" for the purpose. At the street corners of every town are high strange-looking chairs under an awning, and there the men, aye, and women, too, sit solemnly with a foot reposing on each leg-rest placed there for the purpose, and while they read their morning papers, a darky browns boots for fivepence, or blacks them for twopence halfpenny. Even in hotels it is difficult to get boots cleaned, and they have to be put on dirty and worn by their owner down to the boot room, where, in the larger hotels, they are now kind enough to have a separate department for ladies.

'Tis the land of luxury, but not of comfort.

Those little comforts, which to us in England are the necessities of life, are not to be found in America. Why ? Because there are few people to render service. Where we run a house on four servants, the American runs it on two. Those two are better paid, — everything costs double, — and they have to do double the work. So they have not time to call their master and mistress in the morning, to take them a cup of tea, to brush their clothes, hand the letters on a salver, draw up the blinds, or fold the towels and prepare the bath.

Alas, the home-life of America seems in a somewhat perilous condition. The married women have learnt to lunch and dine out in bunches, as bachelor men do in London, where the male sex now desert their Clubs for fashionable restaurants, just as American wives desert their homes for their Clubs.

The very independence of America militates against home-life. Many fathers and grandfathers have left home and country to cross the ocean, and the boys and girls are brought up to be self-reliant and independent. Such being the case, the profound respect of a son towards his mother is delightful, but beyond that, filial love is seldom seen or expected.

There are, of course, many charming and delightful homes in America, homes full of love and refinement ; nevertheless the strain on the house-

wives is so great that visitors can but sympathise with them, and cease to wonder they give in sometimes, in despair, and take refuge in nerves and rest-cures, followed by life in boarding-houses, apartment houses (flats), and hotels.

Americans can work hard and play vigorously, but the hour of folded hands and quiet thought is an unknown luxury in their luxurious land.

A strenuous life lived too strenuously is like an over-wound watch — it snaps.

CHAPTER V

Clubland and Chatter

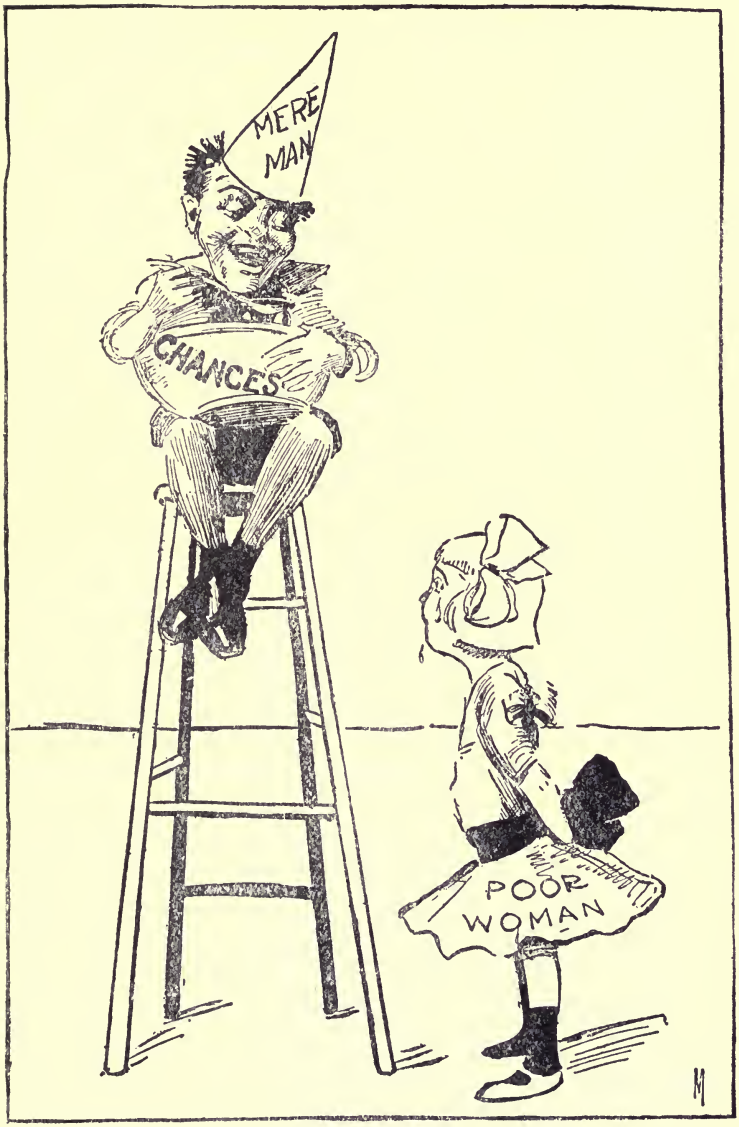
If I were a young man, I should marry an American girl; among them are some of the best-looking women in the world. There is no denying the fact that American women are perfectly charming. They are bright, clever, smart, and cheery.

We see the best and the worst of them in England. The best are those who come with good introductions and are immediately received into London society; they are so unobtrusive, they do not assert themselves unnecessarily; the worst are those whose "poppas" have made a pile in "God's own country," as they call it, and, being practically uneducated themselves, wish their wives and daughters to be quite up to date, and pack them off to "Eu-rōpe" with some thousands of dollars in their pockets to improve their manners and their minds.

We tumble across this latter class of Americans all over Europe. The woman talks loud in a high-pitched key; she "guesses" all along the line; she pays twice as much as she ought for everything because she thinks it is aristocratic to do so, little knowing how poor true aristocrats usually are. Her

children, whom she generally has in tow, are one degree worse than herself. Those children are what one kindly terms "precocious". They take late dinners, accompany their elders to theatres, and do their best to wear out their juvenile minds and bodies. These are the Yankees to be avoided, the kind of people one does not associate with or even see in American society.

The woman one meets in the United States is a very different person; of medium height, good figure, and well built, she dresses to perfection, according to the latest fashions. She knows how to put on her clothes and has achieved the highest point of neatness combined with practicability in street wear; an untidy American woman is a rarity, she is generally dapper and well-groomed. Her best gowns come from Paris — she willingly pays sixty per cent duty and their carriage — but her tailor-mades are built on her side of the herring-pond; for there are no better tailors anywhere than can be found in the States. She is a fine make of woman, and her cloth gowns suit her; it is the style of garment she generally dons, and the only practical kind for everyday use in a land where life is spent in and out of tram-cars, subways, or elevated railways. She wears the daintiest blouses, all fluffy and soft and diaphanous, and a luncheon at a smart restaurant is a veritable dream in blouse-land.



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MEN SO FAR HAVE HAD MORE CHANCES

In muddy weather she is practical, and has her skirt cut several inches off the ground, no pretence at a short skirt, but the real thing, short enough to clear her shoes or her boots.

Women might be divided into classes almost all the world over: those who are born smart and those who are born good. Goodness is often merely negative, and sometimes dowdy. Unfortunately, these virtues do not amalgamate as often as they might for the benefit of the world. In society in Europe, there are practically three classes, those who buy a reputation, those who make one, and those who inherit one. Each despises the other.

Now, in America, there are but two classes of society, those who buy their way in, and those who get there by their brains; the numbers are about equally divided. The millionnaires are the leaders in American society as the nobility are in Europe. The one governs by wealth; the other rules by inheritance.

Monied mediocrity is buying up the aristocratic poverty of Great Britain's country homes. In the States, money is building palaces and importing whole houses and rooms from Europe.

Cultured intellect moves the world more wisely than dollars. One of the greatest factors in America to-day is undoubtedly the "Woman's Club." In every town, great or small, there is a

club for women. In some there are dozens. And very serious places these Clubs are. They are a valuable asset in the life of the nation. The magnificent Athletic Clubs are doing fine work.

There seems a little uncertainty in Canada and the States as to what a club really is. To my English mind a club is an establishment wherein there are members who can have a bedroom for a few nights, can lunch, dine or tea, write or rest, read the newspapers, and meet their friends. Such, I believe, is the usual notion of a club, but across the Atlantic this does not seem to be the case.

A body of people who meet once a week or once a month, either to lunch or hear a lecture, call themselves a Club, although they have no club-house whatever, and are really an association, a society or a debating body. The word "club" in this case is therefore a misnomer. When one is invited to be the guest of a club, a Britisher naturally imagines that she is expected either to lunch or tea with a certain number of women in their own club-house; there may be only half a dozen, or several hundred, but she presupposes that the hospitality is graciously vouchsafed by the members to be courteous to the stranger from over the seas.

Such, however, is not always the case, and having accepted this invitation in her innocence of heart, much appreciating the kindly feeling of her

American sisters, the would-be guest suddenly finds herself expected to give a lecture, at the end of which time she may, or may not, be refreshed by a cup of tea. It is in no wise a social entertainment; it is not intended for the exchange of ideas, or making of friendships; it is understood by the members that the so-called "club" is conferring a great honour on the traveller in inviting her to address them for an hour on some subject in which they themselves are likely to be interested. So the so-called club does not wish to entertain the stranger; but expects the stranger to entertain its members.

In Canada it is even worse. To the best of my recollection, at the dawn of this century, there was not a single woman's club in Canada. To-day there appears to be a Canadian "Woman's Club" in every town of any size in the Dominion. The Club seldom has a club-house; it invites the stranger to be its guest, and then writes "to enquire on what subject her address will be, and how long it will take?"— not previously having informed the unlucky visitor who has accepted the invitation, that it is in no wise a social function for her pleasure and interest in meeting Canadian women, *but a request for a lecture.*

Of course I may be perfectly wrong, and the Canadian and American women may be perfectly right. They may be conferring a great, an im-

mense, honour on the stranger in their midst; only from my point of view, the stranger, who goes to the enormous expense of travelling and gives the vast amount of time and energy necessary for the same, does not undertake these journeys with the idea of lecturing and giving forth her own opinions, but with the desire to assimilate and gather some information and knowledge by the way, for herself.

We cross the ocean to learn, and not to teach; otherwise we should stop at home.

Personally, I dislike lecturing. Major Pond twice made me large offers to address audiences on the American continent. Even his tempting offers had to be politely declined. When two or three thousand work-people can be entertained for an hour by my travelling experiences, it is always a pleasure to be at their service. Otherwise, the writer has other means of expression, and fails to see why the women of the American continent should imagine that because a person scribbles, she must also lecture. A pianist is not necessarily a vocalist, nor a vocalist a violinist. Why therefore should either be persistently "invited" to address audiences. Surely it is unfair if an artist gives pleasure by his pictures to turn him down because he is not a musician; if a musician gives pleasure by his music, to upbraid him because he prefers not to be exploited by speech.

All workers at the arts are sensitive; were they

not so, they could not assimilate impressions nor express them. Each artist chooses the outlet he prefers.

Invite the stranger, give him the opportunity of meeting workers in every and any line, tell them who he is, or what he is, and what he has done, if you will; but remember if he has travelled far to meet people, to learn something of your wondrous land and your great work, it is unfair to ask him to exploit himself for your amusement. If he is a lecturer by profession, then he expects to be paid and has just as much right to be paid for his time as an author has for his book.

Many of the women's clubs are doing most excellent work of all kinds, really serious solid work; but just as many are encouraging small-talk. This lecture habit has become a disease like the measles. In Clubland, both among men and women, there is too much chatter. But it is just as difficult to know when to stop, as how to begin talking.

Personally I am deeply indebted to many clubs for their hospitality, among them The National Arts Club in New York, The Pen and Brush Club, Women's Graduate Club of Columbia University, The College Club of Boston, the Fortnightly, and Woman's Clubs of Chicago, and their lovely Athletic Club.

Lectures are excellent things. Nothing could be better than for the women of a certain debating

society (we will not call it club, that is a misnomer) to prepare a certain lecture for a certain day. It encourages the members to get up particular subjects on Art, Science, Religion, Education, — anything they like, — and having accumulated this knowledge, they have an opportunity of handing it on to their sisters; of giving them, in fact, education and information in globule form, without the trouble to assimilate the facts individually for themselves. Nothing could be better when it is well done.

Lectures properly and conscientiously prepared yield useful information, but half of this impromptu, fluffy, fluttering speaking is often mere piffle. It is worse; it stops women reading for themselves and encourages them to trust to acquiring knowledge in a superficial way.

America loves education in globules. If the globules were only concentrated essence of good stuff, nothing could be better, provided the mind of the recipient could absorb so much good stuff rapidly; but, alas, many of the globules are not reliable. It is well they are homeopathic in size as they are not always concentration of fact, but often slippery conclusion, founded on ill-digested inaccuracy.

Culture beyond capacity is dangerous. Culture can ruin individuality. Many American women want to assimilate facts and figures, until their

brain becomes encyclopædic instead of imaginative.

Culture can be overdone, like beefsteak, and then it is equally indigestible.

Yes, those American women are wonderful speakers. There may be finer speakers in England, because there are far fewer of them, and those who speak do so because they are head and shoulders above the others; but in America every woman seems to have the gift of public speaking.

Once there was a club-lunch of about thirty covers, given in a real club-house, to a woman.

It was a delightful luncheon. The President stood up, rapped on the table, and made a pretty little speech of welcome to her guest, and then referred to the great work being done by the Club itself. Before sitting down, she called on a lady to say something.

She did so; prettily, gracefully, charmingly.

Then the President called on another lady.

She responded; prettily, gracefully, charmingly.

Then the President called on a third lady to rise.

She did; she smiled, she spoke.

Then the President nodded to a fourth dame.

Up she rose — more pretty platitudes and a repetition of compliments for every one, and down she sat.

By permission of the New York Times.

HER YOUNG MEN WILL HAVE TO BE ENCOURAGED TO TRAVEL

Twenty women out of the thirty made speeches. The guest was thunderstruck. To say one cannot speak is as awful a crime as to own one has not been to Boston. American women are extraordinarily glib and apt, and seem ever ready to rise to their feet.

Speeches are generally too low and too long all the world over; these were neither, — the voices were high and clear, the duration of each perhaps a couple of minutes.

We never know how much we are appreciated until we hear ourselves toasted, or know how brilliant we are until we read our own obituary notices. The clubwomen of America are ahead of us in England. They learn their virtues and glorification from one another. It is all very pretty, very charming, very friendly — but, then, women are charming to one another, more especially in the States, where the men are so seldom seen that the stranger often wonders where they are hidden.

People read a book for pleasure, too often they only listen to a speech to criticise. Poetry pleases; history instructs; and oratory persuades — or ought to do so.

Trusts, corrupt politics, and women's speeches are a menace. The first tend to commercial ruin, the second to international distrust, the third to the appropriation of time.

Trusts are socialism in the hands of the monied

class, to whit — the money trust *alias* socialism among the rich.

One of the greatest innovations in American life in the last thirteen years is the Country Club. There was barely such a thing in 1900, the nearest approach, I remember, was the delightful Hunting Club near Montreal.

Men went on working because they had a disease which might be termed the "working habit." It is just as bad a habit as any other habit. It becomes a vice, just as drink in excess is a vice; and this working habit was also like drink, it intoxicated, it lost its judgment, it ended in nervous breakdown, just as excessive drink ends in *delirium tremens*. These men thought themselves very clever, talked loud and large about having no time for recreation, no time for anything but work; cried "hustle" till one was sick; "strenuous life" till one felt tired and pitied them. They were work-drunk. Of course, they had time for golf — of course, they had time for tea with their friends, and the tea was far, far better for them than those endless cocktails which speeded on their breakdown. America spent so much time talking of what it was doing that it expended its energy that way instead of accomplishing; for after all, in proportion, it did no more than other lands; it got no further than other countries, only it was larger.

We can all find time to do what we want.

"Haven't time" is the weakest excuse for want of inclination ever offered. Well, the men have found time. Country Clubs are the result, and better work with less talk is the gain.

Lovely Clubs some of them are, too — Lake Forest and others nearer Chicago; Chevy Chase, near Washington; Piping Rock, Meadow Brook, Ardsley, Apawamis, near New York; or Montclair, in New Jersey.

Here men and women meet on Saturdays and Sundays. Women teach men not to be bears, and men teach women not to be petty. Each helps the other. They play golf and tennis together, lunch, tea, and dine together, and spend a few hours in fresh air and healthful surroundings.

Country Clubs are the salvation of America's men.

One of the prettiest things in America is the way women send one another flowers.

Flowers are given for everything but divorce.

They are sent as an offering of friendship, they are handed as a token of love, they are laid on the dinner-table as a decoration for the ladies. In fact, flowers — and mighty expensive they are, too, and very beautiful — tied up with the loveliest ribbons and given with the prettiest grace, often from one woman to another, are an American

From The New New York.

FIFTH AVENUE

Drawn by Joseph Pennell.

craze. It was most touching and gratifying. We don't do that in England unless a woman is ill, and then her room is turned into a bower of blooms by her friends.

Flowers for wearing are so exquisitely arranged in Yankee land. One loves those huge bunches of violets, with purple bows or cords; those gorgeous heliotrope orchids tied with heliotrope ribbons and a large pin to match — the yellow roses or pink roses with bows and pins to correspond. They are adorable, and when sent by a woman to a woman, they have an added charm.

Our American sisters *are* delightful. They take so much pains to be nice to one another; wear their smartest clothes at women's functions, and arrive determined to enjoy themselves and make everyone with whom they come in contact do the same. They have pretty hands, and the fine single-stone rings which so many Americans wear show these off as they shuffle the cards or pick up their candies. They are light-hearted and gay at these card parties, which sometimes begin at eleven o'clock in the morning! On the other hand, they take themselves most seriously at times, as the forty or more clubs for women in Chicago alone can testify, and much of the philanthropic work their members accomplish is excellent.

Yes, American women strive after culture; culture is a craze, and so hard do they work at self-

improvement it is really sad to see how few women have risen to acknowledged prominence in art, science, literature, or music, in comparison with Europe. But America is young yet, she tells us so every day and all day; but she is growing older and more matured rapidly. There are nevertheless crowds of brilliant women in the States. They are clever and they are fascinating; they lay themselves out to be charming. But, in spite of their charm, they appear to make the most unhappy marriages, and divorce stories thicken the air. A large number of Americans seem to be divorced, and the others to have had appendicitis. They do not seem particularly moved by either. Every State has a different divorce law, and really it seems as easy to be set free as it is to be married.

Weddings take place in the evening, often in the house, sometimes at a church; but in the latter case, the reception and supper are given at the house afterwards, and the young couple slip off about ten o'clock. They have a cake and a wedding-dress, just as we have, and the bride gives her maids a gift, and the groom does the same to his best man and ushers. Our silly fashion of having to be married before three o'clock to make it legal does away with these pleasant evening functions, and yet America is now following our example.

Every married man ought to wear a wedding-ring.

Why not ?

Women wear them as a symbol.

Is there any logical reason why one sex should submit to a thing, and not the other, when both are parties to the same act ? Many sad stories have been averted by a ring. Many love griefs have come about by its omission. A girl has fallen in love with a man and then found too late that he was married. It is an injustice to the maid for a married man not to wear his emblem of wedlock.

Many Europeans and many Americans wear rings ; let us hope the Englishman will not long lag behind as if he were ashamed of his wife. Each should honour the other, but neither can "obey",— that is a word suggestive of thraldom. Matrimony should mean companionship, although as a rule the man gains more than the woman. Alas, some men love foolish women, and pass wise ones by.

There is no such question as sex in matters of brains ; or work ; but sex exists and always will exist outside, and is too precious and too serious to tamper with. Sex is the greatest force in life, for life itself is dependent on it.

Platonic friendship is ideal ; but it is only possible between people of the same social position.

No money must ever pass between them. The man who "helps" the poor girl is a villain in disguise; the poor girl who accepts his "help" is a fool in petticoats. Disasters follow for everyone concerned.

CHAPTER VI

Entertaining in the Dark

Money lightly earned is often lightly spent, just as money lost is mighty hard to replace.

On the whole I cannot help thinking that the American women's luncheons are too magnificent.

A repast — consisting of melon or grapefruit, soup, fish, and a bird, with endless vegetables; an elaborate salad, handed alone; an ice-cream with angel cakes; and then candies (sweets) galore, followed by coffee — takes a couple of hours to serve for twenty or thirty women. There are more odds and ends like olives and celery, a separate sandwich or hot bread for each course; crackers (biscuits), compôtes, and jellies, each and all solemnly and separately handed in turn. Often there is music in the background, such as four girls at violin, piano, 'cello, and guitar; or a man playing a zither. It is all most costly and elaborate; very charming, very sociable, with beautiful flowers and perfect linen; embroidered cloths and lace mats; exquisite china; but it does seem a long time to spend feeding in the middle of the day, although the dresses, like the ice-creams, are wonderful.

No country gives such gorgeous midday spreads, and in no country do women congregate so much together. There are many more luncheons than dinners whereas in England the latter predominate.

Americans live in the dark; English people live in the light. They live in heat, we live in cold. The extremes of either are disagreeable, and in every case and in each land, it seems difficult to strike a really happy medium.

They certainly have pretty subdued lights in America. Many of the lamp-shades are exquisite, especially the artistic glass ones; a form of decoration which originated in that land and has, alas! not been sufficiently copied in Europe. Some of those Tiffany glass shades are adorable, and the effect of a beautiful cathedral window light in the room is thought-inspiring. But these lights are sometimes so shaded that it is well-nigh impossible to recognise friends.

Americans live in subdued light, and entertain in the dark. It seems strange to a foreigner's mind to partake of one's luncheon in the dark; but the American always draws down her blinds, turns on her lamps, and sometimes even wears ball dresses for her luncheon party.

We, on the other hand, have far too much light.

It was often my luck to dine with one of the greatest scientists in London; but I never left

his house without a headache. His rooms seemed to contain more electric lights than any other house, and none of them were shaded; consequently, by the end of the evening one's eyes ached and one's head reeled. This applies to many of our hotels and assembly rooms in which public dinners are held, where the lights are often garish and hideous, and so fierce that the people look deadly pale and ill. One's heart goes out to one's friends in sympathy until one realises that they are not all jaundiced or in rapid decline, but merely suffering from over-illumination. That could never be said of America, where they suffer from under-illumination instead.

Many of the American dining-rooms are dark in themselves. There are houses where the dining-room has no outside window at all, or at most opens on to a small courtyard. Fine houses in New York are built like this in hundreds. Artificial light is necessary for every meal, and perhaps this accounts for the fact that Americans so generally feed and entertain by dull artificial illumination. Nothing in the world is so comforting as an open fireplace. It is cosy; it is bright; it is cheery. It ventilates the room, it invites confidence; in fact, an open fireplace is part of the British Constitution; but it rarely warms a room, never to an equal temperature, and of course leaves the halls and passages ab-

solutely cold. This is a most serious fault; quite as serious, uncomfortable, and detrimental to health as an American house kept at 75° or 80°. I may be wrong, of course, but it seems to me an ideal temperature for an entire house is about 64° or 68°; never more. But that is not the opinion of the darky gentlemen of the American Pullman car, who seem to think a hundred degrees a suitable temperature for his clients while sleeping in shelves, packed away like coffins behind thick, dusty, tapestry curtains.

British fresh air and Yankee heat served up together make an ideal healthy temperature to live in. Either is unsatisfactory alone. So much do I appreciate the heating system that I have installed it in my London home along with many other delightful American notions.

Every luncheon table in America appears to be round. Whether in the East or the West, it is invariably made of polished wood; whether in the North or the South, mats — embroidered or perforated, but always mats — vie with each other for place. A table-cloth is almost unknown. There are few flowers and little silver, but there is lovely napery and exquisite china, each course having its own distinct kind.

At every luncheon clear soup is invariably served in the daintiest of cups, and every luncheon party, from the east to the west, ends in ice-cream.

To be original is never considered good form in America. Everything and everybody tries to be fashionable, and to have the latest, which really means to be moulded in exactly the same pattern as one's neighbour. Our conservative public schools and Republican American society are like jelly-bags, they try hard to squeeze everyone into one mould.

The American *cuisine* is excellent and varied. No land, save Germany, serves many dishes nowadays; and King Edward reduced our long dinners to five or six courses. He even refused to sit more than an hour at table. There are more diversified foods distributed over a meal in America than anywhere else. They used all to come together and to be served on side-dishes, many endless little plates encircling one big one; now they follow one another in endless succession. The number of foods that have passed the guests during the course of the meal are uncountable. The spreads were hardly more magnificent in the days of the ancients.

One item in the menu does not mean one meat, with its endless little livers and cockscombs and truffles; it means also various vegetables, not a separate course, as in France. It means various compôtes of fruit, such as delicious peaches in vinegar served with the meat food, as in Germany. It means the most delicious salads in the world, salads made of chicken, tomato, alligator pears (which are not pears at all), grapefruit, all kinds

of nuts, oranges, bananas, stewed pears dressed with ketchup, grapes, raisins, beans, celery stuffed with prunes, apples, sometimes served singly, but more often mixed; these salads invariably sit upon a lettuce leaf, or repose inside an orange skin. I love those salads. Every time I sit down at the table I marvel at the dexterity of the American woman who manages to manipulate her salad with a fork, while I find it absolutely impossible to convey large leaves of lettuce with rich French dressing to my mouth without the aid of a knife to cut it up. It is as impossible for me to eat salad of this kind with a fork alone as it is to struggle with a herring without a fish-knife, or feed with chop-sticks.

Lunch is a mighty queer word. To the Britisher there is only one form of "lunch" and that centres round one o'clock. It may be the workman's meal from twelve to one; it may be the middle-class professional man's meal about one o'clock, or it may be the ultrasmart, ultrafashionable party at a quarter to two. But lunch never starts before twelve or after two.

At the opening of the splendid new Army and Navy Club in Washington the darky gentleman at the foot of the stairs invited us to go up in the "elevator" to the "lunch buffet" in the dining-room. It was five o'clock, and the lunch at that

Drawn by W. K. Haselden. Reproduced by permission of the London Daily Mirror.

SOUVENIR HUNTERS

hour consisted of huge bowls of various forms of punch, a little tea and coffee, tucked away in a corner, and a great deal of chicken salad, foie gras, boar's-head, salmon mayonnaise, and large dishes of game pie.

After the theatre at eleven o'clock at night one may be asked to take a "little lunch." We should call that supper or light refreshment, but in America the word "lunch" applies with equal respectability to a meal at midnight. This is apparently a western custom which has crept into the East in the last few years. Most customs travel from the East to the West, so it is quite a novelty to have the system reversed.

My father (the late Dr. George Harley, F.R.S. of Harley Street, London) arrived somewhere near Yellowstone Park in 1884, very tired and weary about midnight, after a long journey across the States, and at the hotel asked: —

"Can I have something to eat?"

"Guess you can have lunch."

"Lunch, man; I can't wait till lunch time, I'm starving; I want it now."

The grandeur of the hotel only consisted in its name — "Palace Hotel". It was a wooden shanty, a sort of one-storied booth.

Butter and bad air haunted me; how these dear Americans can consume so much fatty ma-

terial and inhale so much fetid air baffles an Englishwoman.

Oh, succulent butter ! The American, from having long acquired the butter habit, does not expand, but the poor Britisher finds her gowns tightening at the waist, and decreasing at the neck or the elbows, and alas ! has no "bits" with her *en voyage* to put in convenient little *V*'s up, or *V*'s down, as the French peasant does with her family's clothes. What marvels of industry those blue cotton trousers of the Frenchman represent, by the bye. A square here, a round there, or a *V* somewhere else, and all in different shades of the colour from different stages of washing. It is the thrift of France that has made her rich. Thrift, however, does not flourish on American soil.

The English visitor is haunted by butter in the States : butter royally sitting all by itself on dear little china plates before her seat at every meal. Butter everywhere and on everything. It is excellent butter, but butter is fat, and fat as fat is taboo.

Even the hotels are beginning to realise the amount of butter consumed. It used to be given gratis, now it is sometimes charged in the bill, and no wonder, when one customer can eat a quarter of a pound at a meal, that it is beginning to be considered a chargeable commodity.

It is not surprising with all the rich food that these dear women require globules before meals, capsules after meals, and tumblers of hot water or iced water at all times of the day. All these things ever remind the seeker after slimness to be wary. There is no doubt that almost anyone can go down pounds in weight in a few weeks by never eating and drinking at the same time, and avoiding such things as bread, butter, and potatoes. It is more convenient, more comfortable, and more healthy to be thin; but to allow it to be a craze, as so many people do, is really making the desire to be slight a curse to oneself, one's servants, and one's neighbours.

If you want to pay a man or a woman a compliment, don't say, "How well you are looking." Oh, dear, no, that won't please them in the least nowadays. You must exclaim, "How much thinner you are." They will beam with delight at once.

Society to-day is separated. One set is shut up in rest-cures struggling to get fat, to recover shattered nerves, to restore long-lost sleep, and become normal. More men suffer from nervous breakdown than women to-day. The other lot are fighting, striving, longing to be thin, and struggling equally hard by starvation (which is useless), diet (which is everything), baths, and globules, to get thin. Existence to

the fashionable is quite a harassing affair; to them the simple life is unknown; they deny themselves, and struggle, strive, and fight for an outward appearance that is often little worth attaining at such cost.

Think of all those awful chin straps, wrinkle removers, nose pinchers, and chest developers that people are said to wear during the peaceful hours of the night. Where can the peace come in if one is trussed like a fowl to be made slim or youthful, or something one is not? And think of the dear old folk who roll on the floor, and skip and jump and kick, to reduce their figures.

Apparently a hundred years ago it was not considered so necessary to have a slim figure as it is at the present day, for in an old number of *The Observer* of that date we read the following: —

"*Gluttony.* — A London paper asserts the following transaction to be a fact: On Tuesday last, a young lady, at Brighton, daughter of a respectable family in London, undertook to eat for supper the enormous quantity of three hundred oysters, with a portion of bread, which she performed, to the no less astonishment of those present than it will be to all who read this extraordinary performance."

This reminds me of a supper to which I was once invited in the Temple in London. A worthy barrister who possessed some beautiful bric-à-brac bade a party of friends to an oyster supper. We accepted and spent a very pleasant evening, several

eminent singers and artists being of the number, and then supper was announced. There was a round table, at which some fourteen of us sat — a table covered with priceless Sicilian cloth, exquisite Venetian goblets, quaint blue-handled knives, a *rose du Barri* dinner-service, costly Empire salt-cellars, and other treasures galore. In the centre, stood an enormous tray on which dozens and dozens of oysters reposed. On every plate a dozen of these shell-fish were piled; I had never seen so many oysters in my life, and, although fond of them, found it somewhat difficult to consume more than a dozen; although they were our little English oysters and not Lynn Haven, which are as big as legs of Easter lamb in Rome. I was looked upon as a hopeless individual, as eight dozen per person had been supplied for that supper-party, and, wonderful to relate, many of the guests managed to eat the allotted number although they did not reach the score of three hundred of the lady of the last century, whom Bismarck ran very close on one occasion.

An oyster "gorge" would have been a more suitable name for that feast than an oyster supper, methinks; but then that was in the days before the slim craze, which has swept over Europe and North America. Morocco and South America still admire female beauty by its adipose pounds.

In the drawing-room of the famous Lodge where

lives the Master of Trinity College at Cambridge hang two pictures. Both are life-sized; one is of Henry VIII, fat and jolly, evidently revelling in beefsteaks and tankards of beer; in the other is Queen Elizabeth, all hoops and ruffles, sleeves and voluminosity, but — and that is the point — she appears to have no internal organs at all, and a waist a wasp might envy.

Was the fat or the slim craze in vogue in those days?

Every nation has left its imprint on the American people and on American food.

Frogs' legs are a French delicacy; that is, perhaps, why Frenchmen are called "Froggies"; and frogs' legs are common in America. We never, never see them in England, and yet we are so near we can look across the Channel on a clear day and see France. Boiled in milk or fried in butter these little white meat frogs' legs are delicious, especially when one can take them in one's fingers, as a recent Queen used to take her chicken bones; but alas, we can no more take things in our fingers in good society in England to-day, with the exception of asparagus, than smoke a churchwarden.

Some Americans cut up their meat, lay down their knife, and partake of the dainty morsels with their fork German fashion. Someone will shake

his head and exclaim, "Where has she been, we never do that in Society," but the "best society," does not make a nation. To go even further; a well-bred, well-born man, a leader of men, eats and even cuts everything up with his fork. I have seen him, and marvelled at his agility many times; ham or tongue, sliced beef or mutton, are parted and eaten with that fork. He never takes up a knife, except to disjoint a bird, or carve through an American three-inch-thick Porterhouse steak. After all, it is not what one does, but the way one does it, and habit teaches us how to do odd things quite prettily, and they cease to look strange.

Nothing is ever handed without a "service plate." No soup is proffered in its dainty double-handled cup, without a plate below — and a pretty mat. Every course reposes on a "service plate." Even coffee is handed on a "service plate." It saves burning the servants' fingers, or the polished tables, so it has its uses, and that service plate is as important to the Yankee as the baby butter plate or the finger-bowl. There America scores; even the humblest restaurant gives its customers a finger-bowl after messy food like lobster, and always, always at the end of dinner. It is as necessary as the Mohammedan's wash before entering his mosque.

I love those American finger-bowls, I hate those

American service plates because of the delay they cause.

But, oh, the American eggs.

It makes one shudder to think of the American eggs. They are very, very lightly boiled; dirty white fingers, or oily darky ones, break them, peel them, and drop them into a cold wine glass. Occasionally one has the luxury of a warmed cup or a warmed glass, but this is rare; the fingers are generally dirty and the glass is usually cold. The good American then begins his struggle, for the egg is peppered and salted, and twirled round and round until its very appearance makes one feel sick, and it has grown thoroughly cold. Habit is everything in life. No doubt if one lived long enough in America, one might get accustomed to the American habit of eating eggs without egg-cups. In Lapland they do this because they have no egg-cups; but they have a clever way of giving the fat end of the egg a little bump on the plate, and the Lapland egg is polite enough to sit up on his haunches and let himself be devoured warm, comfortably, and completely with a spoon.

Chicago may be famous for smuts and fog; it certainly might also be called famous for its cream. Cream! Why you simply cannot get away from cream. An ironclad might be floated in a week's supply of Chicago cream. Delicious cereals smothered in cream appear for breakfast;

hot buttered corn-cakes, hot buttered toast, eggs, or fish are served up and cooked with cream; hot coffee and cream to boot. Then comes luncheon. Tea is invariably served during luncheon in America, they drink it with the viands; more cream appears, creamed oysters and creamed clams are delicious, so is creamed chicken. What we call "American lobster" is really hot grilled lobster, a most excellent and succulent dish. It is served with hot butter, another form of cream, or there is a cream soufflé of fish. At the Blackstone Hotel, whenever I lunched there, we had a dish — a specialty of theirs — known as *Chicken à la king*. A square thick piece of hot buttered toast was put on to each guest's plate; then came the chicken itself, from which a helping was ladled out, small pieces of chicken cooked with truffles and mushrooms in cream and wine sauce. Excellent, but, so rich.

Cream cheese piled on to currant jelly is delicious. And then, of course, for no American could live without it, comes an ice-cream. "Cream to the right of them, cream to the left of them, and butter everywhere." That corpulent gentlemen are not unknown is hardly to be wondered at; but it is not from drinking *vodka*, as in Finland or Russia, but from cream and butter. No wonder the women's lives are one long expensive fight against adipose tissue.

The influence of the foreigner is everywhere, and while they supply American foods, they also have English plum-pudding, milk puddings, jams, marmalade, beer, green turtle, Finnan haddie, and apple dumplings; Norwegian fish-puddings; German pot roast, frankfurters, and sauerkraut; endless cheeses, wines, and beers. French wines, sweets, and rows of French dishes. "Cold slaw" is a delicious dish of white cabbage which was a legacy from the Dutch, like the word "stoop" or "verandah," or the Dutch names outside New York, such as Harlem.

The cooking in America is as excellent as the plumbing, and that is first rate.

Some of the notices in restaurants are amusing.

Please
Don't swear
it sounds like hell

was printed on a card at one; on the reverse side it gave the name and address of the restaurant, and at the bottom: "Nuff ced."

"*Not responsible for hats, coats, or umbrellas*" is short and to the point, or

"*Watch your coat and Hat*," may mean you are to sit quiet to do that in preference to feeding, for which purpose you presumably came.

"*Look out for thieves*," which latter may suggest

that the customer is supposed to do a bold game of thief-catching whenever he sees a chance.

People in the States strike one as very sober. "Soft drink" is a curious name for a sharp lemon squash; but everything without alcohol is called soft. And a pretty list they make.

Coffee Nag
Chocolate Fudge Sundae
Hot Egg Phosphate
Hot Egg Pineapple
Hot Clam Bouillon
McAlpine Flip
Frosted Egg Chocolate
Hot Tomato Bisque
Angostura Phosphate
Fresh Fruit Strawberry Soda
Good Little Devil Sundae
Hot Cream of Beef
Hot Tomato Clam Broth

America is the land of teetotalers. All honour to them.

Drink is the ruin of many of our workmen's homes. One need not be a total abstainer, but one has only to travel about Great Britain to see the ruin drink is causing, and one has only to travel about the world to find that when British men, who are appreciated everywhere for their ability, are dismissed, drink has invariably been the cause.

Drawn by W. K. Haselden. Reproduced by permission of the London Daily Mirror.

THE HOTEL PROPRIETOR AND THE VISITOR FROM A FOREIGN COUNTRY

Drink is the British curse.

When a working-man is an abstainer, he says, "I am on the water waggon". As in England they sometimes say "on the teapot". Or a friend will remark, "He had a thirty-five cent jag," viz., spent one shilling and threepence in getting drunk. "Tom was on a side-wheel jag" means that Tom had a little more than was good for him, was "screwed" in fact. Each land has its own "slang," and the American slang is sharp, concise, and explanatory. Slang is a shortcut on the conversational highway.

It was most interesting to an Englishwoman, who is accustomed to public dinners, to go to one in the States. The room was not so dark as the private houses; but it was deliciously subdued, just right in fact.

In many ways the entertainment was curiously unlike our own. In the first place, no one seemed to receive. With us there is always a host or president, or a committee, or something of the kind to whom everyone is announced in a loud voice. No one received at the American banquet, but people wandered in as they liked, and most of them were very, very late; they were not even announced.

Then again, there was no toast-master. That extraordinarily characteristic person, of deep chest and sonorous tone, did not come forward to announce:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen, the dinner is served."

The British toast-master is a British institution from historic times, and a very useful personage; for he announces the visitors, then gathers the people together, sends them in to dinner, and is a veritable Master of Ceremonies, who sees that things are properly arranged and got through to time. At the American dinner there seemed to be no organiser of this sort. People strolled in as they pleased, and how they pleased. The walls were decorated with star-spangled banners everywhere, and very handsome and impressive they looked. But the thing that struck me most was the want of system. Everything was slow.

The dinner had dragged out its long course — long, verily, for it was two hours before we arrived at the ice-cream.

At last a man rose to his feet.

Here again one missed the toast-master. Instead of his rapping on the table and saying, "Pray, silence for Mr. So and So," nobody called attention to the fact that a gentleman was about to speak, and it was some moments before the hubbub ceased and we could hear what he was saying. He spoke extremely well, fluently, and to the point, but apparently there was no time limit and he spoke on, and on, and on, for about thirty-five minutes. Then there was a long pause, a quarter of an hour or more, when another man

stood up and began a speech in the same unceremonious manner, continuing as long as he felt inclined.

There was no organisation and much delay.

The last public dinner I had attended was in London on the last day of July, 1912, when we held the Inaugural Banquet for the *First International Eugenics Congress*. We sat down nearly five hundred people at the Hotel Cecil that night as the clock struck half past seven (the appointed time). We left the tables at a quarter to ten, as ordained. Several hundred more members of the Congress came to a reception at that hour. All of which can be vouched for by several Americans who were present. Mr. Arthur Balfour, formerly Prime Minister of England, was the chief speaker. He was allotted twenty minutes, and with his watch on the table, he spoke for exactly twenty minutes. I sat next him so I know. That speech, delivered without notes of any kind, filled several columns of our newspapers the following day, and abstracts were cabled over the world. The other speakers were each allotted ten minutes, and it is always a point of honour to sit down when the time is up. In two hours and a quarter, five hundred people were fed, and six important speeches were delivered.

Another thing that struck me at this American public dinner, which lasted about five hours, was

the fact that the men began to smoke with the fish course. Smoking is only permitted in England with the coffee.

To sum up:—

The dinner was excellent; but it was served late and was far too long. The speeches were excellent, but there was no time limit. They talked too much. There was no method for receiving, and no time for leaving; so people seemed to be moving about all the while in a most disturbing fashion. It is no good concealing facts. Americans are not good organisers, and Americans are slow. Perhaps when their blood pressures are in better working order, their public dinners will quicken up a bit.

American cooking is excellent; but American organisation is bad.

English cooking is bad; but English organisation is good.

CHAPTER VII

Scramble for Knowledge

"De poeta, y de loco
Todos, tenemos un poco."

(We all have something of a poet,
We all are something of a fool.)

"A reporter wishes to see you in the drawing-room."

Downstairs I went. A nice young man was sitting there, a gentlemanly young man of pleasant mien.

"My editor," he said, "is very anxious to have another interview with you in the paper, and he thought it would be interesting if you could arrange to have a conversation with Mr. B—."

"I have never heard of Mr. B—."

"What! Never heard of Mr. B—?" he exclaimed in utter amazement.

"I am sorry, but I have not. Perhaps my education has been neglected, but who is Mr. B—?"

Before explaining who this renowned gentleman was, he proceeded:—

Drawn by W. K. Haselden. Reproduced by permission of the London Daily Mirror.

"PSYCHOLOGY" AS AN AID IN THE CHOICE OF CAREERS FOR THE YOUNG

"My editor thought that if you would fix a time when you could see Mr. B—, he would send a shorthand reporter who would take down the conversation."

"A sort of duologue?" I laughed.

"Yes, something of that kind. An exchange of opinions," he continued.

"It is very kind of your editor," I replied, "but as I know nothing of the gentleman or his doings, my opinion on that subject would be perfectly useless to man or beast, so I am afraid I must decline."

He really seemed quite crestfallen; for he evidently thought that he had hit on an original idea and tried to persuade me to reconsider the matter. I would not, and he finally left.

At luncheon that day I was relating the episode to my host.

"Who on earth is Mr. B—?" I asked. "I have never heard of him."

He laughed.

"That young man seemed to think him very important," I continued, "and I really feel as though my education is not complete until I know something of the gentleman in question."

My host laughed yet more immoderately.

"What did you tell him?" he asked.

"I told him I had never heard of anyone of that name."

"Splendid, splendid," he chuckled. "This is the last thing in American reporting. B— is a man who has been standing for a position in the town. He has got in, but his election is being disputed as corrupt. He is not a man who has ever been heard of outside this city, or ever will be, I should imagine, nor would he be of any interest to a traveller, and I fail to see how you could talk to him on his trade or tackle him on the Corrupt Practices Act for the amusement of any newspaper readers." And he laughed merrily again at the situation.

Could anything have been more ridiculous? That poor young man had been sent miles on a perfectly impossible errand, to ask me to perform a perfectly impossible act. There is nothing that some American papers will not strive to do by way of a novelty.

My admiration for the American reporter is unbounded. My gratitude to many of them is sincere — but there are others who seldom report what his victim says, but exactly what he wishes him to say. He comes with various questions. If the stranger knows about the North Pole, he immediately proceeds to ask him about the South Pole; and if he cannot answer to his satisfaction on the South Pole, he goes off and writes a pretty little article of what he ought to have said, or what he wished him to say, always in his own

words, because he feels a desperate need to say something and "make a scoop."

Do these press men ever realise how extraordinary it is for an Englishwoman to read purely American sentences put into her mouth, so American in framing that she could not possibly have spoken those sentences had she tried? In fact, the wording of those phrases and their slang make them almost unintelligible to the foreigner's unintelligent brain. These reporters do not want to probe anything; they just want to pick up scraps of information to dress the front windows, the storehouse behind being left empty.

American reporters are a type of the American brain. They often fail to get the best or the most characteristic information from their subject; and in their desire to be smart, endeavour to force their victims to say things they do not think, and never could think or say.

For instance, before one has set foot in a town the reporter asks: —

"What do you think of our town?"

You have never been to "our town"; you have not had time to think anything at all about it, and gently say so, and fence about, while the interviewer persists in plying questions about his own particular city, its municipal work, its buildings, its beauties, and above all, its faults. One is always asked to point out faults, and then roundly

abused for doing so. For the American reporter dearly loves to suggest faults and tries hard to get his subject to agree with him.

"Of course, you think us young and vulgar," or "Of course, you are amazed at our hustle," or "Of course, you think us badly dressed, and of course you hate our streets and our hotels; and of course you are amazed at our advancement and our learning."

You have not had opportunity to open eyes on that particular town; you have not seen its buildings nor studied its municipal work. And even if you had, your opinion on both during half an hour's investigation would be utterly worthless.

How they love to try and force one's hand.

One has barely registered one's name in an hotel before reporters knock at the door. Many of them are boys and girls of eighteen or nineteen, who are learning to write at the expense of their victims. Their views of life are confined to school or night school education. They have neither read nor travelled. Sensationalism and what will look well in a big head-line is all they want.

The questions: "What do you think of America?" "What do you think of American politics?" are reiterated with ceaseless regularity, as if those two large subjects could be glibly globuled by the visitor in three minutes for a large head-line.

That is the ordinary American interview, with

the exception of about a dozen first-class papers.

"Write your own interview," one of the best-known men in the States said to me. "I always do, and then there can be no perversion of the truth. Believe me, it is the only thing to do. If the paper wants an interview, it will have one somehow. If you don't see the reporter, somebody will invent a story, so the only wise and safe thing to do is to write one out yourself and hand it in."

I left the country feeling it was marvellous that I still had a single friend on American shores. People are often given credit for what they have never said or done, and sometimes to their disadvantage.

Misrepresentation stings, but even stings heal, and when one is in the right, nothing hurts for long, so one ends by laughing.

No one would intentionally write a libel any more than he would intentionally cut a friend.

The following head-lines are specimens. In several cases the whole page below them was courteously devoted to the present writer.

BOSTON LEAVENS WHOLE U. S. A. SAYS MRS. TWEEDIE.

AMERICAN WOMEN DISSECTED BY AN ENGLISH WRITER.

(half-inch letters across the whole page of the *New York Times*)

Even larger letters:
SAYS CHICAGO IS FAD SLAVE.
(three-quarter-inch letters and half-page notice)
BUSY MRS. ALEC-TWEEDIE.
VERSATILE ENGLISHWOMAN.
THOUGHT SHE WAS INVITED TO TEA AND NOT TO TALK. (half-inch letters)
FINDS AMERICAN WOMEN PRETTIEST. (half inch)
SIMPLER DIVORCE URGED.
URGES SEX QUALITY TO UPLIFT NATION. (quarter inch)
MRS. ALEC-TWEEDIE LOVES THE STRENUOUS URGE OF NEW YORK.
MARRIAGE CERTIFICATES AND ENGLISH AUTHOR.
A BLOODLESS REVOLUTION.

and so on galore.

I quite agree with Sir Herbert Tree that it is difficult "to be worthy of one's head-lines".

Here is a curious story.

A man was sitting in his office. The telephone rang.

"Is that Mr. Schwartzenberger?" The man jumped. That was his old name. It was now Seymour.

There are one million Jews in New York, and they are heavily represented in politics. Nearly a quarter of the population is Jewish. Mr. Seymour was one of them. Incidentally, there are only about eleven million Jews in the world, so

New York is their Palestine. They were the chosen people; — will they inherit the Earth?

"We are printing a little article next week about you, Mr. Sch—, and we thought you might like to see it before it goes to press."

Mr. Sch— thought he would, and accordingly arranged for the man to call. Two columns of type were laid before him; the journalistic ferret had unearthed him as Schwartzenberger "at a sweat-shop way down town," and had followed his career, not perhaps always a strictly honourable one, to Broadway. Was he to lose all now by this blackmailing villainy?

"What will you take for it, and not publish it?"

"You see, Mr. Sch—, it would increase our sale; it would be of great value to us. It has already cost us much money."

"What will you take for it?"

Much palaver, and then a thousand dollars (£200) was agreed upon.

Just as the Press ferret was leaving, Mr. Sch— thought he had better be quite sure of his quarry.

"Remember, this means that my name never appears in your paper?"

"I don't promise that, because I know we have a little story about Johnson & Company, in which you were connected."

This was terrible. Had he bought up one ar-

ticle to be haunted by others. After much talk and much barter the Press ferret agreed to two thousand dollars as a sum which would keep Mr. Schwartzenberger and his doings out of the particular paper for all time, and he was clever enough to get a contract signed to that effect on the spot.

That particular paper lives on these doings, and has a large sale. The law does not interfere. Alas for the shady side of journalism!

Modern newspapers are largely composed of snippets and advertisements; but the Press in America is most certainly improving, while the press in Europe is, alas, sadly deteriorating.

Never do I know so little of the news of the world as when I am in the States. In far-away Russia, in spite of the Censor blacking out great lumps of the foreign newspapers when they do not approve of the politics or Russian news given, one can see and understand the English, German, French, or Spanish newspapers to be found in all the good hotels. In America, one is dependent on the American Press. There are some most excellent papers; but in the smaller towns one is limited to the local press. These appear to be all head-lines, and I am so spellbound at the size of their type, the amazing coinage of words, and the extraordinary indictments contained in those news head-lines, that I never have

time to read the matter below, nor to find what it has to do with the head-line above.

The American people are literally fed on head-lines. One comes to a condition of knowing there is a war going on somewhere; that in some battle, somewhere, thousands of troops are being killed; but where, when, or how, one does not evolve from the wild American newspapers, because what one reads on Monday is contradicted on Tuesday. Except — and let me say again there are exceptions — in the more serious Press; but then the more serious Press is in the minority in the country.

Those American head-lines positively stagger the uninitiated. They suggest nothing but insanity and criminality. One shivers to think that the whole country is so mad or so bad. One seeks in vain for a few pleasant words to catch the eye, but one seeks, and seeks with no result. They are perfectly horrible, generally utterly incorrect, and they certainly give a disastrous impression to a stranger as to the capabilities and advancement of the country. And yet people are paid thousands a year merely to invent head-lines. Head-line writing is a trade of its own, and is paid according to its startling possibilities.

For a staid good paper the following is an example of mildness.

(Front Page)

WOMAN'S SKULL FRACTURED BY BEER BOTTLE
ADMITS KILLING ELEVEN BABIES
GIRL KILLS HER MOTHER
KITTENS CAUSE HER DEATH
FREE WHISKEY FOR MONKEYS
URGES TROUSERS FOR WOMEN
JUMPS TO HIS DEATH

(Second Page)

MOSQUITOES CAUSE CAT'S SUICIDE
HE WED ANOTHER, SHE CRIES
MISFITS IN SENATE
FORTUNE HANGS ON WATCH
HEN SWALLOWS RUBY
BELIEVE GOD SWAYED PEN
NO SUNDAY LETTERS BUT BIGGEST PAPERS
BLAZE IN MARKET
WOMEN TO WEAR TROUSERS
JOY RIDE IN PRISON VAN

Yellow journalism would call that "tame twaddle". It wants "eye starters".

American journalism is all brimstone and thunderbolts.

The American Sunday paper is a marvel. It often contains excellent stuff, but oh, those extra coloured pages. Are they for the babies or for whom? Artistic merit seems the last thing necessary. Vulgarity often takes the place of wit. News there is none, so they merely remain heterogeneous

splodges of colour across the page. May these extra coloured supplements perish. They are dreadful. The American Sunday paper has grown enormously since I first saw it. In fact, if one bought three of them at a railway station to-day, it would require a wheelbarrow to trundle them along the platform.

Many American people find their only literature in the Sunday papers. Many acquire their education also therein, and seek no other. Some of that literature is extremely good, and of particular value because the articles are signed. Signed articles have so much more force than the poisoned darts of anonymity. Sunday papers and night schools are the greatest educational factors of the United States, and they are both remarkably good.

It is curious that when the American newspapers are so inferior, the American monthly magazines are so vastly superior to the European periodicals. The magazines are varied in material, with excellent letter press, and good illustrations. The best magazines in the world in fact.

When approached by a firm of English publishers to put various books into a twenty-five cent form, I demurred, thinking that everybody who wanted to read them had done so in the expensive editions.

"There you are wrong," replied the publisher; "these shilling books tap quite another market. In the midland counties of England, near the factories or the coal-pits, near the shipbuilding yards and the potteries, there is an enormous population where every home has its little library. It is to these people we sell books in tens of thousands. As the man goes home on Saturday night with his wages in his pocket, he spends a shilling on a book of travel or biography for Sunday reading, and the following week he buys a novel at a cheaper rate. These books can be found in hundreds on the shelves of the artisans of England."

He was right. The books sold in tens of thousands. This is merely an instance to shew that the British workman and his family do not only read books provided at the public libraries, but that the people of Great Britain invest small portions from their earnings in literature for themselves, and are proud of their book shelves.

Does this happen in the States?

Speaking of books reminds me that I asked the head man of the "biggest book-store in the world," — why neither very expensive nor very cheap books appeared to sell.

"We have a fickle public, m'arm. There are scholars with fine libraries, especially among the lawyers, but there are millionnaires' houses without

a book shelf, and besides the newspapers, little is really read but novels. We think we read, but we don't."

I was surprised.

"We are young yet, you see," he continued.

"Young? Are you never going to grow up? I am as often told you are 'still young' as I am told 'everything is the biggest.' Both expressions are beginning to lose all significance to me," I could not help replying.

I have several times seen "the largest shop in the world," and each time in a different American town. Twice they have shown me "the finest collection of Italian pictures in the world." Twice I have seen "the largest libraries in the world." Several times I have been assured, "This is the finest hotel in the world"; and so on till my head whirls and I wonder if I am in dreamland, or if I shall ever have any sense of balance, or power of comparison again.

America may not read much, but she does fight hard for education. If the pioneers do not get lost in a tangle of their own theories, American education ought to astonish the world.

Millionnaires dump down thousands of dollars to make their names famous and see their hobbies take tangible form. Great buildings, well endowed, well professored, spring up in a twinkling like mushrooms, and away the teachers go into

an educational vortex, each airing his own views, each working along his own lines.

The general education is undoubtedly good and sound and the standard is high. It sharpens intelligence, but it does not seem to awaken a keen intellectual interest.

This education produces high mediocrity, but apparently retards the inspiration of genius.

A higher standard of honesty and manners might be encouraged; surely these have been a little neglected.

I never felt so ignorant about history before. One seldom goes for a motor drive but one is shown some battle-field where the Americans defeated the English. A "handful of Americans slew a whole battalion," or "this spot was the camp of General So-and-So before he was defeated by the Americans," and so on. How is it we do not know all these stories of our cowardice and American valour? How was it we were so hopelessly incapable, as the American historians say?

There may not be much hero-worship in Yankee land, but there are an extraordinary number of battle-fields on which we shewed a miserable front.

To sum up American history as taught in the schools to-day, let us take the following rough and disjointed extracts roughly condensed from a child's book:—

"The Italian Columbus landed in America in 1492 with a Spanish fleet. The French — the English — the Dutch followed.

"In 1607 after many, many failures the first successful English colony was founded in what they call Virginia (in honour of the Virgin Queen Elizabeth), the town was called Jamestown in honour of that King (James I.). Tobacco was appreciated, and Sir Walter Raleigh introduced it into England.

"Twelve years later, ninety English women arrived to marry these settlers. The scheme was so successful shipload after shipload was sent out, and each man paid his wife's passage money with 120 pounds of tobacco.

"Another ship arrived with the first negroes as slaves from Africa.

"Charles I. gave a piece of Virginia to Lord Baltimore, which he christened Maryland after the Queen (Henrietta Maria).

"English pilgrims, who could not worship to their liking in England or Holland — 102 in all, arrived in America in the *Mayflower* in 1620, and called the town Plymouth (near Boston).

"The pilgrims were not the only people who could not live in England where everyone was persecuted. Others known as the Puritans were so hardly treated that they too turned to America. They founded Boston and found peace. . . ."

But that American history book does not say anything about the persecution that followed these poor immigrants, at the hands of their brethren in the New World.

This historical teaching in American schools is unfortunately most antagonistic to England and the English in every way. The oppression,

the cruelty, the religious troubles, are dwelt upon in every chapter, although no doubt unintentionally and hardly realised by many. It is absolutely wrong to teach those foreign millions of immigrants from lands over the seas that England is the enemy of America, that she ever has been, and that she ever will be. After all, does America not owe her language to us, her name, and her traditions ?

The Pilgrim Fathers went out largely from Lincolnshire and Nottingham to New England. It is curious that the descendants of these people have kept to the pronunciation of the flat "a." In the east of old England and in New England in the States, they pronounce

half	haef
bath	baeth
calf	caef

To return to the history book : —

"The presence of Dutch on the Hudson, the Delaware, and Long Island was dangerous to the English. Charles II. raised the old claim to the whole Atlantic coast (1664). War followed between England and Holland."

"Penn, the Quaker, who could no longer live in the thraldom of England landed and founded Pennsylvania.

"England invited emigrants for America. Thirteen colonies under English control were planted along the Atlantic coast. Charles II. was a tyrant and governed harshly. For nearly forty years there was fighting in America to decide whether the French who ruled Canada, or the English who held the Atlantic seacoast should keep America.

"In 1732, the Saviour of America, George Washington, was born. (He was employed by an Englishman, Lord Fairfax.)

"The French, the Indians, and the English all fought. America won, and the thirteen British colonies were turned into thirteen American states.

"In 1776 they threw off the irksome English yoke and the Declaration of Independence was signed, but it was five years before the whole army surrendered to Washington, and there was much fighting between whiles, in which the Americans gained endless glorious victories.

"Betsy Ross (with a strangely Scottish name) thereupon made the Stars and Stripes flag, in 1777, at Philadelphia.

"Aided by the French the Americans won their last great victory over the English in 1781 and America was admitted by Great Britain 'to be sovereign free and independent.' Great Britain had to take away her obnoxious troops. In 1789, George Washington became first President of the United States, and so ended the English misrule and British tyranny.

"The slavery question brought civil war. After fifty years' struggle, slavery was abolished in 1863 by Lincoln. . . ."

Perhaps the people dwell so continually on these battles against the British because they have only suffered two big wars — The War of Independence, and the Civil War, the North against the South; the race war has still to come. Anyway the first seems to have made a wonderful impression judging by the frequency with which the Britisher is reminded of his sins, and shewn scenes of glorious American victories. These battle-fields, representing magnificent American deeds, are shewn to the

stranger as incessantly as "the greatest things in the world."

Some of the earliest films produced on the bioscope depicted incidents connected with Britain's war in South Africa. Troops marched to the railway stations, waved farewell as their trains puffed out of stations, mustered on the decks of the transports; and the huge ships glided out of harbour, friends sadly watching the last glimpse of their men-folk. And then again came views of disembarkation in South Africa and train loads of sturdy Britishers on their way to the seat of war.

Would the bioscope had been known a hundred and fifty years ago. But let us draw aside the misty veil of Time and peep at the scene.

Sailing ships of — to our eyes — pigmy dimensions; bad quarters, bad food, stale water, no space for exercise, the vessels being crammed with human freight to their fullest capacity; six weeks being "good time" for such a voyage to the American coast.

Imagine it. Imagine the unfit condition of these men. Imagine their plight on landing; no trains to convey them to the field of action — a dreary tramp in a strange land though joined by the Loyalists in America. The difficulties of feeding an army under such conditions were enormous. Many fought half-heartedly, no doubt, feeling

they were Britishers fighting Britishers, and there was no national animosity as an incentive.

Yet America to-day is a little apt to think only of her own glory. She can only conceive the vast ocean liners which link her shores to those of Great Britain in six days and less. Perhaps, after all, being "so young" she can only assimilate the present, and has not time to widen her vision to the past.

Patriotism is good; but it must not pervert truth. We made a mistake and we suffered for it, but let us hope we did not do all those awful things laid at our door.

The reverence shown to the American flag is one of the reasons of the pride of the citizen in his land. Every little alien must respect his new flag. He is taught to march before it, to salute it, to know all about it, how every star represents a State; how the hated English oppressed the people, and then had to evacuate; how America is the greatest land on God's earth, that the Americans are the luckiest of His people. How the flag must be honoured, how the flag stands for independence and wealth and power. How he has only to follow to be ground into the American mill and possibly emerge as President of the United States himself. Flag, flag, flag everywhere. It is a fine idea. A splendid idea. One we might cul-

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RAG-TIME OR SPORT, STAR-SPANGLED JOY EVERYWHERE

tivate with advantage. It makes patriots. It teaches respect for that one thing, even if education otherwise leaves the word "respect" most respectfully alone.

There is a wonderfully national spirit in America, the seeds of which were sown, and perhaps fostered, on the land a hundred and fifty years ago by the British.

Americans squabble, Americans fight, Americans are jealous of one another, but when it comes to big questions, they stand shoulder to shoulder; and if it ever came to war, every man would support his flag regardless of personal feelings. Never was any flag so precious, so in evidence, so aggressive as the American flag. It is waved about, it is the foundation of the American citizen, it is behind the Speaker's chair in Congress, it is draped in banquet halls and public meetings; in fact, it is everywhere.

In a simple, unpretending little house in Philadelphia the woman who made this flag once lived. I went there in 1904 with dear Dr. Horace Howard Furness to see the descendant of this Betsy Ross.

Betsy Ross was a Philadelphian Quakeress; she made the first flag at the time of the Declaration of Independence in 1776, but little did she dream of the millions, aye billions, of replicas her work would inspire. Why, in New York, for that one procession of a hundred thousand of the most respected citizens who marched in the rain for hours to do McKin-

ley honour, I saw a hundred thousand little flags carried, to say nothing of quite as many more which hung across the streets and decorated the houses. It is a fine flag, but it is possible to get tired even of the star-spangled banner.

In a delightful little book entitled "The Story of Our Flag," by Addie Guthrie Weaver, whom I had the pleasure of meeting in Chicago, the writer says: —

"The Continental Congress of 1775 was very much disturbed over the embarrassing situation of the colonies, and after George Washington was appointed commander-in-chief of the army, it showed its independence by appointing a committee to create a colonial flag that would be national in its tendency. They finally decided on one with thirteen bars, alternate red and white, the "King's Colours," with the crosses of St. Andrew and St. George in a field of blue. The cross of St. Andrew then, as now, was of white, while the cross of St. George was red. The colonies still acknowledged the sovereignty of England, as this flag attested, but united against her tyranny. This was known as the "flag of our Union," that is, the Union of our Colonies. It was unfurled by Washington, January 1, 1776, and received thirteen cheers and a salute of thirteen guns."

The same day the English king's speech arrived, and the army was so indignant at its contents that they burned every copy. Unfortunately England was hardly as wise in her treatment of America in those days as she ought to have been, and thus we lost the United States; but we gained knowledge thereby, and knowledge is power. That knowledge

we have applied to the better government of our other colonies.

On May 20, 1776, Washington was requested to appear before Congress. Accompanied by Col. George Ross and the Hon. Robert Morris, he previously called upon the lovely young widowed niece of the former, and asked her to help him out of the difficulty of the flag; she was a beautiful needlewoman, and a most gifted creature. Washington unfolded his own rough drawing of his scheme, in the little house in Philadelphia which yet remains, showing her thirteen stripes (representing thirteen states) on a blue field dotted with thirteen stars. Mrs. Ross noticed the stars were six pointed, and suggested they should have five points. Washington admitted that she was correct, but he preferred a star that would not be an exact copy of his own coat of arms, and he also suggested that the six-pointed star would be easier to cut out. Mrs. Ross, nothing daunted, took up a piece of paper which she deftly folded, and with one clip of her scissors showed him a perfect star with five points. It was according to this pattern that the good lady made the famous star-spangled banner. She procured all the bunting possible in Philadelphia to make flags for the use of Congress, Colonel Ross furnishing the money.

It seems certain that on Christmas Eve, 1776, Washington carried her famous flag across the

beautiful Delaware River amid ice and snow to victory. I spent some days on the banks of the Delaware. What a beautiful river it is, and how lovely is much of the scenery in New Jersey! The American continent possesses hundreds and hundreds of miles of dreary prairie, veritable desert; but there are equally beautiful spots, and one of them is the Delaware — the cradle of the star-spangled banner.

Writing of the flag, Mrs. Weaver continues:—

"This flag of forty-five stars, this flag of our country, is our inspiration. It kindles in our hearts patriotic feelings, it carries our thoughts and our minds forward in the cause of liberty and right. On sea and on land, wherever the star-spangled banner waves, it thrills the heart of every true American with pride. It recalls the memories of battles bravely fought. It recalls the victories of Trenton and Princeton, it recalls the victories of Gettysburg and Appomattox. We see the flag as first carried by Paul Jones across the sea; we see the flag as carried by Commodore Perry on Lake Erie; we see the flag as carried by Farragut at New Orleans; we see Admiral Dewey through smoke and fire hoisting the flag in the Philippines. This same flag was carried to victory by Admirals Sampson and Schley in Cuba. This flag recalls the many battles bravely fought and grandly won. It symbolises the principles of human progress and human liberty. The stars represent the unity and harmony of our States. They are a constellation typifying our country. Their lustre reflects to every nation of the world. The flag of 1776, the old thirteen, has grown to be one of the great flags of the earth. Its stars reach from ocean to ocean. We see it leading the armies of Washington and Greene, of Grant and Sherman and Sheridan, and of Miles, Shafter, and Merritt."

I was introduced to Betsy Ross's granddaughter by the late Horace Howard Furness, the great Shakespearian writer of America — probably the greatest Shakespearian writer of the world — with whom I had the honour of staying in Philadelphia. I use the word "honour" advisedly, for there could be no more perfect gentleman or profound scholar than Dr. Furness.

The descendant of the needlewoman of the star-spangled banner was selling trophies at the State House in Philadelphia, and seemed very proud of her descent. That old State House is a perfectly delightful building, with queer red bricks and painted white windows, and it represents the birth of a great Government. It was not until a hundred years after the signing of the Declaration of Independence that America awoke to the fact that she might build up a museum of the history of her own government. To-day it is one of the proudest spots in America.

I loved Peaceful Philadelphia. Here are now collected the portraits of all the enterprising spirits of that time, the very table on which the famous deed was signed, the chairs — anything and everything, in fact, appertaining thereto. The collection is almost complete, and every American ought to visit that pretty old spot, with its famous Liberty bell, to learn how he became free, and something of his history. There hang por-

traits of our Kings and Queens — America's Kings and Queens, until the famous day in 1776, when the United States spread her wings and soared away from us. We lost a rich country that day, a country full of great natural wealth, both in agriculture and mines; but those young Americans wanted none of us, they wished to be free from all conventionality and conservatism, and, like the child who has learned to walk, they ran. That was only a century and a half ago; but many of their Republican ideas are strangely modified. They have a Navy and an Army. They are forming an aristocracy, and, strange as it may seem, Republican America is strongly Conservative, and old customs and conventionalities are creeping in on every side. President McKinley himself was in some ways a Tory of the Tories.

Every republic tends towards conservatism, and every monarchy towards republicanism. To many of us the recollection of the past is a storehouse of precious gems, the realisation of the present is often without sparkle; yet the anticipation of the future is fraught with glitter and the crown of happiness hangs ever before our eyes.

CHAPTER VIII

Three Elections and Some Reflections

That an Englishwoman should have seen three Presidential elections in America appears strange. It seems to have become a sort of habit, for it cannot surely have been mere chance that I should have been in the United States for three elections, each so exciting, and yet so entirely different.

It so happened that the writer was in New York in 1900, just before the election for the new President of the United States. Great was the excitement on every side. The political ferment was greatest in the neighbourhood of the sky-scrapers. "Down town" (as the region of the famous Wall Street is called) was hung with flags; star-spangled banners waved across the thoroughfares; mottoes, promises of everything possible and impossible, waved on streamer and bunting. The names of McKinley and Bryan, or their two supporters for the Vice-Presidency, met the eye at every turn. Huge head-lines filled several inches of the papers; committee rooms were besieged with voters and loafers. New York was all agog.

To the ordinary traveller New York is always a

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QUALIFICATIONS NECESSARY FOR AN AMERICAN PRESIDENT

pretty busy place with its congested traffic and the ceaseless din of the overhead railway, but somehow the approaching election seemed to make it more in a bustle than usual. The newsboys did a more lively trade with their papers. Everyone seemed either to be in the rush "to register," or on the tear back from having accomplished this important preliminary towards the choice of his future President. Meanwhile the two chosen candidates were running around the country making four or five speeches a day, cheered or hooted at, as the case might be, each party being apparently perfectly confident that his particular man would be returned at the head of the poll.

Wall Street (the Stock Exchange) fluttered with excitement, and it was amusing to watch the spectacle from above. A well-known member of the Stock Exchange, the late Mr. Robert Goodbody, took me up to the gallery to see the scene. In London, no outsider dare view the sacred precincts of *The House* (Stock Exchange); but in New York things are nothing if not up-to-date, and any man or woman is allowed to stand in the gallery, if accompanied by a member. There were something like eleven hundred members at that time, but a third of that number was considered a good attendance. A vast hall lay below us with round seats here and there, each seat being the centre for some big railway company or mining interest, or indus-

trial undertaking. Here stocks could be bought or sold. Every man seemed to have a note-book in his hand, and everyone seemed to talk louder than his neighbour. Each member, and only members are admitted, has to buy his seat, and £6000 or £7000 was the ordinary price for the privilege, although a man lately paid about £10,000; but having paid that big sum for a *seat*, the purchaser does not seem to be provided with even a cane-bottomed chair. With few exceptions — those circling the stock centres — there are no seats at all, and everyone stands. Grey-coated youths, wearing a privileged uniform, run about with messages for the brokers, and at each end of the hall are numerous telephones; the big firms having a private wire to their own office, so the "boss, or floor broker," has not to leave the building, and can give all his messages to the telephone clerk, for others to work out at the adjacent office. This noisy, paper-strewn hall was the heart of the famous "Wall Street," one of the most important business centres of the universe.

There are six thousand members on the London Stock Exchange and two thousand five hundred clerks. It is a company comprised of its own members. America chiefly deals in its own wares, London in international stocks of all kinds.

Only these eight thousand five hundred people can enter the sacred precincts; but naturally

among that large number an outsider occasionally slips in.

"Fourteen hundred" is quickly called in many tones, and the poor stranger is mobbed and pushed and hustled until he becomes a sort of football and retires in a condition of papier mâché.

The whole body of men bursts into song occasionally on slack days, especially when a well-known man becomes matrimonially engaged, then they sing "The Power of Love". Top hats in winter and straw hats in summer are their uniform. Architecturally the building counts for naught outside; inside it is merely a series of ugly additions to a very old hall.

Did the worn, harassed expression and pale faces of New York seen on every side come from the tearing rush of life?

Probably the coming election has had its effect, which had culminated in the wildest excitement on the declaration of the poll and everything in the commercial world was put out of gear. But so terrible had this general upset of the quickly recurring elections become, that in 1912 all was changed.

The morning after the election of Dr. Wilson should have meant riot and tribulation in Wall Street. It used to be so in days gone by. But the good gentlemen who control the financial markets had decreed otherwise and had settled that what-

ever the issue at the poll, the whole business of the country must not be juggled with. Consequently peace reigned. Stocks and shares remained quiet. Only place-seekers and place-losers were in a turmoil of unrest.

Mr. Bryan, now Secretary of State, came one evening during McKinley's election to Madison Square to speak to many thousands of voters, called by the way "the Honourable the Electors"; but in spite of their eagerness to hear the great man, the seething mass of humanity seemed tired, and wore that wearied, harassed look so often noticeable in America. In his portraits Mr. Bryan is made a veritable Hercules; he is nothing of the kind; but he has a good presence and a fine voice. One feels instantly that he is a son of the people, a true Democrat, and there is an earnestness about him which at once holds his audience. He spoke simply and effectively, and as if his words came from his heart, and were the honest convictions of a democratic mind. His reception in 1900 in New York was tremendous. But that vast crowd had on that occasion assembled in Madison Square from curiosity, not from belief in him, for they did not elect him. Just the same story of interest and curiosity, not actual support, was repeated at the end of 1912, and yet Dr. Wilson immediately put him into office.

Three things during poor McKinley's last elec-

tion remain strong in my memory. The procession of the "Sound-monied Men", dear old gentlemen of wealth and position, trudging along in mud and rain, to show their interest in the political situation. I remember the endless star-spangled banners; and I remember hearing Bryan speak, or rather, seeing him shout and gesticulate to a throbbing crowd.

That was the time of the Dewey Arch, a really beautiful structure put up in honour of Admiral Dewey's splendid work in the Philippines. The arch is gone. Its site is barely remembered. Dewey is forgotten. America leaves no man a hero for long. This hero of a moment is as completely out of mind as a President out of office. In twelve years much happens. Many memories are washed out, especially in America.

McKinley got in amid great excitement, and shortly afterwards he was shot by the dastardly hand of an anarchist. A great and much-respected man passed away; never did the States know greater prosperity than under McKinley, whose name was honoured throughout Europe. The king of England ordered Court mourning. Many even of the populace of England donned sable garb in courtesy, and to do honour to their brothers across the seas; showing publicly the love and sympathy of the Mother country for her child. Here we see another proof of the consanguinity of

England and America. They may squabble, they may have their tiffs, as all good families do; but the bond of union is there, deeply rooted, and ever bearing good fruit.

The second time, in 1904, when I was again in the States for a political election, I was speeding towards Mexico City to be the guest of General Porfirio and Madame Diaz. The train was pounding through the desert lands of Texas. It was full of men, — such funny men. Cowboys from ranches, miners from underground workings, youths from dry goods stores, darkies from saloons (drink-shops) all and sundry were in my Pullman car, for there is only one class on some trains. All were more or less on one errand bent. They were all men, and they were all going to vote. Sometimes we passed through a state where drink could be bought on the train; and at others we were plunged into a dry-state district where the selling of alcohol was prohibited. That did not stop the would-be voters drinking, however; they knew when they would enter the prohibited state, and laid in their store beforehand. Sometimes we passed where no cards were allowed, and all had to be swept temporarily away, at other times we travelled where smoking was prohibited. Each American state has its own laws.

As the train was trundling along the dreary,

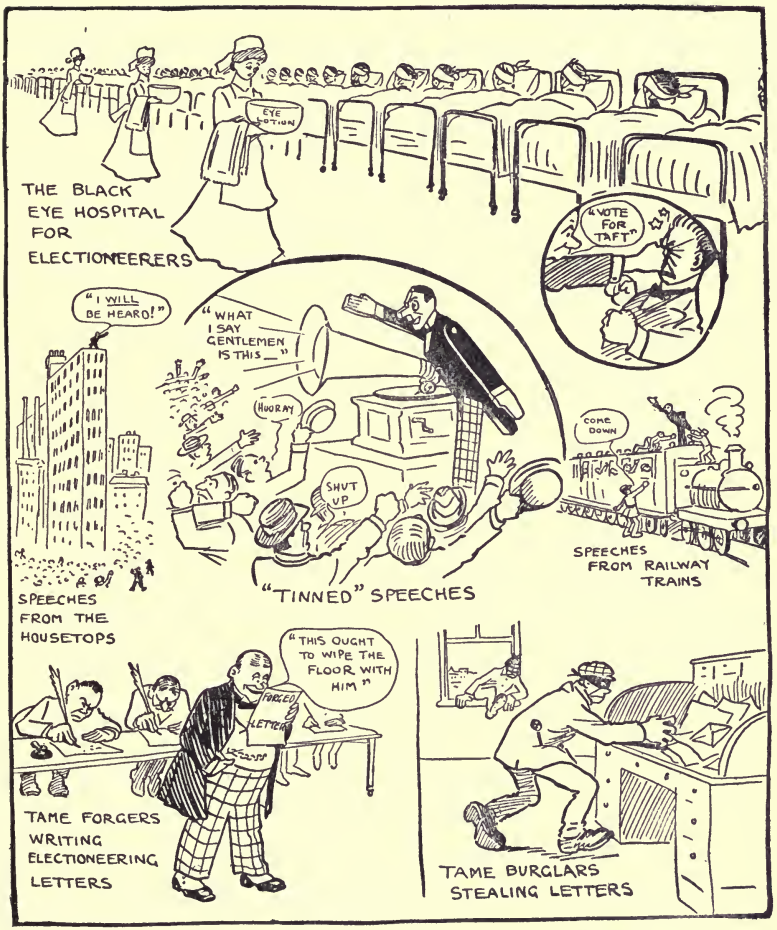
sandy, treeless waste towards the El Paso frontier it suddenly jerked. The great, heavy, iron Pullman car drew up with a thud. We were all thrown from our seats. Confusion reigned. In the car half the beds had been made and put away; in other beds — pigeon-holes one might call them — the occupants still lay, some were still snoring, that dear, delightful, cheery American snore one gets to know so well.

What was it. What could it be?

An accident, verily. A washout and a landslip had disturbed the rails, and the injured driver, or as America calls him, the "engineer," had just pulled up in time to save our being dashed to pieces on the incline.

Weary hours followed. Men got out and inspected the rails. Men came back into the car and talked. Men got out again and walked a little way, swore loudly at the fact of there being no possibility of communicating with the next station, and "damned" at being kept waiting on the prairie, when they had travelled several hundred miles to record their vote. But all in vain. There we were, and there we remained.

Only one train went down South each day; and one train came North along that single track, so we were completely cut off from the outside world. There was barely a blade of grass on the prairie. The skeleton of a cow gleamed white and fearsome



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A Strenuous American Campaign

in the sunlight. Dust blinded our eyes in great swirls every now and then.

Hours passed. No one seemed to know anything. No one seemed able to decide anything. Only three things were certain, that we could not go on, and that we were not only without food, but without water. For ten hours we stopped in that position. At the end of that time we all got out and carried our bundles, through sand as thick and heavy as though it were the seashore, down one ravine, and up another on the other side.

We were all hungry, we were all cross; the language of my male companions was choice; and we were all helpless, and I was almost the only woman.

Half a mile away the northward-bound train had arrived, and had been stopped by some of our party. Into those Pullmans we bundled, glad to spend the night slowly wending our way towards El Paso. Our train, having exchanged its freight of humanity, although it could not do the same with the heavy luggage, went backwards; but the continuation of our journey did not vouchsafe comfort, for the sheets in the car we had entered had been used, and the towels were wet.

We arrived in El Paso too late for anyone to record his vote.

For my third Presidential election I was in Chicago, November 6, 1912. American politics

were at the height of a revolution. The Republican Party had controlled the National Government, with but two short intervals, for over half a century. For the first time social reform was the dominant issue. For the first time America paused, ceased to shriek prosperity, and began seriously to talk of reform.

What the future will bring forth no one can tell. America is undergoing a vast upheaval with its protection, its trusts, the inevitable income tax which has to come, and the end is not yet in sight. America has now to face the great economic conditions being faced by all the rest of the world to-day.

For months, part of the country had been in a ferment, a veritable seething-pot of excitement and emotion. The election disease in America among the upper classes is terrible. It is like typhoid fever; it gets worse and worse. It reaches a crisis, but once the danger-point is passed, all is well.

There was less stir in Chicago, less howling and shrieking and excitement over the returns of the Presidential elections on the night itself, than there was at the University football match the following Saturday. Of course, it was a wet night when the election was announced, but I was very much struck by the fact that the excitement was mild, that the enthusiasm was lukewarm, and that even

in the streets there was a lack of interest. We are more excited, much more universally interested in an election than the populace appear to be in America. It was extraordinary to compare a town in England with a town of equal size — like Chicago — and mark the difference. Great Britain goes wild. The people yell, they sing, they shriek, they catcall, they parade the streets, they throw their hats on high, they play concertinas, and other similar musical instruments. Election night is a great night, whether a by-election or a general election is in process. Enthusiasm is at concert pitch. Everyone is interested.

It was not so on election night in Chicago, not even at the famous Club, where we dined to hear the voting returns. Half the population neither knows nor cares; much of it is foreign. Only the business men, the men likely to lose or gain office, or the serious thinkers really mind who is their President. These alien Europeans have perhaps been politicians in Europe, but once transported to another land, it takes a few generations to cultivate interest in new political affairs.

America is really about the most peaceful spot on God's earth to-day. She is content to wallow in her own contentment. Every newspaper headline denotes a social or political earthquake, but the earthquakes all begin and end in the headlines.

The whole world is one great seething-pot of discontent; but America is only beginning to simmer. Look at England: the Home Rule Bill for Ireland; the Insurance Bill muddle; the Woman Suffrage question; the Imposition on the doctors; the Navy. All these are big important questions, questions of far-reaching reform.

France has been so perturbed, she had to call her best to her aid; the declining birth-rate causes her anxiety, and the anarchistic element is a peril, to say nothing of her Teuton neighbours.

Look at Germany, and the lurking socialism in her midst, and her fear of England. Italy and Servia have surprised us all, even more than the Turks have disappointed us. There is unrest in India and Persia and Egypt; revolution in sedate old China. Yea, verily, America, on the whole, is most serene, because she turns her face against inquiry, and lets trusts and tariffs, the Philippines, and Mexico, disturb her not. Social Reform is the end sought by dissatisfied masses.

Though she is now doing much to forge ahead, helped by her own wonderful resources, America has been too self-centred.

As an example of the birth of American enterprise we may quote one illustration, viz., the excellent work being done by a great manufacturing company. They are makers of all kinds of agricultural machinery in the United States,

harvesters, threshers, ploughs, reapers, mowing-machines, harrows, cultivators, etc. The products of this company are being shipped even to Europe, and in such places as the Argentine Republic, they monopolise the trade to the practical exclusion of all others in this particular branch. Not content with simply selling their products in the Argentine, they guarantee the success and efficiency of their machinery for a period of time — one to two years — and send their own experts to see that the machines are properly set up (which is vitally important), and satisfactorily operated. Wherever local conditions suggest a change for the betterment in any machine, these experts advise their "home" people, and the alteration is made forthwith.

The principle adopted is to "suit your customer and the conditions as well"; a principle which it is said the British manufacturers are slow to adopt, their idea being to make what, and how, it suits them best, and then to sell it by chance, hoping a man may want what they wish to supply.

For instance, a big merchant in Rio de Janeiro had a large contract put in his hands for tile pipes. He asked a well-known English house to bid for it in "metre lengths"; but that house refused, saying that their pipe was all in three or four foot lengths, and that they did not care to use other standards. A German house made an offer on the

terms required, viz., metre lengths, and secured the contract.

Great Britain was bound by foot rule, and lost.

The dissatisfaction of the British working-people is spoiling our trade somewhat, so the ordinary American citizen thinks Great Britain is asleep. It is quite true she sometimes slumbers gently. But he seems to forget that in the neutral markets of the world there are a few things such as: —

Ships from Belfast, the Clyde, the Tyne, or the Mersey
Sheffield steel
Manchester textiles
Lancashire cottons
British threshing-machines and engines
Nottingham lace
Yorkshire woollens
Birmingham small arms and jewellery (and copies of every country's specialties)

to say nothing of biscuits and jams, or carpets.

Yes, after living through three elections one realises the people of America as a mass are becoming more intellectually interested in politics and big outside matters, and are learning control at the same time. They are steadying down, as may be seen by the almost imperceptible flutter in the Stock markets over Wilson's election.

With the football match the day following the election things were quite different. I don't know when I have ever seen such enthusiasm, such wild

abandonment, except at the Great Northern Ski Competition in Christiania, the Norwegian Derby, when men jumped a hundred and twenty feet off a precipice, with lumbersome planks on their feet, into three yards of snow, and sped away down the mountain-side, as if unmindful of the fact that they had accomplished one of the greatest athletic feats of the world.

I had never seen an American football match before, and rather expected something horrible, but in this was pleasurably disappointed. The game is rough, it is true, so rough that one wonders if it is wise to encourage all the brutal instincts of youth. To see these padded young men tumbling about like fat ninepins was amusing, though it was not as disturbing to one's mind as it would have been had they not been so well protected by leather wads. It is a fine game. I appreciated it; but at the same time, I cannot help feeling that the youth of England has as much fun with a less apparent danger (more real danger perhaps) and an equal spice of interest when he plays Rugger or Soccer. For the English cup the 80,000 people travel up to London, and as there are generally over a hundred and twenty thousand folk on the ground they go mad with excitement.

What I did like in America was the enthusiasm. The antics of the cheer-leaders on both sides with their megaphones, and the wonderful unison of

shouts led by this means, was delightful. Their cry was

"Chic*a*-go, Chic*a*-go, Chic*a*-go, go
"*Go*-chica, *Go*-chica, *Go*-Chicago, *Go*

"Hello — Bello — Chicago —
"Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah,
"Chicago —*Yeah* (Cheer)

(Locomotive)

"Rah-Rah-Rah-Rah — *Go*-chic*a*, *Go*-chic*a* (very slowly)
"Rah-Rah-Rah-Rah-*Go*-chic*a*, *Go*-chic*a* (faster)
"Rah-Rah-Rah-Rah-*Go*-chic*a*, *Go*-chica (very fast)
"*Yeah* Cheer)"

Every voice roared the verse, or rather the staccato words, until the whole air vibrated; hats waved, handkerchiefs flourished on high, and folk, both old and young, became red in the face with excitement, and hoarse with yelling.

Wake up, John Bull. Wake up, Uncle Sam.

America is training a sturdy race of young athletes, and she has a fine field to draw upon with some fifty millions of men in the land, or nearly three times as many as in Great Britain.

As a rule the American-born man is very well made. He is tall and straight, with square shoulders, and square jaws. He becomes grey while young, and like the women he walks well. Among the college men numbers are becoming excellent athletes.

o

We must wake up. We taught the world games and inculcated the love of sport, and now the world seems on the way to beat us at our own game.

Roughly speaking, the great sports and games are, in order of popularity: —

	Great Britain		*America*
1	Cricket Football Horse-racing	1	Baseball Football
2	Hunting Shooting Golf	2	Lacrosse
3	Tennis Hockey Polo Rowing Yachting Croquet	3	Tennis Golf Hockey Croquet Rowing Yachting Polo

(They barely shoot, hunt, or horse-race at all.)

Cricket is as little played in America as baseball is in England, which means both are practically unknown. Yet each is really the national game of its own country.

Why don't we start baseball?

Why does America not start cricket?

As each can enthral thousands of people, there "must be something in it."

Traditions of Olympia, beware!

Could anything be more beautiful than the Indian summer in America ? October was simply perfect. The sun shone brilliantly, the air was clear, the nights were bright and crisp ; everything, in fact, was delightful, except a few days when it rained, and then, it came down as though it never would stop.

Nowhere is the weather more delightful than in America, but nowhere can it be more vile than in a blizzard, nowhere more cruel than in heat. To see people struggling at street corners, helped across in batches by policemen, in a storm, is amusing, and to see them ill with heat by the roadside is terrible.

But oh, those autumn days, those Indian summer days, that Fate has enabled me to enjoy in three different years. They are gorgeous ; so clear, such colouring on the trees, such wealth of tone all over the land : a veritable paradise is that late Indian summer, known to us as St. Luke's and St. Martin's.

On reflection, one of the things that has most advanced in the States this century is her art. In 1900, I went to the Metropolitan Museum in New York, to see what the American painters were doing.

"Will you tell me where the American pictures are ?" I mildly asked one of the custodians.

The man was not sure, so waved me to a colleague.

"Where are the American pictures?" I again asked.

"In such-and-such a room," he replied.

To such-and-such a room I repaired, but I had made a mistake. So back I went to the custodian, and told him he had directed me wrongly.

"Such-and-such a room," he persisted, "is where you will find the American pictures."

After a little more explanation how to get there, I went back; but was again confronted with canvasses by Gainsborough, Reynolds, Hoppner, Lawrence, and Constable. This was ridiculous, so I sought another porter.

"Could you tell me where the American pictures are?" I enquired.

"Right there," was his answer.

"Oh, no, those are all English."

"We call them American; anyhow that's all we've got," he answered. There were no American paintings. The stranger could not study American art, because there was no American art to study.

I collapsed. One picture, by George Boughton, who was born in America, but studied and painted in England, was the only representative of American art that I could find. This is now all changed. There is a room devoted to several excellent American canvasses.

Drawn by W. K. Haselden. Reproduced by permission of the London Daily Mirror.

How an American President is Made

Among the chief of their artists are Sargent, Abbey, Shannon, Whistler, and Boughton, all of whom lived and did their work in London. In their youth they found the land of the stars and stripes too uncongenial to work in. As lads they went to London or Paris, where they studied, and all finally settled in London, where their life's work was done, and their reputations were made. This is a noble army of talent, to which the States may be proud to have given birth.

Among the artists who work well in their own country as figure painters are: — John Alexander, Melchers, Frank Benson, Ed. Tarbell, Dannat, Alden Weir, Ralph Clarkson, a brilliant painter of Chicago; Tanner, the negro, who paints religious canvasses in mystic style; and two women, Mary Cassatt and Cecilia Beaux. Then William Chase, whose still life is preferable to his portraits; Alexander Harrison's wonderful seascapes; and among landscape painters, Wyant, Tryon, and Childe Hassam. Then there is the old conventional school of Innes.

Among the women painters Miss Lydia Emmet is not only charming with the brush as a worker, but is delightful as a woman.

Other well-known women painters and sculptors are: Lucile Fairchild Fuller, Mrs. Chase, Miss Gaines, Miss Malvina Hoffman, Ellen Rand, and Mary Foote.

Among sculptors are: Borglum, who, while forceful and dramatic, sometimes lacks repose; French, Taft, and of course, St. Gaudens, their greatest sculptor, who is now dead.

Then there are the Post-Impressionists, awfully and terribly new and sensational.

American Art has found her feet. She is throwing off the mantle of French and English learning, and is rapidly coming to the fore along her own lines. Rich people to-day subscribe to buy pictures for the nation. They give canvasses "In Remembrance," or leave them by will, more especially in Chicago; and yet in 1900 I could not find a collection of American canvasses in America. The country has at last awakened to the fact that she has some artists of real value, and she is wise enough to encourage them to remain on her own shores by buying their pictures.

Speaking broadly, they are still too influenced by foreign ways, but the talent is undoubtedly there, and perhaps in a few years America will have founded a real School of her own. She is doing her best to achieve this anyway.

There is an Art School in Chicago, where nearly four thousand students are yearly taking instruction. It shows how much these boys and girls of the people love their art, when one learns that many of them, and a very large percentage of them, have to earn their own living to pay their way. Some

of them run out from twelve o'clock to two, and serve food at the quick-lunch restaurants, where, in return, they receive two free meals. Others sell newspapers in the streets before and after class, just as many of the University Students of both sexes pay their way through college by washing windows, lighting street lamps, removing snow from the sidewalks, doing anything and everything; in fact, nothing is considered *infra dig.* Many of the men, the biggest physicians, engineers, and the finest lawyers of America in important positions to-day, by personal strength of character and sheer hard work, have risen from the humblest beginnings. All honour to them.

On one occasion I was having my finger-nails manicured by a bright little American girl, and as there was no one else in the room we got into conversation. She told me her day's work was from nine o'clock till six at the Club where we were sitting. She then went out and had a meal; and at half past seven she attended a night school. She was such a superior young person, that I was surprised at her going to a free night school. These free night schools, which are universal, are one of the great features of America, and the large attendance shows the desire for learning.

"And what do you do there?" I asked. She looked rather shy, as she replied:—

"Well, I am married. I have been married for

From The New New York.

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM

Drawn by Joseph Pennell.

four years, and my husband is a young lawyer. We just have a bedroom at a boarding establishment, so that I have no housekeeping or worry of that kind, and I earn enough to support myself, and a little over, at the Club. He does the same at another job, and now that he has really taken his Law degree, he will soon get on. But, you see, I have no learning, and he has not enough, so he goes with me to night school to learn English Grammar, Literature, French, and things like that, in order that we may be able to take our place socially when he has made a position for himself."

Wasn't that splendid. These two young people were earning a few pounds a week, and by sheer determination and self-denial were devoting every evening to gaining knowledge and fitting themselves for the position they were aiming to attain in American society.

This is an everyday occurrence. Virtues like vices come home to roost.

The *nouveaux riches* in America are becoming more cultured daily — the *nouveaux riches* in England remain stupidly illiterate. Education of the soul is more possible in poverty than in wealthy surroundings. Sorrow is like good nourishing food: it strengthens our better selves; but most of us prefer ice-cream and truffles.

CHAPTER IX

What is an American?

An officer of a British mail-boat once said:—

"The first time I was in New York I was in the docks at Brooklyn for five days before I heard one word of English spoken, except by the men of our own ship. The cargo was entirely handled by foreigners, mostly Italians, Spaniards, or Germans, and everywhere I turned I heard a foreign tongue."

To anyone who has not been to the States this sounds preposterous; but I can vouch that in an enormous district in Chicago it is the same; that a large part of Boston is ditto, and yet this is English-speaking America.

What is an American?

Temperamentally he is different from his English cousin. He is not bound by tradition, history, or custom. He is never told that he must do a thing in a certain way — merely "Do it, and do it *now*."

"Get there" is his motto. "Keep at it. Never tell your superior it can't be done; just keep at it till it *is* done."

Morally he is good; but not goody-goody.

Mentally he is improving, although unfortunately inclined to think disdainfully of the things he does not personally care for as not worthy of count. He often thinks hard and to the point rather than meditatively.

His financial morality is not on the whole perhaps as high as that of other nations.

Spiritually, he is ruled by religion in any and every form — Catholic, Methodist, Christian Science; but he is not a man of visions or dreams, or a spiritual idealist in any way, yet he is often a sentimentalist.

The ways of America suggest "Intensive Living" (paraphrasing "intensive farming") rather than strenuous living. One is inclined to think that Roosevelt's "Strenuous Life" was a misnomer and better expressed by "Intensive Life," "strenuous" implying a strained condition rather than the intense, fully lived existence, which is a characteristic of many American people. Idleness is rightly considered a vice. The American looks down on, and disapproves of, the "leisured class." They have no home in the States. It is no place for drones — they are driven away to other lands by public opinion. This is because America has not yet realised the enormous economic, political, and hard-working charitable value of the leisured classes. But she will; in fact, she is already beginning to do so.

America, which is really the most cosmopolitan land on this earth, — for there is no nation unrepresented on its soil, — tries hard to be uncosmopolitan in every way, in its endeavour to be English.

One seldom talks to man or woman five minutes before being told his or her antecedents came from somewhere in Great Britain. And yet, if one looks at the names constantly appearing in lists of American citizens in a newspaper, they hardly appear British.

MARRIAGE LICENCES

G. Ajello, Francesca Terranova.
Frank Waliezek, Wiktoria Arnik.
J. Sennek, Stefania Hucanovich.
Luka Kulech, Akilina Lazawska.
John Rous, Mary Zdemek.
A. Provenzano, G. Maniscala.
Joseph Siwek, Martha Wanderska.
P. Bendachowski, R. Szatkowska.
Martin Borowski, Caroline Rzyniek.
Jan Leznak, Upajanipa Uhosyk.
William A. Shye, Ollie Dyer.
Max Glebman, Libbie Breutman.
Sett Bastiani, Aurelia Raggi.
Petter Uruck, Mary Lamey.
P. C. Baumeister, Bertha Saunders.
Brugi Masiliano, Mary Biri.
Ferdinand Rosen, Johanna Schneider.
Ignacz Kafka, Mary Bialkwazka.
V. Trentadue, Gloriannina Cardia.
Ludwik Sulka, Bronislawa Czaja.
W. Cholenenski, Florence Travinska.

Jan Jaros, Marina Cholewa.
Kenneth M. de Vos, Mar A. Rice.
Jan Nicolavici, Hervey, Ill., Elita Biran.
Jan Slawik, Helena Popek.
John J. Gorski, Stella Wojciechowski.
Frank Zajebal, Emma Kral.
S. Falsone, Benedotta Corsigha.
Nikola Cignavac, Sava Njegomie.
A. Pawlowski, Victoria Czaeowska.
D. Weissman, Bertha Kacherzinsky.
T. Smietana, Maryanna Gerhacxyk.
A. Raikauskis, M. Vilinsaite.

The United States will finally digest and absorb the heterogeneous mass of foreigners which is now in their maws, as they have done many times.

"We welcome *all* Northern nationalities," said an American; "they make good citizens and readily take on the colour and habits of our people. Half a generation passes and they disappear, as it were, and their racial individuality is obliterated. Not so is the case of the Latin races who come to us; they are so very different in temperament, customs, and habits that their absorption takes much longer, and their criminal percentage is much larger. However, they like the country, and eventually all blend in the huge waves of the 'American ocean of life.' There need be no fear now. The worst strain of this nature is over. It is believed with good reason that the great *variety* of the lower classes has been a safe-

guard; Nature playing one nationality against another, and thus preventing any danger that might arise from one class of possibly dissatisfied immigrants."

The modern American is the product of three hundred years of American civilisation, freedom of thought, and living. He is a race unto himself.

What a pity it is that some Americans start conversation with an Englishman, feeling a certain resentment of the poor Britisher's assumed superiority.

There is no "assumed superiority." There may be a difference of manner, a difference of viewpoint; but nothing more.

The Britisher, on the other hand, often expects to find "aggressive swagger" in the American, and looks for it.

If only these two people would forget the nationality of the other, they would be even better friends than they are. The temperamental difference is slight; otherwise there is no difference of consequence. Englishmen dive their hands *into* their pockets,— an idle, lazy-looking habit,— and Americans keep theirs energetically free; the hands and the pockets are the same, only the outward appearance of manner differs. The same applies to Canada, who is most patriotic unless we foolishly call her "one of our possessions," and

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OPENING SCENE AT THE AMERICAN NATIONAL THEATER

then she is furious, and no wonder. Wives are not chattels, and colonies are not possessions.

The United States itself occupies a tract of land extending from Old Mexico in the South to Canada in the North; from the Pacific on the West to the Atlantic in the East, an area of three million twenty-seven thousand square miles. On this nearly a hundred million people from every quarter of the globe have planted themselves. Each race, each religion, each colour, has left its mark, and that conglomerate mass makes up the American of to-day. They have driven out the Aborigines, and the Indian is practically dead; he was of pure breed, but could not stand the onrushing tide. British blood once held sway; but the old stock on which so many nationalities have been grafted has lost its individuality under the more modern growths. There are Puritanical strains; Eastern superstition; Latin poesie; Saxon love of music; German doggedness; Scandinavian truth and honesty.

If the blood corpuscles of the free-born American were tested, they would probably contain germs of a hundred different races all commingled into a somewhat olive skinned, dark-haired race.

In Europe the population per square mile in 1907 was about one hundred and six persons. In America it was only nine.

America is rather like a pumpkin pie; it has so

many ingredients it is hard to discover where the real pumpkin flavour lies.

One moment it is dressed in furs like an Esquimau in the North, and the next in cottons on the shore of the Mississippi.

There is a distinct American type appearing, virile, strong, tough, self-reliant. Just glance at the pictures of the new Senators and Representatives in *Munsey's Magazine*. They are one and all men of broad, intellectual brows, high foreheads, large noses, strong mouths, nearly all have clean-shaven faces, and every single one has that thick-set, broad, determined, strong-willed jaw — the American jaw, one might call it; it is becoming a national feature. It must be a finely lucrative country for steel-grinders or razor makers, for every man shaves.

The men of this new American race come from all parts, and yet that jaw is distinctive in every picture: —

James A. Gorman, from New York.
Thomas P. Gore (blind), from Oklahoma.
Oscar W. Underwood, from Alabama.
William Hughes, from New Jersey.
Gilbert M. Hitchcock, from Nebraska.
Hoke Smith, from Georgia.
Luke Lea, from Tennessee.
John Sharp Williams, from Mississippi.
Francis G. Newlands, from Nevada.
G. Martin, from Virginia.

Furnifold M. Simmons, from North Carolina.
Senator Smith, from Maryland.
Thetus W. Sims from Tennessee.
James T. Lloyd, from Missouri.
Albert S. Burleson, from Texas.
John N. Garner, from Texas.
A. Mitchell Palmer from Pennsylvania.
W. S. Hammond, from Minnesota.
Henry D. Clayton, from Alabama.
Wm. C. Adamson, from Georgia.
Robert L. Henry, from Texas.
Carter Glass, from Virginia.
Lemuel P. Padgett, from Tennessee.
John A. Moon, from Tennessee.
Fitzgerald, from New York.
James Hay, from Virginia.

This particular American type of jaw is not as noticeable among, say, the great doctors, like Dr. John Murphy of Chicago, or Dr. William and Dr. Charles Mayo of Minnesota, or Dr. Alexis Carrel of Nöbel Prize fame, all first-class men.

An Englishwoman who has wandered from New York to Niagara, to Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, El Paso, San Antonio, Galveston, New Orleans, Washington, Annapolis, Philadelphia, who has stayed in beautiful homes both in cities and on country-sides, may be said to know a little bit of America, but stay —

"What do you think of Boston ?"

"What do you think of California ?"

"What do you think of America ?"

It might as well be asked, What do you think of the sun or the moon?

America is hot and cold, educated and illiterate, rich and poor, and the puzzled stranger's brain cannot "think" of it — anyway, not all at once. It can only receive impressions in a sort of snapshot, kaleidoscope form, and stutter: —

"I like it, the people interest me, and hence I come back again and again, and hope to come many times more to make your acquaintance further, and correct any wrong impressions I have formed by the way. No country in all my travels has interested me so much as America."

The entrance to an American city is almost as ugly as the entrance to London; no, not quite, because our miles of rails which run over house-tops and chimney-stacks are beyond description horrible; — those dingy back gardens, with tumble-down chicken-houses, and endless washings hanging out to dry, those squalid streets, and our dead dull skies. Yet Americans love our chimney pots because they have so few of them in their own land of central heating.

One shudders to think of the foreigner's first impression when landing on our shores: Ghastly landing-stages and grewsome custom-houses; and the oldest railway carriages always seem to be palmed off on these trips. In fact the worst rail-

way travelling in England is generally from the coast. Once started, the peace and beauty and calm of the rich English pasture-land unfolds itself, with its splendid trees and broad green meadows; its villages with their pretty cottages and flower-gardens nestling round the church, that has sent forth her benedictions for centuries; ay, and in many a God's acre are buried the forbears of those early settlers in New England.

Then follows that awful entry to our great metropolis.

'Tis a hideous entrance, a melancholy introduction to that first view of London, and yet how Americans love us when they get to know us, and return again and again to our shores, until we become "an English habit".

The "American habit" must be taking possession of me; I feel in my blood that I shall so constantly be to and fro, America will become *my* habit, and not a bad habit either.

With all the wealth in America I often ask myself if the populace are any better off? The country is about as large as Europe; it has more resources, and it has a sixth of the population of Europe; but is America really better off?

The rate of wage is higher; the rate of everything else is higher, too. Consequently, proportionately the position is much the same.

Wake up, Uncle Sam; you are really not quite

such a good investment as you dream you are.

It makes one's heart ache to learn of the number of immigrants who go under. Look at the poor Italian. He arrives with his family in the west; he cannot speak a word of the language, he is a simple person from a simple land, he is accustomed to sunshine and warmth; the cold of the winter is an absolute pain to his thin blood. He falls into the hands of the sweater; he is farmed out by hundreds, is shipped off to God knows where, and he often becomes a veritable slave in the hands of his employer. But for the constant supply of this cheap labour, working at starvation prices, the workshops of the States could not be fed to-day. The numbers of aliens who become insane is increasing at such a rate, probably due to the terrible straits to which many of them are subjected in the first years after landing, that the States have seriously begun to consider this problem of alien insanity; and none too soon.

So long as people can borrow umbrellas they put off laying by for a rainy day.

Every day got through without spending money, and every day when one learns something, is a day of value. Any fool can go out and spend money; but it takes a wise man to keep it. Truly a penny saved is a penny gained.

"The averge cost of maintenance per annum for each patient in our State hospitals exceeds $250, and as there are thousands of alien insane patients, we begin to realise the annual cost of these unfortunates to our taxpayers. As the average hospital life of the insane patient is probably upwards of ten years, the total cost of maintenance runs into millions.

"The problem of the alien insane presents a curious anomaly. The federal government alone decides who shall enter this country, but makes practically no provision for those entering who become incapacitated through mental deficiencies. The entire burden of the care falls on the several states. Moreover, the United States alone has the right to deport the insane, and this only within the three years' limit of the federal law, and from causes arising before landing. The states may only repatriate insane patients when they go voluntarily." . . .

"During the fiscal year ended Septr. 30, '12, the State of N. York returned to foreign countries through the U. S. Immigration Service and its own efforts, 1,171 insane, as against 784 for the previous year, and to other States 582 insane as against 342, a total of 1,753 for 1912, as against a total of 1,126 for 1911, an increase of 55.7 per cent. The result of this work should reduce, during the coming year, the abnormal increase in recent years in our insane hospital population. It also indicates in some degree, what relief should be experienced by the taxpayers of New York & other states if the entire problem of the alien insane should be adequately solved, through appropriate federal legislation."

Sweated foreign labour is a peril to the country, and a disgrace to the employers. People work in overcrowded rooms, and few enquire into these matters. Municipal councils are retrograde

and often dishonest. Birth certificates are not enforced; infant mortality and child labour are all subjects that require to be taken seriously in hand. The women are educating themselves miles ahead of the men in these directions, and again I say, they are the proper persons to inspect and regulate for the abolition of these evils.

It is rarely that aliens of the first generation succeed. It is their children who have become Americanised in the public schools and the free night schools, who make the move. And it is their children again who become established as American citizens.

It is an amazing country. But let us pause: A million people are entering America every year. Many, many rise, and are successful; and yet, withal, the percentage is small. Almost as many fail.

Up to now the alien influx has been absorbed by the American, but there are distinct signs that the American is in danger of being absorbed by the alien to-day. European socialism is in the air. Mob rule is asserting itself, syndicalism is working steadily towards upheaval. The darkies are discontented, and multiplying, and great problems lie before the United States at no distant date.

The people who enjoy the greatest freedom in the world live under the British flag. There is less corruption in Canada near by than in the

States. Canada is far greater in size. America is quite alive to these facts, and the people of the United States are emigrating into the north-west of Canada in tens of thousands; in fact, at the rate of a hundred thousand a year. Scandinavians who went to the North-West of the States some years ago, and have succeeded in improving their land in such a way that they can sell it at a profit, are doing so. With this small sum of money, and their sons growing up, they are crossing the border to the West, to Manitoba, Alberta, and Saskatchewan. A hundred and twenty million pounds have left the States for Canada in six years in this way.

If the lift sticks, don't wait; run up the stairs, it saves time — in fact try something else; that is what these men have done. They go there with a knowledge of the climate, and understand the possibilities of the land, and with a certain sum of money, and having already learnt the English language, they prove in every way excellent immigrants. At the present moment, there are almost as many people entering Canada from America as there are from the ocean ports.

These facts speak for themselves.

They say that the United States do not offer such vast opportunities now as formerly, and that these men see greater possibilities of success under the British flag.

There are lots of Americans who think that God Almighty made the United States perfect, and that everything else is a misfit. Patriotism is a fine thing when it can see, but it must not be blind.

They progressed well while they re-stocked with Anglo-Saxon or Scandinavian blood; but now that they are being swamped with the Latin blood of the south, the Jew, the Greek, and the Pole, what will happen?

What becomes of the American loafer, the throw-back of every land?

Of course it is always the survival of the fittest. When starvation faces a man unless he works, it is extraordinary how he will buck up and do things. The pauper is not pampered in America as he is in England. The men who, from desire or force of circumstances, become idlers, either sink into the criminal classes or degenerate into tramps or "hoboes."

The tramp has become rather an institution in America, resented by policeman, farmer, railroad brakeman, and village constable alike. Without home or family, although frequently a deserter from both, without money, decent clothing, self-respect, or morals, too lazy to be a real criminal, he wanders about the earth, preying upon defenceless homes for his food, and sometimes committing petty deeds of violence. These people die of disease in the ditch, or are constantly killed

by falling from railroad trains in their attempt to steal rides from town to town, by hanging on to the cars.

There are few workhouses or charitable institutions to pander to them or give them a night's shelter free. The tramp either has to do something for himself, or else give up the job of living and die.

There is immense poverty in the larger cities of America. It is extraordinary to a stranger to see the poverty and squalor, and the awful condition of the slums of some of the big cities. They are not safe after dark. Struggling, starving humanity is a dangerous element to contend with. Many of these undesirables are shipped back again to their own lands. They have proved no good in a new country, and the old ones have to take them back. I am more and more convinced that people with grit and determination, with character and pluck, will get on just as well, ay, even better, in their own lands, than they will across the seas. It is all a matter of work and character and taking an opportunity when it comes; for it does not in the least matter in what country a man lives.

The day of the United States as a great immigration field seems to be waning. Canada offers better opportunities. Politically, the upheaval in its change of President every four years is a

detriment. In Canada there is nothing of that kind to contend with.

Is America's greatest prosperity passed? Is well-governed republicanism tottering? Is mob-rule finding its feet?

There is a certain club in New York called the City Club, which does excellent civic work, and every Saturday the members give an interesting luncheon to men and women to meet some particular star. It was my good fortune to be present on an occasion when Mrs. Alice Stebbins Wells of Los Angeles, California, the first woman to serve upon the police force in America, was present. Mine host was Mr. Bleecker Van Wagenen, and an interesting gathering it proved.

This good lady who entered the force in 1910, was appointed for life under the Civil Service. She was a nice-looking woman with dark hair plainly parted, pleasant manners, wore a snuff-coloured cloth uniform with a darker coloured braid, and the police badge on her breast. She advocated women being added to the police administration in America. She spoke of the police as "a peace arm"; said that their duty was to prevent crime by enforcing law and order, and told us how in her plain clothes she went to the music halls, the skating-rinks, the cinematographs, and all places of public entertainment in California in

pursuit of her work. Every city, she said, should provide women policemen, to whom other women could go in distress. She regretted that the saloon had always had such a large influence in public life. She pointed out that it was often the only social club where a man could go to cash his cheques, sit in warmth and comfort, and read the papers. She suggested more "dry states," and that coffee saloons should be made more attractive. She told us that in some places women formerly used to get as much as fifty per cent of the profit on the amount of drinks they could sell during the evening.

She dwelt on the fact that the children of the future would be more moral and more intelligent; and certainly America is waking up for a great battle against the social evil, from which more good women than women of the underworld are suffering. If, she said, this cannot be effected on a legal basis, it must be done on a moral one. She was very earnest and modest in her delivery, and one felt she was the type of woman that would do good whatever her part in life might be.

This was the first woman policeman in America, although there are several in Europe and Canada. England lately dressed up a policeman in female attire to "catch a flirt." Counterfeit coin is poor currency. No doubt women policemen will become universal before long.

Suddenly a most awful noise rent the air. The

very club-house seemed to tremble. "What is that?" I asked.

"They are blasting rocks to get at new foundations near by."

"Blasting rocks!" I exclaimed in amazement.

"Yes, they are excavating for the new subway; that is all." And they were not using ergite or there would have been less noise.

It certainly did seem an extraordinary thing to be sitting at luncheon in the centre of New York and to hear blasting going on underneath or next door, just as complacently as if one were in the wilds. But New York stands on a solid bed of rock, and that is why they are enabled to build such enormously high sky-scrapers without fear of their being blown over in a blizzard, because with grappling irons they can fasten them to the rocks themselves.

Is it prophetic that the bell of Liberty is badly cracked?

The Panama-Pacific Exhibition of 1915 wanted Philadelphia to lend them the precious relic, and this lead to the discovery of its rent. The glass case was opened, and lo! the crack was found to have increased badly since its last inspection. The Sons and Daughters of the Revolution rose. "The bell must not go to San Francisco, and the bell must be mended," was their mandate.

These Conservative Societies, these descendants of old times, are working hard to keep up tradition, to ferret out ancestry, to uphold old customs, to maintain a better standard, and an older courtesy in their adopted land.

In 1900, I never seemed to go to a single entertainment in which were not dozens of women decorated with badges, on the bars of which were stamped the names of their various ancestors. Democratic America revels in titles and decorations. And the women who could not decorate themselves as Daughters of the Revolution, wore badges representing the different clubs to which they belonged; now one seldom sees this.

Every Freemason loves a decoration. Nearly every American covets a button or a title. Blue ribbon is for temperance; white ribbon for Purity; Grand Army button worn by survivors of the Northern Army in the Civil War; Red, White, and Blue Aztec Society button, worn by direct male descendants of the officers of the army in the Mexican War. Then of course there are election buttons, bicycle club buttons, and many others; and if a button cannot be found, the American flag can always be used as a pocket-handkerchief. The United States Government gives but *one* decoration, and that is for gallant and distinguished conduct in which life is imperilled.

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ALL OUT FOR THE DUKE

Any man elected as a member of either house of the National Congress or State Legislature is entitled to be called "Honourable" by courtesy. The old Colonel of the Southern Confederacy is dying out, but new Colonels, who have never been under fire, have taken his place. This is really a courtesy title given promiscuously by a man's friends. There is little army but there are many Colonels.

In 1912 when the National Society of the Daughters of the Revolution had been formed about twelve years, there were seventy-five thousand active members, constituting nearly fifteen hundred chapters; each state had its regular organisation, and the headquarters of the National Society had raised unto itself a magnificent building in Washington. It really is a magnificent building. Each state has its room, and each state has decorated its own room according to its own taste. It has a fine lecture hall in which meetings are constantly held, and altogether, the Daughters are a very energetic body both in their club, and outside, where their work is to mark historic buildings, and generally keep aflame the memory of the American Revolution.

There is an even more select body of women known as the Colonial Dames, and the proudest position a woman can attain is to be admitted into this august body of British descent. It is the

same idea as the old clanship of Scotland, or the county records of England.

How these dear American dames love to preserve their battle-fields. They are almost as important as the cemeteries. We have so many battle-fields in Europe; yet some of them have been fought over several times. But they hardly look like scenes of gore to-day, for the ploughman has done his work. Honour has been gained, and agricultural prosperity has taken the place of bloody strife. Every possible excuse to preserve a battle-field brings joy to the eyes of the élite in the States.

At heart America is conservative, at heart Great Britain is democratic, though both pretend to be otherwise.

In education we English are napping, and often live on empty tradition. We are too fond of teaching our boys (in those very conservative and extremely private institutions we call Public Schools) to be gentlemen. English gentlemen — yes, we are proud of our English gentlemen; they — and their clothes — have long been models for the world, but we must teach them something more. We must let the scholars swim in the classics, and bathe the others in modern science, modern languages, modern everything. We must equip our boys for professions and trades, so that when they leave Eton, Harrow, Charter-

house, or Winchester, at seventeen or eighteen years of age, they have already spent a couple of years along the lines of their future career. As it is, we turn them out in thousands every autumn, fine young Englishmen, but quite unable to earn half-a-crown a week. Heaven forbid they should ever forget to be gentlemen, but let them take in some of the practical side of science, engineering, law, medicine, literature; anything, in fact, towards which they have a leaning, and in which they should be encouraged.

Being a gentleman will not earn a living any more than earning a living will make a gentleman, and a man has got to learn that the road to pleasure is much shorter than the road back.

As I suggested to the Woman's Club in Chicago, we must do more to exchange our students, and professors also.

America wants more gentlemen, we want more workers. Is it not possible, when the autumn sessions begin every year, for the headmasters of large educational departments in each country to have ready a list of boys who wish to cross the ocean for one to three years. How splendid for our British youth to go to those mighty steel works at Bethlehem and to learn engineering at the University of Lehigh next door. Although literature and science are both taught, ninety per cent of the men at Lehigh are taking the engineering four years' course.

How good for the American boys to come over to our Vickers', Maxim's, Armstrongs', or to work at our engineering schools in Liverpool, Birmingham, Sheffield, or Leeds.

This is a stupendous question. We can help one another. Cecil Rhodes has endowed scholarships at Oxford for American students. No American has endowed anything, so far as I know, for British-born subjects in the United States. Here is a chance for a millionaire to do something with his money. Professors and students should be exchanged continually.

We ought to know one another better. We want to know one another more, and yet many of us do not understand how to set about it. Our technical schools resemble the American schools, but our Eton and Harrow boys do not care to go to our technical schools, although they would gladly attend those in a new land, with new ideas, new teachings, new inspirations. Parents feed boys and drop sweetmeats into their mouths, and then boys expect when they are grown up that the world will do the same; but it won't.

Many English lads are unable to choose a trade or profession because they really know nothing about trades and professions. The school makes no effort to enlighten them. It would be invaluable to hold weekly classes for the older boys where these subjects might be suggested, and all details

of examinations, expenses, and possibilities explained. Then the lad would have a chance of making up his mind, and spend his last year at school at appropriate work, specialising in fact. The best men and women are the progeny of thoroughly selfish parents. Unselfish parents heap coals of fire on their own heads.

Again let me say that America wants our cultured men; we want her workers; each has much to learn from the other, so interchange would be of the utmost advantage to both. The present systems of education of the two countries are dissimilar, both have good and bad points.

In England our better class boys go to —

Preparatory Schools (fees averaging, say, $500) from eight to twelve years of age, and there learn the groundwork of everything.

Public Schools (fees from $500 to $1000) from thirteen years of age to eighteen.

'*Varsity*, between eighteen and nineteen years of age. Average expenses at Oxford and Cambridge are about $1500. It can be done for less, or much can be spent.

Much of education is occupied in eradicating individualism, much of after life in eradicating education and fostering individualism. Once away from School, boys try to be original, and girls struggle to be conventional.

Many boys go to a crammer for a few months after leaving their Public School, because the education is stupidly not arranged to follow on

sufficiently for an average boy to enter the University direct. Degrees are generally taken at twenty-one or twenty-two years of age; those in medicine, not till twenty-five.

Our County Council school children receive their education free from five to about fourteen years of age, and after that, technical schools can be attended.

Now in America, children of every class go to the *Public School* equivalent to the County Council school, which gives free education from five to sixteen years of age. The sons of the President and of the latest immigrant may sit side by side.

Although the writer feels this system is quite as bad as the over-conservative privacy of the expensive English public school, yet the American education is probably better to-day than in our private schools, and certainly more practical than that of our public schools.

Preparatory Schools in the States are "crammers" for special College Work. This has to be paid for. Andover prepares for Harvard, Exeter for Yale.

The nearest comparison to the English public schools are St. Paul's, Groton, and St. Mark's, where the training of character and physique are emphasised. Germany has no such schools.

About half the students go direct to the University from the Public Schools. Many of these youths earn their fees during the vacations as tram-conductors, newspaper boys, teachers, or in steam-

ships, to pay their way for their courses of study in the ensuing term.

All the time their god is the American flag. The patriotism of the country is simply splendid, and it is all due to youthful education being centred round the star-spangled banner. Every morning in many schools the teachers salute the flag. Every pupil does the same. And further, the *Sons* and *Daughters* of the States have been known to pack the stars and stripes in their boxes when travelling in foreign lands. Great Britain is not outwardly patriotic.

Why, we appear to be almost ashamed of our flag, we fly it so seldom. One can walk down Regent Street and see almost every other nation's flag floating in the wind, and not a single Union Jack. The English seem as shy of flying their flag, as they seem ashamed of demonstrating affection. Englishmen invariably show their worst side to strangers, largely from shyness, their best side is generally packed away in the store-room.

In America they are wise enough to have small classes instead of forty or fifty scholars in each, as we so stupidly do. How can any teacher study the little idiosyncrasies of forty or fifty children or young people in a class, how can he influence their lives when he never has a chance to get at them, except in herds? Examination marks do not necessarily mean big attainment in knowledge,

though they may stand for immediate and superficial assimilation of facts. We all want more individualism, more ideals, more technical knowledge, more insight into the pitfalls of life, and the inculcation of fundamental moral qualities.

How necessary this last teaching is. We are sometimes taught how to earn a living, but we are supposed to live our lives by instinct. Until now little has been done to teach boys and girls the seriousness of life. They have simply gone along, and chaos has been the result. Learning without education in the true sense of the word fills, without developing, the mind.

But there, education is a big field and we have much to learn from America and Germany about head work; while we can teach them something in the formation of character and physical well-being.

The raw immigrant is almost as quickly turned into an American citizen, as a Chicago pig is transformed into a canned sausage. Once landed, no matter where he comes from, the flag and patriotism are rubbed into his bones. We stupidly do not even show our aliens the Union Jack, nor teach them to respect it.

Of course, the argument against this is that America wants this immigration. We do not. America is under-populated, we are over-populated. This may be so, but we allow the alien; and as we

permit him and his family to land, we ought to make him a British patriot as quickly as possible.

When taking a first-class passage to the States, one hardly expects to be asked among a host of other questions: —

Age (give years and months) ?
Able to read ?
Able to write ?
Name and Address in full of the nearest Relative or Friend in the Country from which Alien comes ?
Final Destination (City or Town) ?
(State) ?
By whom was passage paid ?
Whether in possession of $50 or upward, and, if less, how much ?
Whether ever before in the United States, and, if so, when and where ?
State full Address to which you are going, and if to join a relative or friend, state what relative or friend, with Name and Address ?
Whether ever in Prison or Almshouses, or an Institution, or Hospital for the care and treatment of the Insane, or supported by Charity ?
Whether a Polygamist ?
Whether an Anarchist ?
Whether coming by reason of any Offer, solicitation, promise, or Agreement, express or implied, to labour in the United States ?
Condition of Health, Mental and Physical ?
Deformed or Crippled, Nature, length of time, and Cause ?
Height ? Feet ? Inches ?
Color of Hair ?
Marks of Identification ?
Complexion ?
Colour of Eyes ?

Then one is asked which of the following languages one can speak.

List of Races or Peoples

African (black).
Armenian.
Bohemian.
Bosnian.
Bulgarian.
Chinese.
Croatian.
Cuban.
Dalmatian.
Dutch.
East Indian.
English.
Finnish.
Flemish.
French.
German.
Greek.
Hebrew.
Herzegovian.
Irish.
Italian (North).
Italian (South).
Japanese.
Korean.
Lithuanian.
Magyar.
Mexican.
Montenegrin.
Moravian.
Pacific Islander.
Polish.
Portuguese.
Roumanian.
Russian.
Ruthenian (Russniak).
Scandinavian (Norwegians, Danes, and Swedes).
Scotch.
Servian.
Slovak.
Slovenian.
Spanish.
Spanish-American.
Syrian.
Turkish.
Welsh.
West Indian.

But when one sets out on the return journey, one is faced by only six questions: —

Port of Embarkation?
Port at which passenger landed?
Name of Passenger?

Profession ?
Country of which Citizen or subject ?
Country of intended future permanent residence ?

When one asks, What is an American ? one thinks of Jane Addams and her work. She and her following are not socialists, but social reformers.

Hull House is one of the best-known institutions in America. Speaking one day to a lady at luncheon about Miss Jane Addams, I remarked : —

"I suppose she is the best-known woman in the States."

"She is the best-known woman in the world," was her reply.

Be that as it may, Jane Addams is a great personality. She was born in 1860. After travelling some years in Europe, her sympathy was aroused by the dwellers of the slums. She had a small income of her own, and in 1889, established Hull House, a settlement in Chicago. This is now heavily endowed by her followers.

It is individuality that counts. Miss Jane Addams has individuality, and she has gathered about her thirty or forty men and women workers, who are devoting their lives to social work, statistics, and general experiments, for the betterment of the alien.

She has a kindly face ; her hair, which is brushed straight back from her forehead, is growing grey, and there is something pathetic in the look of her

eyes; they express sympathy and suffering. Saturday night is a great night at Hull House; it is the night when Jane Addams invites her friends to dinner, and all kinds of people, interested in all kinds of work, meet as her guests. The affair is informal; there is a sort of go-as-you-please air about everything; many brilliant ideas are exchanged and suggestions vouchsafed at those three long dining tables, at one of which the lady of the house herself presides in the simple banqueting hall of Hull House.

The night I was there, different groups were discussing Suffrage. Jane Addams's candidate, Roosevelt, had just been rejected. She had had the proud honour, for a woman, of seconding his nomination in the Convention of the Progressive Party in 1912. Mr. Roosevelt had promised Suffrage, and Miss Addams, who is a good speaker and has become very political, was greatly upset at the defeat of her candidate.

It was the first time an American woman had taken such an active part of self-assertion in politics.

Hull House has become a model for settlement workers in all lands. Miss Addams has conducted a great altruistic movement without silly sentimentality. She believes in training the mentally weedy by hard work, because she thinks that when physically equipped for bread-winning, the higher

moral qualities follow. When I first saw her, I thought her a strange little woman, keen, sharp, somewhat socialistic, and apparently old. She was not — she was then only forty. When I saw her twelve years later in 1912, I thought her young, vigorous, and full of life. Success had come.

That night at Hull House there was great excitement because the Suffrage Party had just won four states. They said, with these additions, the voting women in the States then numbered two million, with a representation of seventy Electors in the Electoral College, and yet the women of New York have not yet got the vote. Hence the "Thanksgiving" and "Protest" march in New York City. They are getting as active and excited in America over Suffrage as we have been for the last ten years in England.

One of the things these women voters will have to do is to see to their birth certificates, or rather the want of them; for the country seems singularly like Russia in this respect. In Great Britain every child born must be registered within a few weeks by one or other parent. He requires his birth certificate when entering school or the Army — for University entrance and examinations; in fact, his birth certificate is as important as himself. Some day I hope it will have to be produced before his marriage, and then we may stop some of these

irresponsible child-marriages which do so much harm.

Hull House is situated in the slums, — the very slummiest part of Chicago. Once a beautiful old farm-house, it still retains something of its ancient splendour, and opens its big halls to its neighbours. There are dances every night for the young people; there is a theatre where wonderfully good theatrical performances are given on Saturday night, by local amateurs, who spend their time playing pieces by John Masefield, John Galsworthy, Bernard Shaw, J. M. Barrie, and foreign writers. They rarely produce anything American, which, to my mind, is a pity.

I should venture to differ from the ethics of Hull House on the domestic question. We have all got to live. We of the middle class have all got to have our beds made, our food cooked, our rooms kept clean, and have clothes to wear. Children must be reared and tended; therefore it is absolutely necessary for the comfort of an empire to teach domesticity and love of home.

Socialism is ideal, but oh, so unpractical! It is as selfish as Christian Science. Everything for the individual sounds delightful; but we are all units in a vast complex system, and although we can each have our own individuality we must conform to rules and regulations, and we must every one of us contribute our mite to the happiness of

our surroundings. Miss Jane Addams, with all her wonderful work and her desire for the betterment of everybody and everything, seems to me to be encouraging too much independence and too little consideration for that institution which is the backbone of every nation and is known as the home.

There is no dishonour in service. Everyone on God's earth must be subservient to another. Every man must render service to somebody, though his last master must always be his own conscience.

I once asked a delightful American his impressions of London while I was busily writing my own on his country. He wrote:—

"Every American expects to go abroad sooner or later to see the countries from which his ancestors came, and to see, as it were, 'History in the Flesh,' for he knows more history and more English literature than one would guess.

"In going to England I was struck of course at first with the, to me, funny little railroad trains and cars, and later with the dangerous compartment system, where one is bundled into a section or compartment of a train with 'goodness knows who,' and is obliged to stay there helpless, if molested, until the next station at least. This we consider outrageous. I believe it is being gradually abolished. The apparent civility of the lower classes was also evident; apparent because one feels that it is only superficial and that the 'good as you' feeling lies very close to the surface air, 'Yes, sir; thank you, sir.'

"The low buildings of London rob it of its resemblance to a great American city, and to us it seems like a very, very large village, such as we have a number of at home, but much larger; the same thing over and over again wherever you go (barring its public buildings). No very striking characteristics which would lead one to say: —

"'Well, at last here is a city.'

"I was also struck with the lack of flexibility of custom; for instance, my first arrival in London occurred one chilly night in February. I came Calais to Dover and arrived in London about eleven o'clock at night. I had foolishly brought only one rug, and the trains were *not* heated, so I was quite chilled when I got out of the car and ready for a good hot drink, a fire, and a warm bed. As ill luck would have it, being a stranger, I went to the C— Hotel, walked into the lobby, and asked for a room, and then for a hot whiskey, as I was chilled through. A room was assigned to me, but I was told that I could not have my whiskey until I went to my room.

"In the lobby a bright fire was burning and it was not so forbidding as it might have been, and it was *there* that I wanted my drink *and at once!* but no; further requests met with further refusals, and still shivering, I went, protesting, away from the comfortable office and bright fire to a cold, cheerless room on the third floor, where a chilly maid was down on her knees blowing at a hole in the wall (it looked like it) as I thought, but on close scrutiny I found it to be a tiny fireplace in which were a few little sticks and seven and a half pieces of coal.

"The bed was turned down, but the sheets were damp and cold. In desperation I drove the maid out for the whiskey and hot water, and undertook the task of persuading the fire to go on myself, and incidentally nearly swallowed it all in taking too deep a breath.

"Finally the 'drink' came. I imbibed it, and another. The fire consented to go on and, fearing the damp sheets, I

retired to rest as I was, piling the blanket and my steamer rug over me.

"Such was my welcome to London.

"But I had been brought face to face with this sort of thing which one meets so often in England.

"'It isn't done, you know.'

"'Why not?' asks the surprised American.

"'Because it hasn't been.'

"'Then now is the time to do it,' replies the American.

"This everlasting 'It is not done' may be all right, but it is maddening. An American traveller abroad was taken into a chapel as an especial favour, in the corner of which an antique lamp was burning.

"Approaching this with the American in tow, the sacristan said in tones of awe, 'This lamp, sir, has been burning for over a thousand years, it has never been extinguished; the oil is replenished now and then and other wicks added, but the light has never gone out in that time.'

"'Never?' said the American.

"'Never!' said the sacristan, with fervour.

"'Well, it's out now,' said the American, and at the same time blew out the lamp.

"This probably never happened, but it illustrates the American spirit of intolerance of restraint without what to *them* appears to be *reason*.

"The American feels that the European is still carrying a stone on one side of the poor donkey to balance the load of wheat on the other.

"With a few exceptions I really find it difficult to understand the English men in their speech. They appear to swallow their words, as it were. The English women, on the contrary, seem quite free from this peculiarity and it is delightful to listen to a cultured English woman's conversation, clear, distinct, correct inflections, with good values, unfortunately, however, lacking in colour and tone.

"Many, many things are different and interesting:

clothes, shoes, attitude of the audience in a theatre — oh dear, I always feel in an English theatre (not a Music Hall) as though, presently, some one will tap me on the shoulder and say, 'Sorry, sir, but you must go out, sir; you smiled, sir; not allowed to smile, sir; thank you, sir; yes, sir.

"Checking the trunks; that was a shock. You see your trunks delivered to the railway official, but when you ask for checks, you are told that 'that is not the custom,' and 'There you are, sir.' When you reach your destination, you pick out whatever trunks you like and take them away. 'You are expected to take *only your own*, sir, you know.' It is funny, and one only smiles. You are put on honour, as it were.

"Ticket to Edinburgh, sir? that's the train, sir; — oh, no, sir — don't bother to pay, sir — you can pay some one else, sir — some other time, sir, will do — when you're coming back will do, sir."

"England expects every man to be honest.

"Two delightful bits of English life came to me quite unexpectedly. My first tea in London was on this wise. I had been called to the office of an English concern in the city for a conference, which began in the morning early. We had lunch in due season and then my confrères went to another appointment, I being left in one of their offices to go over my papers for a few hours. It was cold and rainy, and although the office was pleasantly furnished and there was an open fire, still I was feeling rather tired and a bit lonely when in came a commissionaire with a tray, most inviting, in its appeal, with tea, bread-and-butter, and cake.

"My first thought was that somebody was ill, until the man said very pleasantly, 'I thought you'd like tea, sir;' and then I was sure I wanted it.

"It was good, and ever since I have understood and sympathised with the five o'clock tea habit of England. Good luck to it!

"My next pleasant surprise was a glimpse of English suburban, if not country, life.

"I had an appointment in the city to meet an Englishman, with whom friends in New York wished to open business relations.

"I called early one afternoon, and found him in, but very stiff and cold and not at all responsive. He finally rose, and said he had an engagement to play tennis and must leave. I rose also, and said I envied him his tennis, for I was very fond of the game.

"'What,' he exclaimed, 'you play tennis?'

"Upon my reaffirming this, he changed absolutely, became quite human, and invited me to go at once to his house for an afternoon.

"We went together to my hotel, the Metropole, got my tennis things, and then to his house at East Sheen. There I found his wife, a very sweet woman, and four daughters waiting for him on the tennis-court. What a lovely home it was, and what a charming life they lived altogether.

"We played tennis until tea-time and then again until dark, about eight in the evening. Then a bath and dinner. It was all most delightful, a revelation of an English home and home life. We became good friends, for I went often for tennis, and soon our business relations were established on a firm and sound footing.

"Then I was struck with the ugly old women sitting behind beautiful flowers at street corners, and told they were the 'flower girls.'

"We have no barmaids, and no women drink at public bars; these being both allowed rather horrified me.

"I thought top-hats and frock-coats gave a great air of distinction to your business men. It was a pretty custom, and I'm sorry to hear it has gone. I liked it. Bond Street seemed so narrow and small for its big and wide reputation.

"Your Music Halls with their big, comfortable seats were delightful, and I wish we had something of the kind in America."

American artisans are being made in many ways, and the American mechanic takes front rank. It is a land of machinery.

One of the most interesting things in New York, and one of the things that is doing most valuable work, is the Cooper Union for the Advancement of Science and Art. I dined with Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Hewitt, and after dinner we went down to see this marvellous building, started in 1859 by my host's grandfather. Old Cooper was a poor boy; as a lad he so much missed the possibility of learning his beloved engineering, for want of funds, that he decided in his mind that if he ever got on in the world, he would help other young people to acquire easily what was denied. Gradually he accumulated a little fortune. With it, this engineer, who had become the engineer of his own destiny, became the engineer of many young men and women's futures. He started his Institute.

It is much along the lines of the Polytechnic in London, or the technical schools in Manchester and other parts of England.

Although begun and maintained by this one man and his family for years and years, it has now grown too large for that, as will readily be understood when one realises that from twelve hundred to two thousand people attend classes every week, and there is always a large waiting list. These classes are for mechanical and electrical engineering with

all kinds of machinery; architecture, chemistry, science, physics, telegraphy, stenography and book-keeping (especially for women), decorative art, modelling, painting from life, literature, economics, and elocution.

This Cooper Union night school was really the first one started in America. Something like sixty per cent of the men employed in mechanical work in New York have been trained at the Cooper Union; and I was much struck by the fact, in going through the building, that so many young men spoke with a foreign accent. It seems that twenty-five per cent of the people there hardly know the English language, and another large percentage are foreigners. Does this not show the desire of the alien to better himself and forge ahead?

Different degrees are granted, and the students holding them readily find employment. People are educated for specific posts, not trained for positions that do not exist, as is so often the case in England. Educational readjustment has become a necessity to-day.

It was very curious when speaking to the pupils to find how many of them were employed at the night school on a different class of work to that which they did all day. For instance, a girl who was earning her living as a dressmaker, did two hours' chemistry every night because she wanted to become a dispenser. A man who was a carriage

builder was learning designing; an hotel-lift man was studying mechanical engineering. A cookman from a "Down Town" restaurant was learning how to make weight and measure machines, as he thought he had invented something, but could not apply his idea without more knowledge, and so on. A great work, indeed — the result of a great conception by a great man.

The American Mechanic is a wonder. He does twice as much work as his British confrère. He takes on pace with every month, and like American machinery he soon wears out, falls to pieces, and rots away. English machinery is made to last, but such quality is no longer wanted; something new is always being invented; "Let the thresher, or the engine, work straight ahead for all it can for two or three years, then thrust it aside, and buy a newer and more up-to-date one," is the present cry.

It is the day of change; cheap goods are wanted, cheap clothes, cheap machinery, cheap everything. New inventions are coming along all the time, and to-day nothing is good enough to be worthy of being made a permanent fixture.

It is the hour of unrest in every land, the day of quick, mechanical work, and general rush.

To-morrow has become to-day. We all live in advance, or try to.

CHAPTER X

The Land of Assimilation

"En este mundo traidor,
No hay verdad, Nada es mentera,
Pues to do toma el color,
Del cristal, con que se mira."

"In this deceitful world
There is no truth, there is no lie,
We see it, through the colour
Of the glass, before the eye."

The United States is a marvellous country for assimilation.

People assimilate good music, good drama, good art; they assimilate everything.

Just as Queen Alexandra smiled herself into the hearts of the British people, the American woman paves her way into the portals of good society. Unless a New Yorker can reach a certain standard of society success, she will not be able to procure a box in the "Horseshoe" at the Opera-house, which is the hall-mark of social status. A Duke's coronet of strawberry leaves is hardly more coveted.

The moment a man has made money in Detroit, Denver, or Kansas, where his rise has been deplored

Drawn by W. K. Haselden. Reproduced by permission of the London Daily Mirror.

AN EUGENIC WEDDING

by his enemies and envied by his friends, he sets sail for Manhattan. There, he at once buys a corner house and starts his wife off to "get into society", and what is more, that wife generally succeeds.

My admiration for the unbounded capacity of the American woman is profound. This society lady, however, does not appreciate sufficiently the important work being done by the really great women of her country.

"Things that ought to count, don't," said such a woman to me.

She is right. The nation has few ideals, few heroes, and little reverence. It is a thorny road to travel, a road without ideals, without heroes, without traditions. If a man has no God, he stumbles and falls by the way. If he has no ideals, his life becomes unregulated, and if a nation is made up of men who have no standards of value or reverence, except flag and constitution, they may reach a certain height, then they become giddy, they lack balance, and like Humpty Dumpty, they fall; for a nation after all is but a conglomeration of individuals.

Every salad is better for a little vinegar, and honest speech must not be taken unkindly.

One finds this lack of ideals, reverence, and want of public life when enquiring into the present position of the sons and grandsons of

those who have accumulated great American wealth. Their fathers have collected their dollars so fast that they have had little time to look after their sons, who have not always inherited their brains, with the result that these sons have sometimes dissipated their family wealth, have married women of the sphere from which their parents originally came, or from the front row of the chorus in some theatre, — which is worse, — and in many cases have "thrown themselves back" in a manner that is greatly to be deplored. This may largely be the result of superficiality, or it may be heredity. Educated men who marry common women always repent.

English noblemen marry American heiresses or English actresses; German officers marry Jewesses or merchants' daughters to-day — alliances utterly tabooed a few years ago in both countries. In fact, we begin to wonder whether the French *mariage de convenance*, or the Japanese "marriage by arrangement" has not good points and larger possibilities for nuptial success than appear on the surface. Anyway the people of those lands are socially equal, and have money sufficient for their position; so they start the thorny path of matrimony well equipped. Ill-assorted alliances fail ninety times in a hundred. An enormous percentage of the American-European marriages are failures.

Everything is subservient to fashion the world

over. New York copies Europe, the West copies New York. The proprietors of the hotels go to Europe every spring to learn the latest dishes, the latest form of tea-cup or serviette, just as regularly as the bonnet-woman, or the blouse-maker goes to learn the most modern modes in dress. If So-and-So in London or Paris says: "This is the proper thing to do," New York, St. Louis, and Chicago must follow suit.

There are fashions in everything. Fashions in art, fashions in music, and so on, and America is ready to accept every new fad and every new freak. She is the land of assimilation.

"American taste in music is snobbish," once said a big concert *impresario* to me.

"How so?"

"Only two things succeed. Either I must pay for enormous *ads* (advertisements) for my performance, as was done by insuring a man's fingers so that all the country could talk about his fingers; or the artist must come here with a large European reputation which we can boom. No American-born genius will ever get a chance on his own merits. The proletariat are sometimes musical, but always poor, and the rich are mere snobs in matters of taste. We have a front door which we open with a golden key, and the backyard is immediately behind. We have no educated middle class to speak of."

Thus he spoke. He may or may not be right, although his remarks might well apply to my own country. Anyway I heard much excellent music at the Bagby concerts in New York, the Symphony Orchestra at Boston, and the Thomas Orchestra concerts in Chicago.

Again and again the traveller asks himself, How is it that America which is so vast, has so much talent, and so little real genius? Is genius dying out in the world?

To turn to music. There are any number of interpreters, but how few are creative interpreters. Among the latter McDowell, of whom they are justly proud, was a real American. Other composers of note are Ethelbert Nevin, De Koven, Chadwick, Victor Herbert, and Souza.

One hears rag-time music on every side, and mighty pretty some of it is, too. America seems to claim it as her own. Beethoven in his *Leonora Overture* and Berlioz in his *Hungarian March* used the same idea. Rag-time is vigorous and has character, and a spice of it may be found in all folk-music. The American word "rag" is to syncopate a regular tune. Some people call this mixture of two rhythms the music of the hustler; anyway, it is often fascinating and invigorating, and America may be founding a national rag-time music of her own.

Amongst singers America is well to the fore.

Emma Eames, Nordica, Mary Garden, Farrar, Homer, Felice Lyne, are all of the first rank; David Bispham, and the much regretted Eugene Oudin, represent American men in the world of song.

As a skilled violinist one might mention Maud Powell. The sphere of art has already been considered. Young men and women are rising up, it is true, but again it is a case of much talent and little genius.

If one turns to science, the name that stands foremost, and miles ahead of everybody, is Thomas Edison. Next to him comes Eastman, who is also a great exploiter and business man.

Among inventions, America may be justly proud of Morse's telegraph, Bell's telephone, and Edison's phonograph. All these were pure inventions. The flying-machine was perfected by the Wright Brothers, but not invented by them.

It is a country of applied science to-day. To Westinghouse all praise is due for his air-brake, and as a leading electrical engineer, one must mention Horace Field Parshall who made our Twopenny Tube. In Nöbel prize-winners America does not make much show.

As a specimen of American versatility, one might name F. Hopkinson Smith, equally good as painter, writer, and architect. And yet, after all, what are these few names among a population of a hundred million ?

The United States is a big workshop, open to all the world to work in. Wise men who have made their pile go away from its hurly-burly to more cultured lands, and suffer the stigma of being called "unpatriotic" by those who remain.

Turn to exploration, Peary stands out alone. Is it that America is not imaginative in anything except business? Is it that all her creative faculty runs to the accumulation of dollars? Or why is it, one continually asks oneself, that there are so many clever people and yet so few who are really brilliant?

Then again in literature, Hawthorne, Washington Irving, Emerson, Walt Whitman, Longfellow, James Russell Lowell, Whittier, Bryant, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Mark Twain (a master of wit), and a host of other names rise out of the past. But who is taking their place to-day?

William Dean Howells is probably the best writer, and there are excellent weavers of romance such as Winston Churchill, Margaret Deland, Edith Wharton, S. O. Jewett, Thomas Nelson Page, Gertrude Atherton, Owen Wister, George W. Cable, and many others.

It is strange there are so many novelists and yet so few playwrights. Since Clyde Fitch's death there seems hardly anyone to take his place; consequently there are an enormous number of English plays upon the boards. However, this state

of affairs is scarcely to be wondered at when one of the two groups that control the theatre of the States has announced that no American can write a play worth risking on the boards, and the chief does not take the trouble to read one when it has been sent to him.

Among the few clever, well-known playwrights that America has produced, one may name Wm. Vaughan Moody, who wrote "The Great Divide"; Percy MacKaye, Louis K. Anspacher, married to that good actress, Kathryn Kidder, who wrote "The Glass House." It is quite amusing to the visitor to see thoroughly American plays, such as Kate Douglas Wiggin's "Rebecca"; Alice Hegan Rice's "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"; George M. Cohan's "Broadway Jones"; George Ade's charming sketches. Augustus Thomas has had several artistic and distinguished productions; for instance, "Arizona" and "The Witching Hour." These are all thoroughly American, and are played in a thoroughly American manner.

There were really no playwrights in America until about twenty years ago; that art — like the art of writing comic songs in which they now excel — has developed since then. The comic songs they doubtless got from the darkies who have always had deliciously plaintive serio-comic tunes and verses. It is a curious thing also that the most musical voices in America belong to the darkies

of the South and descendants of the Britishers from over the seas in Virginia and Massachusetts.

Among actors no one has achieved world-wide reputation, unless one mentions Booth, Lawrence Barrett, Ada Rehan, Edwin Forrest, and the one-part-man, Joseph Jefferson. One of the actors loved by the people of New York is George M. Cohan, who is among the amusing people of America. His face is his fortune, and his quiet manner while doing and saying the most ridiculous things is very attractive. His talent is a case of heredity. The whole family, including the father and mother, have been on the stage; in fact, in "Broadway Jones," three or four of them appeared together. The life of Broadway Jones of Broadway is extremely American; it represents every virtue and some vice, and the poor young man is ruined by dissipation and extravagance. George M. Cohan is no mean playwright and he may, with verity, be called a "good all-round man."

Among the amusing American-born actors I also saw was Hitchcock; though he certainly cannot sing, he is highly entertaining. One of the most cultured, charming performances I witnessed was George Arliss in "Disraeli." Never have I seen a more enthusiastic audience.

Probably the best actress in America to-day is still Mrs. Fiske; she is a great personality and a

veritable institution. After the conscientious work of years, after performing in plays which were really worth while, and not merely plays of the moment, this woman of strong intellectual character has won a place for herself as an American institution.

Nazimova, the Russian-American, would be a really good actress were it not for her contortions. She has a certain snake-like charm, a certain amount of power, and a decided individuality; but spoilt by wilful contortions. Her suggestive wrigglings in "Bella Donna" made it almost impossible to sit through the play.

There is no doubt that in America at the present moment more suggestiveness on the legitimate stage exists, especially in musical comedy, than in any other country I know. Censorship there is none.

It was really a treat to see Edythe Olive perform in "Rutherford and Son." Her beautifully modulated, soft, deep voice was a pleasure after the high-pitched tones. Her suppressed emotion meant much more than neurotic wrigglings, and Norman McKinnel, as the rich parent in the same drama, must have been a revelation of fine acting and gentle force.

That play was given at the Little Theatre in New York, which city must be congratulated on its Little Theatre. It is certainly the best of its

kind. It is a gem. The one in London is smaller, plainer, and less harmonious; that in Paris is a hideous place, where weird and extraordinary triple bills appear; but still all honour to it, for *Grand Guignol* was the first Little Theatre, and started a new idea. Dainty little plays cannot be given in huge theatres any more than spectacular scenes can be rendered in drawing-rooms.

In England we have a much-abused system of actor-manager. In many ways the actor-manager is a menace because his power over his own theatre is supreme; he is able to choose the parts that suit himself and to do the plays that appeal to his particular taste; no one else has a chance of performing what he wants. Even if it is not a success, — and success unfortunately is gauged by the takings of the box-office, — the actor-manager can still ride his hobby-horse and may bring the play triumphantly to the winning post by educating a public to appreciate his wares. The actor-manager is all-powerful, and the actor is nowhere in England, unless a syndicate believes in him sufficiently to make him an actor-manager.

The American actor is still more handicapped; he cannot even be his own actor-manager. The theatres from New York to San Francisco seem to be in the hands of one or two trusts. Trusts may be a form of socialism, monied socialism, theatrical socialism, but socialism,

nevertheless, and this clique of theatre owners runs exactly what it likes, and how it likes, and whom it likes. If a man or woman is popular with one of the syndicates, that man or woman is worked to death, but if their form of expression and their line of play do not happen to fall in with the requirements of this theatrical trust system, or the taking of so many thousands of dollars at the box-office, it is no use those particular people having any talent or temperament, for they can do nothing with it. They are boycotted.

At the New Year, 1913, Barrie, Sutro, Pinero, Shaw, Galsworthy, Masefield, Louis N. Parker, Fagan, and Hichens, were all being played in America — all British writers, and all successful. We return the compliment in England by enjoying American musical comedies galore, in exchange for our more serious drama. One of the great theatrical proprietors told me that seventy-five per cent of the actors were English, except in musical comedy. "They speak the language better, and they wear their clothes better, especially the men," he said. "In fact, four out of five productions in America are by English or French authors and are acted by English people; and, of course, there is no risk in putting on a play which has had a good run in London or Paris."

Sometimes it is greater to have a brilliant failure than to achieve a mediocre monied success.

It is always difficult for a man of talent and ideas and a tendency towards genius to write, and be tested, in that great crucible known as "the public." The public in America is more heterogeneous than in any other land, especially in New York, which is like a great terminus, where all kinds and conditions of people arrive and depart; but they leave their mark behind. Modern economic conditions make life strenuous in every land. People begin their working day early, end late, and rush to the theatre in a condition of apoplectic indigestion for their evening fare. Is it to be wondered at that a man should prefer to be amused than to be asked to unravel psychological problems.

It is sad that the American man is so dependent on amusement. He cannot, as a rule, sing or play himself; he is seldom a reader; he is too tired to amuse others after his day's work, and above all he does not want to think. He just wants to be amused. That is why high-kicks, short skirts, humorous songs, and pretty women always draw, while brilliant, intellectual plays appeal to smaller audiences. This is the same, however, all the world over. As W. S. Gilbert once said to me, "If they want rot they shall have it; I can write rot as well as anyone else."

As New York sets the fashion of fashions, so New York also sets the fashion of the drama. Anything that is a success there is perfectly certain

to be a success "on the road." Most of the plays are started off outside Manhattan, so that the actors may pull their performance into shape. This is called "trying it on the dog." Then they come to New York, and in one night their fate is decided, though it takes weeks in Boston or Chicago to get a verdict from the public. If the critics are united in their praise, the house next night is full; if the critics are divided, the house is half full; if the critics are unfavourable, and the house is empty on the third night, the fate of the play is sealed, and it must be taken off.

America suddenly showed her originality in the production of "The Yellow Jacket." An actor and an author well acquainted with the ways of Chinatown in San Francisco bethought themselves of adapting, making, and arranging a Chinese play, just as nearly like a Chinese performance as possible. Assimilation, of course.

It was perfectly delightful. Just as Shakespeare was once acted without scenery, these performers rose to the top of several piled-up chairs as if they were a mountain, and declaimed their impressions of the scene below, until we really felt that it was a mountain. They rowed away in a boat that was no boat, and yet we seemed to see and feel that boat moving. This excellent performance just lacked the ideal — a harsh voice occasionally broke the spell, or a hideous-toned

"Bump your head" would grate on the ears of the audience, when "Bend your head," in softer tones, would have been so much prettier.

Still "The Yellow Jacket" was original. It was American, and it displayed imagination.

Much of it was in pantomime and to quaint music, by William Fürst. Mr. Benrimo wisely brought it to London, and it had a big success.

The public is a fickle jade, the creative mind an uncertainty; consequently, there is much less surety in the production of the creative brain than in the work of the business man, and yet the business man may receive — and does receive — ten, ay, a hundred fold as much return for his output.

In America it is especially so. One has only to read a case like the Pujo Commission to see that it has been considered perfectly legitimate to make transactions, government transactions, too, whereby the returns have been several hundred per cent. This cannot be done in art, science, or literature.

Louis N. Parker made a brilliant hit in the States in 1912. He had four successful plays running at the same time. Verily a record. In the case of two of these plays the manager, after "trying them out" in some remote town, prophesied barely a week's run in New York. He was wrong. One never can account for this sort of thing. A man writes two books; one is successful and the other

is a failure, and generally it is the one he imagines is going to bring him fame and fortune that does less well. The same with a play. It really seems as if there were a pyschological moment for production. Just at a certain hour a certain thing hits the public taste. Even the same play or the same book produced at another date may fall flat.

Little do they know of the stage who merely see the play from the stalls.

At the top of a theatre in Central Park, in a small, low, stuffy room with a skylight, Louis N. Parker was rehearsing "Joseph and his Brethren." It was bitterly cold outside, all snow and slush and puddles; but inside the heat was terrific. There were thirty or forty people rehearsing at close quarters, and the heater was overheated.

At a kitchen table in his shirt-sleeves, looking very hot and very busy, with a manuscript before him at which he never looked, sat the dramatist.

It was the last act of this great religious drama, and good as the actors were, the finest of them all was the playwright himself.

"A cry of soft surprise, please, gentlemen; remember, you have not seen Joseph for twenty years," he said.

"Ah, that is better; step forward to look at him more closely, let the cry swell. Come closer still, in twos and threes, please — not all together

— and let your cry become a roar of joy. Again, please — Ah, that is better."

Then, turning to Joseph, who had just given a line, he said: —

"Not so dramatic — a plaintive cry: I am Joseph — not 'I *am* Joseph,' but 'I am *Joseph*.' Very humble, very gentle, 'I am *Joseph*.' Now, gentlemen," turning to the others again, "let your surprised cry swell forth by contrast. Thanks; yes, — just so."

Then Parker clapped his hands: "Pause, please, and turn and speak to one another as if you were still uncertain. Converse in low tones of surprise, and you, Joseph, must throw back your arms, and say again more loudly — 'I am *Joseph*, your brother.'"

And so, on and on, he went, giving light and shade to the speeches, working up the effects and putting the thing into shape.

I saw Ibsen rehearse in his slow, dull, heavy manner in Christiania; I saw W. S. Gilbert rehearse in his determined but gentle way without any book at all at the Savoy; and I have seen others; but Louis N. Parker is an actor by instinct and a producer by habit.

He was wonderful.

For every inflection, every movement, he had a reason. He was far more often out of his seat than in it, moving a bench or stool, showing a

position, running up the common wooden steps which would later be replaced by gorgeous marble stairs, or falling prone to shew humiliation as he wished it shewn. He was everywhere, and did everything. In an hour these men in tweeds and blue serge suits, these girls in skirts and blouses, had thrown themselves into the situation, and one almost saw the robes and marble and gorgeousness to come. That was a rehearsal. The production itself ten days later was a brilliant success.

What an interesting man Parker is, too. Born in France, his French accent is perfect. A musician until deafness robbed him of much of its joy, Parker is a master of Pageantry as shewn in his organisation of six great English Pageants. One of the kindliest and hardest-worked of men, success — real success — did not come to him until 1912 when he was sixty years old. At that time, "Drake" was running in London to full houses, besides the three plays on the boards in the United States. "Disraeli" with Arliss; "The Paper Chase" with Mme. Simone; "Pomander Walk" with Dorothy Parker, his daughter.

A rehearsal is a queer thing, more especially a pantomime rehearsal. Pantomime as we know it is not known in America. It has been tried several times, but has been looked upon as a childish performance and abandoned in despair. We

think it too grown up in England, for the modern pantomime is certainly written for the adult and not for the babe, and there are as many, if not more, grown-up people at Drury Lane every Christmas than there are children, but America finds the good old English pantomime beneath her dignity.

Picture films, however, have come to stay — and Sarah Bernhardt in "Lucretia Borgia" on the screen was really a revelation. Those films may be carried to remote villages where the people who would never, never have had a chance of seeing the finest living actress of the day play in person can now witness her art. That in itself is a triumph.

The picture shows are somewhat ousting the drama. It was, therefore, interesting to go to the enormous studio in New York where Mr. Daniel Frohman's company is making these films. This studio is so colossal that there is room for three or four big scenes to be enacted at the same time. When I was there, they were rehearsing the duel from "The Prisoner of Zenda," with most of the original company that played seventeen years ago in the first production; James K. Hackett was "Rodolph," Beatrice Buckley, the "Flavia," and Walter Hale, the "Rupert."

They had built the castle on the stage with every correct property, and duly rehearsed the

scene again and again, before the photographer began to work.

The soldiers made their entry, and their words "It is time to kill the King!" rang through that big building as Hackett made his dramatic entrance, sword in hand. Mr. Frohman directed the rehearsal himself as carefully as he would a scene from the legitimate drama, and when all was ready, the photographs were taken.

Mr. Daniel Frohman is a courtly gentleman, tall, thin, æsthetic, a man of taste and culture, and keenly absorbed in his work.

Minute, indeed, is this photographic machine; it is not a foot square. It reels off these pictures on the same principle as a Maxim gun fires its deadly shots. That reel contains one thousand feet of pictures and takes twenty minutes to reproduce upon the screen. The famous Bernhardt play, which lasted an hour and a half, covered five reels of one thousand feet each. Sixteen of these little pictures passed upon the screen in one second, and they are remarkably clear and sharp, although not an inch square. There is no doubt that this is a great invention. It was Edison who invented the cinematograph, and Eastman the celluloid films. In time both will certainly become great educational factors, for when a man like Frohman is prepared to spend five to six thousand pounds — twenty-five thousand dollars — on getting up a

play of this kind, Shakespeare can be brought to the country village, historical plays can be given with appropriate scenes in the schools, and a certain love of learning and a vast amount of education can be instilled into the youthful mind. The eye is so much more receptive than the ear.

The salient scenes and speeches of Anthony Hope's delightful "Prisoner of Zenda" had been compressed sufficiently to run each act through in twenty minutes. The actors were not only dressed, but actually painted. Again and again they rehearsed the entrances, the exits, the duel, the falls; then the photographer went to work. They said some of the words so as to strike the right gestures, for time was as important in this case as the play itself. Every now and then the photographer, who was always looking through his lens, made a suggestion of group concentration, or Mr. Frohman rose and made the actors come more to the front, or told a man to fall across the stage, or bend, or sit; or a group was artistically improved. It was indeed a bit of mosaic work of deep interest, to attain the right perspective for the lens. Actor, author, manager, photographer, artist, costumier, all had to be considered and consulted, to attain a satisfactory whole.

The "Famous Players' Film Company" recognises the educational value of presenting "stars" of the contemporary stage in their foremost suc-

cesses in *motion pictures*, thus bringing within the reach of all the histrionic wealth of the period. It will immortalise the artistic gifts of actors, after they have passed away.

The telephone bell rang.

"Will you come to supper to-night at the Plaza Hotel at eleven o'clock?" said a voice.

I hate suppers and late hours, and was about to frame a polite "No," when the voice continued:—

"Beerbohm Tree is only in America for a week, and I—Louis N. Parker—am giving a little supper, so come along and join two such old friends."

I accepted. We were twenty-six, and we all sat at one table—a table large and round enough for a quadrille to be danced on its top.

The largest round table I remember is at Hurlingham. The quaintest is at Peterhof, near St. Petersburg, where there are round holes opposite everyone's seat, and each course comes up from the regions below on its own plate through the hole. Our table, although a quaint idea, was as liable to paralyse speech as a ball-room with wall-flowers sitting all round would be unconducive to dancing. But this was a theatrical party, so everyone talked hard. When actors have nothing else to say, they can always talk about their parts, or themselves, and everybody is interesting when he talks shop.

Many yards away from me, across a vista of candles and roses (for I was next the host), sat Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, and on his left the famous French actress, Mme. Simone (Le Bargy), who plays both in French and English. She is small and fair, and gay, and in a French fashion wore a huge plumed hat with her low dress. She was exquisitely gowned. On Sir Herbert's left sat Elsie Leslie, a fair American playing in another of Parker's pieces — "Disraeli." Lennox Paule, an Englishman, was rehearsing for Reinhardt's "Turandot." Bessie Abbott, who was singing in "Robin Hood," was both pretty and charming; and her husband, Mr. Story, the sculptor, was there too. Then Miss Constance Collier, ever handsome and just free from a long run in "Oliver Twist," also had her husband, Julian L'Estrange, with her. Both these English folk have taken firm root in American hearts. Jefferson Winter, the talented son of the great dramatic critic of the States, forgot the cares of the Press and enjoyed himself. Daniel Frohman chatted away with Beerbohm Tree's handsome niece, Mrs. Beerbohm. When I could tear myself away from my host's good stories, I found an interesting companion in Monsieur François Tessan, of "La Liberté" in Paris. Mary Carlisle, the miniaturist, a sister of Sybil Carlisle; Miss Dorothy Parker, who is a pretty little actress; beautiful Mrs. Guiness of New

York; Walter Creighton, son of the late Bishop of London; Mr. Brandon Tynan (who played Joseph later), Mr. Hapgood, formerly the witty editor of *Collier's Weekly*, and his handsome wife; and pretty little dark-haired Mrs. Hardisty, made up a most enjoyable party.

Every one told good stories, the host made an excellent speech, and it was after two o'clock before that merry little coterie broke up.

The year 1913 was dawning, and a steamer, in which I was to be borne to the Tropics, was getting up her fires.

To lay a plan is so easy, to hatch is so rare.

CHAPTER XI

Transportation

New York is perfectly delightful. There are many things I love about it.

I love the hospitality of its people.

I love the charm of its women.

I love their beautiful clothes.

I love the delicious American foods.

But its transportation is perfectly vile. In fact, those who are responsible for the transport antics of New York should, according to my mind, be transported themselves to another land as our convicts formerly were to Australia; for that is what, with us, the word "transportation" means.

In London, Paris, or Berlin, when a woman goes out to dinner, or a theatre, or to the station, she hails one of the numerous taxis (we have 70,000 motor vehicles in London) and for twenty-five cents, or at most fifty cents, is landed at her destination, clean, and happy, and composed. This cannot be done in New York. Oh dear, no. Two or three dollars is required to accomplish the same distance. The taxis all seem born old, and the prices are prohibitive to the ordinary traveller.

New York boasts, yes, actually dares to boast, that it is easy to get about within her boundaries; that all the streets run one way, and all the avenues another. But New York does not realise that there is a little place called Broadway, which does neither the one, nor the other, but jiggles and wriggles about in an utterly irresponsible manner, from the top to the bottom of this throbbing, long, thin island-city.

There seem to be about three times as many people as there are conveyances for moving them about, and New York has not yet awakened to the fact that we slow old folk in London convey *twice* the number of people at the same time in the same car-space. We have *up*- and *down*stairs compartments. Into the top usually climb the men and women who are travelling the longest distance. Into the bottom, those who are getting out a few streets hence. No, dear New York is old in many of its ways, and yet it is so often behind us. Cars are its chief means of transit, and yet it is content to have one-storied cars, into which it packs twice as many people as they will hold, who struggle and fight for seats, of which there are only sufficient to accommodate a small percentage of the passengers, the rest of whom endeavour to hang on straps. There is not always a strap for this purpose; with the result that every time the brake is applied to the car, which always seems a strenuous

performance, somebody is jerked violently into somebody else's lap. Can anything be more amusing than to see a fat old gentleman suddenly landed on the knee of a dainty lady going to the theatre "down-town," in her light gown and pretty chiffons? The car had given a sudden jerk, and the fat old gentleman — who happened to be a darky — had not even had time to clutch a strap, so down he popped on the pretty lady's lap.

The occupants of the cars are delightfully interesting. There is every sort of person to be seen. Apparently the first thing that a lower middle-class man does, when he becomes successful, is to buy a diamond ring, and the first thing that a lower middle-class girl does is to buy a pearl necklace. I never saw so many diamond rings or so many pearl necklaces as are visible daily in the street cars of New York.

The people are extraordinarily good-natured, and generally smile as readily when they get a bump as the audience titters at a public dinner when the photographer has half-blinded them by his hideous flash-light.

Oh, that transportation! Why should so much time be wasted in this would-be bustling New York by paying for fares at the door of the car?

Why on earth are not books, containing a hundred, or fifty, or, say twenty, five cent tickets, sold in advance to the people, who would merely

have to drop one into the box at the entrance, instead of waiting to fuss about and find their purses, and get their change, and generally hinder everybody else, coming along behind? Why not save still more time by instituting season tickets?

Every day we English people are told it is "the most magnificent form of city transportation in the world," so we must lose our way in the intricacies of this New York system, "transfer" until our brain reels and our legs ache, get into the wrong cars, be bumped until we are black and blue, and smile and pretend we like it.

As the car often runs underneath the overhead railway, the double roar of the train clattering over the iron girders above, the traffic on the square-set stones at the sides, and the noise of the car itself makes a veritable nerve-racking din.

An English girl and I perfectly petrified the car conductors by jumping off and on the trams while they were moving. They seemed to think it the most dangerous thing in the world, and could not believe that in London we were in the habit of jumping off and on as the motor-buses gently slowed down, instead of requiring the huge vehicle to stop for us to step off. Will they never believe in New York that Englishwomen can do things quickly? Really New York would be quite delightful were it not for the expense and fatigue of getting about. Oh, for one of our Lady Guides

Bureaux in New York ! Think of the joy of being able to engage a lady a few hours a day to shop and steer one about, to save headaches and worry and wasted money. Anyone who looks quiet and neat to-day is probably a lady, anyone who looks smart is probably a cocotte, or wants to be. The art of wearing improper clothes properly is a gift, just as everyone seems rich until one lifts the lid of their cash box.

Will New York never cease mending its roads ? Five times I have visited the city, and each time they seem harder at it than ever. The main streets are perfect ; but many of the side-streets are disgracefully paved. One's heart aches to see beautiful motor-cars switchbacked over holes in the roadway, or across loose boards laid carelessly down. Street lakes are universal. In fine weather these holes assert themselves by switchback bumps to the motor (called "automobile" in the States for shortness) ; in wet weather they have to be circumnavigated with respect.

Perhaps the New Yorkers are like the penguins. I had a particular friend of that species at the London Zoölogical Gardens. This delightfully human personage, with his large body and tiny legs, lived in a little garden where he took his daily constitutional, round and round a broken concrete path. I used to love to watch him trip-up again and again over his badly paved road ; he was very

wise in other ways, so he probably knew exactly when to lift his little feet; but he doggedly preferred to be jerked forward and lose his balance month after month rather than alter his habits. Habit is a hard taskmaster. One day the authorities mended his path. The old penguin died of grief.

Passing along the streets one notices numerous different reminders of other lands, the stamp of foreign invasion, to whit — the greengrocers. There are large open counters, placed well down in the street, whereon every form of vegetable and fruit is displayed, giving a foreign and attractive appearance to the shop. No doubt this style of brightly hued, open, greengrocery stores has come from Italy, just as the pretty little clay pots so often displayed for flowers and plants, in florists' shops, are made by the Italian immigrants, who have brought their art with them to the American shores.

Then again, the barbers' shops, with their many-coloured poles, and the three balls of the pawnbroker, to say nothing of the sign-boards one finds hanging out everywhere, remind one of Great Britain of old. Many centuries ago every shop in England had these sign-boards hung out, because the people could not read. Even to-day, the village inn still displays its sign to attract the passer-by. The sign-board, however, has largely

disappeared in London, although it is still to be seen in some of our old provincial towns, and continually in New York.

Not only does the sign-board exist in Russia to-day, but every small Russian shop is placarded with pictures denoting what it has for sale inside. On one wall are coloured drawings of bonnets and hats, on another sausages and hams; all its wares are painted outside. The same applies to Mexico, where the people who cannot read can easily find what they want from the picture writing. These mural illustrations may be seen in New York to-day. Then again, one finds a strong French element. There are little kiosks everywhere from which newspapers are dispensed. They are not so tall, nor so pretty as the kiosks on the boulevards in Paris, and are often tucked away under the staircase of the overhead railway, but still, they are there, to remind one of the French capital, and washed blouses are hung up and stuffed with coloured paper, just as they are in Paris.

America is full of foreign ways.

New York has many cities within its city; real cities, conservative strongholds. Look at Chinatown on the east side of Manhattan Island; it is a whole district given up to the Chinese. The sign-boards are written in their characters, the windows are full of their wares. Extraordi-

nary dried fish make a veritable fringe over their doorways; enormous vegetables, and small boxes of compressed tea are to be seen on every side. They have their restaurants, their shops, their newspapers. They have, in fact, a Chinese town. They even had their own theatre, but it became such a haunt of vice that it had to be abolished. There are many Chinese men, but few Chinese women, and it gives one a little shudder to see a nice American woman married to one of these Orientals. Everything is clean in this quarter, neat, orderly, tidy.

On passing into the next street, all is changed. This is the Italian stronghold. Here can be seen macaroni, more vegetables, coloured scarves, and dirty garbage on the side-walks (pavements). Everything is untidy and slipshod. The names of the people and the goods they sell are placarded up Italian on every side.

Round the next corner is the German quarter. Each of these nations has its own particular district: the Spanish, the Scandinavian, the Russian, the Turk, the Greek, the Servian, the French, the German, and the Jew. They each have their own particular newspapers, and they each live their own particular lives; they say newspapers are published in forty different languages on Manhattan Island. As they learn English, and gradually get on, these foreigners leave their own racial

haunts and start forth into the bigger world outside to make their fortunes. They are all ambitious to make money and ride in golden coaches, and just a small percentage succeed.

Another relic of another land is to be seen in the Indian figures made of wood, life size, painted in brilliant colours, standing outside tobacconists' shops. This used formerly to be one of the signs in England, and there is a Scotchman in Highland dress near Tottenham Court Road in London, who has become quite historical. He is almost the only one of his kind left in our metropolis, and on nights of jubilation or festivity, the students of University College Hospital, near by, hire the gentleman out for the night, and hoist him on their shoulders, marching him along the streets to patriotic and amusing songs. The story of the Scotchman on Mafeking night might fill a volume. He survived it all, and is still reposing outside the little tobacconist's shop, waiting for another festive occasion, on which to perambulate the streets on the shoulders of the youthful fraternity of medical students.

We really must take to "gums" in England. Not gum-drops, nor gum ("mucilage," as the American briefly calls it !) for pasting letters, but *gum rubbers.* Not rubbers for washing dishes or floors, but rubbers for foot-gear — what we call goloshes — a word as unknown in the States as *rubbers* and *gums* are in England.

Rubbers are an American national institution, and the sooner we take to them the better; they are cleanly, they are sensible, they prevent wet feet and bad colds; gums are adorable. One wears nice thin stockings and smart shoes, puts on rubbers, and sallies fearlessly forth into the mud and rain. In every hall is a chair. Down one pops, extricates one's feet from their outside covers, and with clean shoes, walks into my lady's drawing-room, often called "parlour" by our Yankee friends. I simply love gums, and recommend them as delightful. They are universally used in North America, Canada, Russia, and Scandinavia, and we too must wake up, and use them. In universally adopting this excellent habit we really have been slow.

New Yorkers are still having boots blacked at odd corners, they are still enduring the sight of dust-bins in the middle of the afternoon in the best thoroughfares, and they have more darkies than ever, and more magnificent stores. They still talk of us as "mighty slow," and themselves as "mighty quick." They forget that our letter post crosses London in a couple of hours, while theirs sometimes takes a couple of days. They do not realise that we can buy a thing at a shop in the morning and have it delivered before tea-time in the afternoon, while they are lucky if they get it next day. They still think that we are very

The Chicago River
Drawn by Norah Hamilton.

slow in London, and imagine that we are living in the fifteenth century on our side of the globe. They still charge much more for their telegrams than we do, and one cannot prepay the reply to save time. They are only just struggling with the joys of a parcels post, and they still omit to put the numbers of their telephones on their private letters.

Wake up, Brother Jonathan, you are more asleep than you are aware of; your strenuousness is often mere formula.

When will the States rouse up, and copy some of our time-saving systems! Dear old Uncle Sam, you really do nap sometimes.

For instance in England, I write a twelve-word wire to Jones, that costs sixpence or one cent a word. In the corner of the form is an allotted space on which I put "R.P."; these two letters are not charged for, but denote that sixpence has been given for a *paid reply*. When that telegram arrives at its destination, it is typed off and a reply-form is put with it into the envelope. The boy, who delivers it (on a bicycle if its destination is in the country), waits because he knows it is reply paid. Time is saved — also temper.

But the telephones! Ah, there you beat us hollow in everything except price. Your girls answer more quickly, the service is decidedly better, and the telephone is more universally used. Take a town like Chicago, which is only about

one third the size of London, the telephone book is about twice as big as our own, which, speaking roughly, would lead one to believe that the telephone is used three times as much in Chicago as in London. It is more prompt and more efficient.

There are delightful telephones in every bedroom at the good hotels. There is quick connection, and the whole telephonic system is excellent; they discovered it, and they maintain it at a point of excellence. In inverse ratio the postal arrangements are atrocious.

Strange as it may seem, I have often considerable difficulty in understanding the American voice on the telephone, and they are often totally unable to comprehend my English accent. The telephone girl can rarely catch what number I am asking for, and I have to repeat and repeat, until she understands my English intonation.

In England we pay twopence for a telephone call at a public place, which is four cents; and the charge is half that sum in a private house. In America it is more than double. In fact, in American hotels one has to pay ten cents (or fivepence) for every single call; so no wonder it is quicker. They can afford to have two operators to our one at that price.

The Britisher wonders how the American, who prides himself on being practical and doing things quickly, manages to exist without a post-office.

It is one of the most difficult things imaginable in a Yankee town to find a post-office at all; as difficult, indeed, as to unearth a newspaper shop in London. Both are few and far between; they are seldom in a prominent position; in fact, they have an air of being thoroughly ashamed of themselves and hiding round back corners. Having found the post-office, it takes an extraordinary time to find out what one wants. No one is in a hurry as regards letters in the States, and as for parcels and packages, they have wandered about that vast country at their own sweet will. I left my watch in the West to be cleaned. A magnificent shop informed me that it would take ten days; but it was five solid weeks before that watch was returned to my possession, because, in some mysterious manner, everyone seemed to have mislaid it, and as it could not follow me by parcels post (there was no such thing at Christmas, 1912), it had to be sent by express or registered mail! Much extra delay was caused by the fact that it could not easily be readdressed without my signature, and much negotiation had to be gone through before it could be sent on from one town to another.

But America was quite content without a parcels post till 1913. They did not hurry themselves about that, did they? All Europe was ahead of them, and wide awake, while Uncle Sam gently slumbered. Oh, you dear old rascal, you are so

busy telling yourself, and telling us, and telling everybody else, how advanced you are, that Europe often passes you by before you have realised the fact, and leaves you still talking.

Letters in America take just as long as they please. They meander across the country at their own sweet will *unless* the writer is extravagant enough to spend, not twice, but five times the amount of postage, and affix a "special delivery" stamp. Then that letter, with five pence (ten cents) upon it, arrives at the proper time as all self-respecting letters ought to do always, without a surtax.

Even letter-boxes have their own characteristically shy ways. It is difficult for a Britisher to find a letter-box in America. In the first place, it is not called a letter-box at all, it is called:—

"FOR MAIL."

There are not such things as *letters* or *posts* in the States; they are called "mail."

In England, at the street corner, stands a great big red pillar-box. It can be seen from afar, and by pushing the lid inwards, all the letters drop to the bottom. In Germany, bright, very bright blue boxes ornamented with gold, are stuck on the walls of buildings, notifying that they are for letters.

In America the stranger looks about until he is lucky enough to find a dark green, unpretentious

Drawn by W. K. Haselden. Reproduced by permission of the London Daily Mirror.

ARE THE AMERICAN POLICE REALLY SO NAUGHTY?

box, fixed to some lamp-post; he would never notice it, if he did not look hard to find it. That is the letter-box. Having found it, his troubles begin. If he is carrying parcels or an umbrella, woe betide him. The lid does not push in by the pressure of the letter (mail, please); the whole thing has to be lifted up bodily by one hand, while the envelope is inserted with the other. Anything more wasteful of time, or exasperating to temper I do not know, especially in the winter, when one's hands are full.

One may walk street after street, — block after block, they call it, — and not find any pillar-box at all.

Ah, joy of joys, there is a real red letter-box at last. Having searched in vain for something large and imposing and easily seen, not even noticing the queer little boxes on lamp-posts at odd corners, that are not worthy of a country village, we make for that red box with joy. Here at last is something worthy of the United States mail and a fitting depository for a large bundle of letters and important papers. Oh, the disappointment!

"WASTE PAPER AND FRUIT SKINS"

is written in large white lettering upon the only important-looking thing that might be a pillar-box.

Letters don't count for much in America judging by the casual way in which they are treated.

Their receptacles are far from noble, and their speed of transit is only phenomenal for its sluggishness. For a business land, it is amazing that people can put up with such a slovenly postal system.

Of course I love New York. Who would not love a place where one has been five or six times, and has so many friends ? Could anything be more charming than to wander over the gallery of the late Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, to be shown over the Metropolitan Museum which is fast becoming one of the first museums of the world, or the splendid Natural History Museum, by people who know all about such buildings. To be fêted and feasted at beautiful restaurants or in interesting clubs, or better still, in their private houses. Homes represent individuality in a way no public place can do. It was delightful to have met and been entertained by such people as Mr. Roosevelt, Mrs. Taft, Mr. J. P. Morgan, Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Hewitt, Mr. and Mrs. Carnegie, Mrs. Dryden Brewer, Mr. Thomas Edison, Miss Ida Tarbell, Mr. Robert Little Mackee, Mr. and Mrs. S. Untermyer, Col. and Mrs. Aldace Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Walker, Miss Jeanette Gilder, Mrs. Farnam, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Curtis James, Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Ochs, Kate Douglas Wiggin (Mrs. Riggs), Mr. and Mrs. Thompson-Seton, Mr. and Mrs. Bleecker van

Wagenen, Dr. Chas. Davenport, Mr. and Mrs. Doubleday, Mr. and Mrs. Fabian Franklin, Mrs. Henry Villard, Mrs. W. Pierson Hamilton, Mr. Edward Bulkley, Mr. Spencer Trask, Madame Grouitch, Dr. Horace Howard Furness, Jr., Mrs. Weir, Professor and Mrs. Marshall Saville, Miss Gildersleeve (Barnard College), Mr. William Morrow, Miss Reid (Mothercraft), Mrs. Carlyle Bellairs, Mrs. Hodgson-Burnett, Dr. and Mrs. Ayer, Miss Agnes Laut, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Drake, Mr. A. S. Frissell, Commodore Bentick, Mrs. L. H. Chapin, Mr. Louis N. Parker, Miss Laure Drake Gill, Mr. James L. Ford, Miss Annie Tweedie, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Gilder, Mr. Joseph B. Gilder, Mr. Dunlop Hopkins, Mr. David Bispham, Mr. Clifford Smyth, Dr. and Mrs. Louis L. Seaman, Mr. Herbert Carr, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Coit, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Miller, Judge and Mrs. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Reiker, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Pierson, Mr. C. C. Buel, Mr. and Mrs. Oliphant, Mr. and Mrs. Elijah Sells, Mr. John Martin, Mr. Ripley Hitchcock, Mr. Frank Scott, Mr. Morgan Shepard, Mr. Edward Dodd, Mr. and Mrs. W. Carmen Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. Sawyer, Mr. John Morrow, Miss Cutting, Mrs. Curtis Demarest, Colonel Page Bryan, Mr. W. C. Reich, Mr. and Mrs. Prince, of New Jersey, Mr. and Mrs. William Baldwin.

Although the homes that have kindly invited

me within their portals have been representative of all that is best and cleverest in the States, I have never lost an opportunity of talking to Americans in railway cars, in street-cars (trams), in hotels; "hoi polloi" is always interesting, and representative of another phase of life, and it is from them one gets impressions.

London is miles behind New York in its procedure for calling cabs and carriages after entertainments. In London, it is a haphazard sort of performance, without order or method, except in a few cases, such as at Buckingham Palace. There a splendid system of duplicate numbers has been organised, by which the chauffeur keeps one, and the owner of the car the other. With the aid of a telephone from the Palace itself to the gates, and a megaphone, much difficulty and trouble are averted. But after the theatres the muddle in London is horrid, especially on wet nights.

There are several excellent systems in America. One the telephone, and another the arrangements for calling cabs at public buildings. As one enters the theatre or concert-hall two tickets, numbered in duplicate, are given, one to the driver, and one to the owner of the car or carriage. On coming out from the building, one gives up the little slip of paper on which is printed the number — suppose it to be "174" — to the porter, who takes it,

and, in turn with other numbers, puts "174" in electric lights on a sort of sign-board hanging above the entrance to the theatre; this is large enough to be seen by all the drivers of carriages on the rank. Therefore, there is none of that running about and yelling, so worrying after an English entertainment. If the line is particularly long, too long for all the drivers to see the electric light indicator, an attendant belonging to the theatre stands halfway down the line with a megaphone, and calls out each number loudly and lustily as it is put up; so that the tag end of the drivers of the vehicles may hear. This works so quickly and well, that the public buildings are emptied in a twinkling.

Another excellent plan is the way every play-bill has attached to it a copy of the plan of the house, on which is distinctly marked every exit, and the passages by which a certain street is reached. This diagram is compulsory since that awful fire in Chicago, when six hundred people were burned to death in twenty minutes.

Why do we not also copy the Americans and warm our churches properly?

St. Patrick's Cathedral, with its lovely interior, is delightfully heated. Instead of entering with a cold shiver, and getting out as quickly as possible from a vault-like atmosphere, one revels in the beauty of the building and the warmth of the

air. Prayers are none the less efficacious for being said in comfortable surroundings, although folk bent on pilgrimage will deny the fact, as they court torture and misery as part of the penance.

Where are the dogs ?

One hardly ever sees a dog in the streets. Are there fewer dogs, or are they never taken out ? Constantinople has too many. New York has too few. As the streets are so crowded it is perhaps as well, and there are no dear little islands of refuge, oases on which one can feel safe and happy in the great rush of traffic. The fat, burly, Irish police force has greatly improved during the last few years, and the traffic is much better organised, the improvement in the traffic regulation being very marked.

But to return to "transportation."

Of course, everyone who goes to America is expected to admire the baggage check system; but people who have had as much experience of it as I have, will cease to find the "express" so wonderful as it seems. It seems excellent to receive a check for baggage, and to know that it will be quite safe, even if not called for until some days later, and that any one taking the check with the number on it can identify the package. But the express business is not so satisfactory. For instance, when arriving in Chicago one Sunday afternoon,

by the Twentieth Century Express from New York, which claims to be the finest train in the world, and probably is, with its reading-rooms, bath-rooms, paper bags to keep one's hat clean, barber, stenographer, and so on, I paid the expressman who boarded the train outside Chicago three dollars, or twelve shillings, to deliver four packages. He gave me my four tickets, and assured me they would arrive that afternoon; it was then about three o'clock.

Off I drove in my friend's motor, with my hand luggage, or "grips," as Americans call them, but as there were people to dine that night, I felt a little uneasy about the delay of my big trunks with a change of raiment. Hour after hour went by; they never came. I dined at that party in the clothes I had worn thirty-six hours before in New York. Not until eleven o'clock next morning did that "express" cart choose to bring those four boxes to the door. Of course, when they at last delivered them it was done well, and they carried them up to the rooms; but the express system is never to be relied on for rapidity, judging from my own personal experiences. It is quite possible to wait twelve or eighteen hours for the delivery of one's baggage, "luggage" we call it. When the check system acts properly and quickly, it is excellent.

CHAPTER XII

An Englishwoman's First Night on an American Sleeping-car

"Ah, wait till you cross the Atlantic, then you will know what real comfort in travelling means."

How often had this been said to me at home and abroad. And after that remark, I, poor soul, — who had travelled pretty well all over Europe, far into regions where no sleeping-car exists, when a cart, a table, a floor, even a sack of hay beneath a tent, had been my couch, — felt I knew naught of travelling until I had enjoyed a night in a United States Pullman car.

Where my first night's journey at the beginning of this century was performed shall be nameless; but since then I have spent fifty or sixty nights in American trains.

Going to the hotel office, I said I wished a berth engaged for that particular night to M—.

"Yes, ma'am" (not "mum," if you please, but "ma'am," as in "jam"); "upper or lower?"

"I don't understand," I falteringly replied.

"Section?" he inquired. I suppose I looked stupid, for the question was repeated.

"What do you mean?" I ventured to ask.

"*Upper* is above, I guess; *lower* is just what it says — a lower; *section* is the whole thing, and costs double."

It was all very bewildering; but ultimately I ordered a "lower"; adding, "For a woman, please."

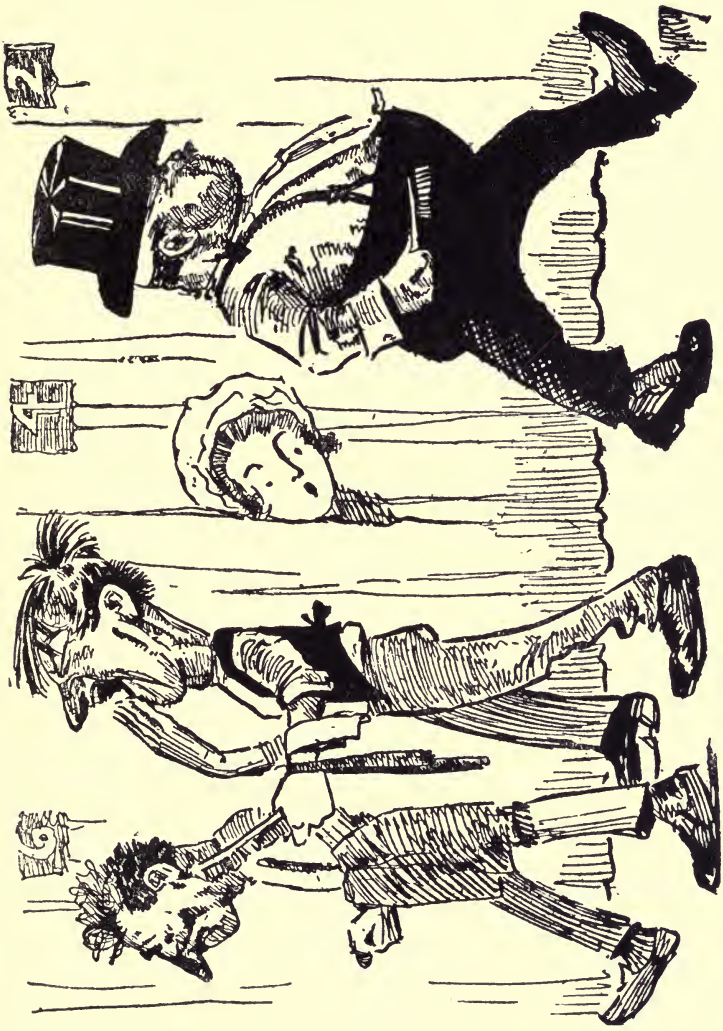
"That's all the same," replied the clerk. "We don't make no difference over here; men and women just ride along alike."

I paid three dollars (twelve shillings) and waited, with anxious anticipation, for the joys of the journey, which were to reveal what real comfort and luxury during a night "on the cars" meant.

It was ten o'clock at night, and dark and raining when I arrived at that splendid station, feeling very lonely and perhaps a little homesick. I sought a porter — but I looked in vain. No porter was forthcoming to carry my bags. Here was a pretty position for a woman alone. So I struggled with my hand-bag, which felt appallingly heavy, and grew heavier and heavier as I staggered along the platform. My fur coat seemed to weigh a ton. At last the car came in sight; but the door was not level with the platform — oh no, not a bit of it. One had to wrestle with "grip" and coat and umbrellas, and clamber up the tall steps leading into the handsome Pullman car. Platform there was none.

Oh, what a disillusion presented itself.

One long car with top and bottom berths along



By permission of the New York Times.

THE MEN ARE NOT PRETTY TO LOOK UPON

both sides like shelves in a bookcase, before which thick, stuffy curtains were hanging, so that only a narrow passageway could be seen. A coloured man (or "porter," as he is called), in a neat white suit, was a *very* black negro, whose white teeth and eyes seemed to gleam unnaturally in the gas-light ; for, be it mentioned, the cars were not lighted with electric light twelve years ago. Nowadays there is a lovely idea for electric lights. By day it looks like an ornament to the car ; but one lifts the metal half-globe, and the act of moving up brings out and illuminates an electric bulb. Splendid idea. Being covered by metal all day, it is safe from harm, and yet it is there whenever it is wanted. This is a delightful innovation ; but the Pullman sleeper itself remains as terrible as ever. It has become an American institution, and America is very conservative in many ways.

"Here is your *lower*," said the darky, pulling back the curtain, and revealing a small, dark hole like a berth in a cabin at sea, only it was pitch black to look into.

"And who is going above ?" I anxiously enquired, seeing a bed was arranged just on top.

"Can't tell, till he comes along."

"He ? Do you suppose it is a *he?*" I asked. "My berth was for a lady ; surely, although the car itself is 'mixed,' they manage to put a woman above a woman."

He grinned and showed his white teeth, which had probably never seen a tooth-brush, and were yet more beautiful a hundred fold than white people's teeth so carefully tended. Civilisation has ruined our teeth; iced-water and heated rooms have destroyed those of Americans, whose mouths are often veritable gold-mines of mechanical art; but the darky's, in spite of sucking sugar-cane, are usually beautiful.

All the berths were sold. An awful man went to the cubby-hole above me. I saw the shape of his feet and the holes in his socks as he clambered up.

Judging from the snores from above later in the night the "upper" (who, be it understood, was only three feet from me) was very much a man, if not two men. How people do snore in sleepers. There are cars for babies in some lands, surely "cars for snorers" would be a great benefit to the ordinary traveller. Let me commend the suggestion to the railway companies. It is given gratis.

On to the bed I had to crawl, and there undress as best I could, piling skirt, jacket, blouse, hat, coat, and shoes, and bag, all down to the bottom end of the berth. Could anything be more uncomfortable. But this is America's "civilisation," and every one must dress and undress sitting on his bed, where, in the older cars "Out West," there is

not always room even to sit upright, and many are the awful thumps my poor cranium has suffered in consequence. The process resembles a miner lying on his back, picking for coal. The passengers who cannot manage to disrobe on a shelf, so to speak, must undress in the passage under public gaze, which they sometimes do unblushingly.

One simply would not dare to retail some of the sights seen in American cars. Some people undress entirely, especially men; women seem, on the whole, to be a little more self-respecting. These men with hair on end, blue chins, and bleary eyes, walk about in pyjamas, or, worse still, unfastened garments and loose-hanging braces — collarless, shoeless, anyhow, at any hour of the night or morning. An uncombed, unshaven male being should never show himself to man or beast, and certainly not to woman. He is not pretty to look upon.

They have my sympathy, however. How is one to dress on a shelf, six feet four inches long and four feet wide? One cannot stand up; one cannot dress sitting. The experiment is a Chinese puzzle, and the solution has not yet been found.

Of its kind the Pullman is as good as it can be — but it should not be; that is all — but to lose one's temper is to lose one's self-respect.

At last I was undressed, more or less, — a good

deal less than more,—and, rolling myself up in the sheets, prepared for a night's rest. The bed was really comfortable; they usually are, but after a while I felt unpleasantly hot.

These beds cannot be praised too highly in themselves; they are much wider than any ship's bunks, they are softer, and the pillows are comfortable. If only big liners could have such comfortable beds, stiff necks and aching limbs would not be as frequent at sea. On the ocean one has too much air sometimes; in one of these cars one never has enough. So the traveller is seldom happy at night.

It seemed very oppressive, and at last in desperation, I pushed back the stuffy green curtains. Men and women, darky porters and ticket collectors, passed continually up and down, up and down, all through the heated night, and each in turn, surprised to find curtains open, pushed them to. Every time the train stopped it did so with a jerk, and my man above snored louder and louder, until it became a veritable roar, gently echoed from further down the car. I was nearly asphyxiated with the heat, and felt I was spending the night in a Turkish bath; but open the window I could not. The atmosphere was stupendous. Twenty-four persons slept in that car, heated artificially to seventy-two degrees all night.

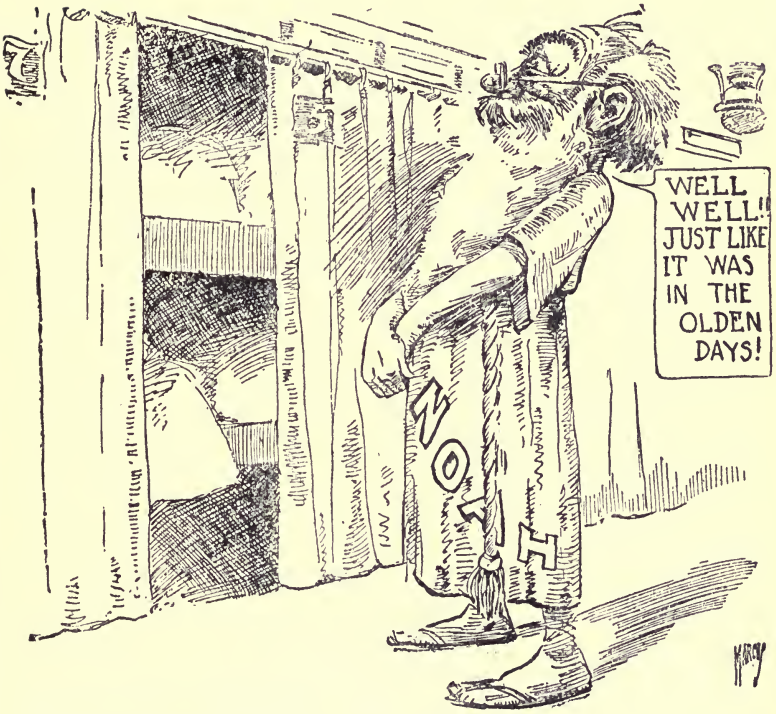
Having slept badly, with stops and bumps and

thumps and noises of every inconceivable kind, toward morning I dozed; but was soon awakened by the score of people in the car beginning to get up. Opposite me was an old man, who performed most of his toilet in the passage. I closed my curtain; but as he pulled on his garments, his huge form bulged over my way. At last, I got up, on the darky's kindly advice, and with skirt and bodice, sponge and comb, departed to dress. The little toilet-room was already full; but I was only buying another experience as I stood half dressed in the passage waiting, sponge in hand, and later learnt never to leave my couch until the porter told me the boxlike chamber was free.

The dressing-room — size six feet by six — emptied at last, but I had not been there long when another woman arrived. We managed as cheerily as we could. The door burst open and a third female, by a huge train-jerk, was landed into the arms of my companion. Three of us in the space of a dining-room table struggled to dress. Clean? Tidy? No, of course not; one is never either on a Pullman car — that is what is so horrible about these journeys of five days and nights. When I got back to the car, my bed was still unmade. I called the darky.

"Gentleman won't get up," he said (signifying the bunk above mine).

"Where can I sit then?"



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AS TERRIBLE AS EVER

"Guess I don't know, Miss." (Anyone is called "Miss.")

"Is the drawing-room car empty?"

"No; sold, every corner engaged."

"What shall I do?"

"Guess I don't know." He didn't, for there was no possible extra seat to pull down or unfold, and I had to stand in the passage for an hour till the breakfast car joined us.

The dexterity of the porter in making beds is wondrous — truly, to my mind one of the most wonderful things in all America, and only surpassed by my surprise that everyone does not die of pestilence. Think of the germs, the skin diseases, the "everything" packed away snug and warm in those sleeping-cars, and never, never aired.

"It was awfully hot last night," I exclaimed to the darky as we stood in the passage.

"Why didn't you ring, ma'am, and I could have opened your window?"

Ring? Why, greenhorn that I was, I did not know there was a bell to every berth; neither did I know the awful heat was artificial, and that most cars are cooked up to somewhere near boiling-point.

Time showed me the virtues and drawbacks of these cars. They are very big and airy by day, and far superior to European ones; but they are hot and stuffy by night. They run smoothly, and the restaurants attached are often wonderfully

good; but I do think they might easily be made more agreeable for women at night.

Suppose a girl takes a berth, why not let her declare her sex and be allotted a bed next to the ladies' toilet; likewise in the case of a man, and so work towards the middle. Once everybody was settled for the night a dividing curtain could be dropped across the car, with the men at one end and the women at the other. Each individual stuffy curtain could then be done away with, and people might sleep in fresher air, and even dress in the passage, if the dividing curtain across the passage were down, provided no one passed except the porter.

Joy of joys, the darky may condescend to blacken one's shoes. So in an ecstasy of pleasure at the prospect at last of a smart, shiny pair of brown shoes, we hand them over to his care. He does clean them; but they are brown and his rag is black, so they are returned to us almost the same hue as the gentleman himself.

One sits comfortably down in a day parlour-car, begging a little rest after the acrobatic feats of dressing, and sighs with relief that the perils of the night are over.

Soon one is reminded of a mutton chop sizzling in a frying-pan. The chop gets hotter and hotter, more and more cooked, and at last the fire burning below is so great the chop jumps about in the fry-

ing-pan. We jump off our seat. What can it be? Is there a fire below? Are the wheels ablaze? What can have happened? Nothing; it is merely the usual heating arrangement by which one sits on a hot seat, and has heat crawling up one's spine until Hades must be a joke by comparison.

A lady one day lost a ring. After hours of fruitless search, lasting nearly all day, it was found in the spittoon which decorates, or divides, every two seats in every car throughout the length and breadth of America. The spittoon is an American institution. It isn't as much used as it was; but it is a bulwark of the Constitution, so there it still remains.

The joys of travel in a private car cannot be surpassed, but only one person in a million in America has a private car.

It was my good fortune to enjoy this luxury with Colonel Aldace Walker, chairman (at that time) of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé Railroad; also with Mr. Lorenzo Johnson of the Mexican International Railway, and Sir Weetman Pearson (now Lord Cowdray) at Tehuantepec.

This spelt luxury, for chairmen of railways make their journeys in royal state. No wonder, poor souls, for they are continually "out on the road," and they want some comfort; but those are things apart, and the ordinary car shelters the ordinary people who in tens of thousands go on for

years and years, enduring the same thing every night. A bedroom to oneself, a drawing-room, a dining-room, a cook for our party, a glass end to the carriage called an "observation car" with a little balcony built on — delightful to sit in when not too dusty; but on single-track lines without proper ballast the dust is sucked up by the train and often well-nigh unendurable: this is what a private car means as well as a bath on board, and a library of books. In fact, it is an unspeakable joy, just as refined and peaceful and pleasant as a public car is vulgar and noisy, and at night airless and detestable.

They say there is only one class of travel, and that at two cents or a penny a mile, in America. That is not true. There are four classes; for the first, one pays for an extra parlour-car ticket; in the second (which is really the ordinary mode) one travels in a "day coach," where less well-endowed people spend days and nights sitting straight upright; and there is an emigrant waggon. Besides these three classes, there is yet another, viz. a *train de luxe*, such as that in which one travels a thousand miles between New York and Chicago, a journey which cost me forty dollars, or eight pounds. It is a marvellous train, and in the summer months only takes eighteen hours to run that long distance.

There *is* class distinction in America; but it is not always in the right place.

The East is jealous of the West, and the West is jealous of the East, and the New Yorker says to the stranger: —

"Why do you go to Chicago?"

"What on earth did you ever go to St. Louis for?"

"What possible attraction could there have been in Kansas City?"

The Bostonian thinks Boston represents the whole United States.

At odd intervals during the last twelve years I have met people of this city, and their first remark has been: —

"Have you been to Boston?"

"No."

"What! not been to Boston? Why, you don't know America."

To which I have mildly replied: —

"I have travelled a great many thousand miles on your continent."

"Ah, but you have never been to Boston!" they have exclaimed in disdain.

Cruel, isn't it? to have crossed a great tract of Canada; to have travelled from Niagara to Chicago; from St. Louis to Kansas; to El Paso; right through Mexico as far as Tehuantepec (the rival of Panama in Trans-Atlantic-Pacific transportation, up till now); to have been to Galveston immediately after the great storm that swept that city away,

to have peeped into the darky markets of New Orleans; to have enjoyed the hospitality of the White House and Embassies in Washington; to have stayed with the great Shakespearian scholar of America in Philadelphia, to have spent delightful weeks in New York; and to have done all this on three different occasions, and then to be turned down as knowing nothing of the United States because of a sinful omission in not having been to Boston!

But I am going to Boston. In fact, I have crossed the Atlantic on purpose to do so. How could anyone die happy with such a sin of omission lying heavily on her conscience?

CHAPTER XIII

The Other America

(Busy Boston.)

In Boston every second person seems to write, or their grandfather did, or their great-grandmother.

There is something very lovable in Boston. People have time to love, and be loved. Their souls and their brains are of more value than their dollars. They don't talk of dollars; they don't introduce you to: —

"Mrs. Jones as valuable so much."

but to: —

"Mrs. Jones who writes on Browning."

There is a busy air about Boston. Somehow one is reminded of a dear little old lady in mittens and a beautiful lace cap, redolent of lavender, — a dear tidy, neat little old lady, with a dust-pan and broom, always dusting and cataloguing her prized books, and polishing her much-loved china. Young people think of the future, middle-aged folk live in the present, and old people hark back to the past.

Busy Boston!

It is altogether another world, another America.

The people have soft, gentle voices, and soft, gentle ways. There is a "down-town," where vast liners acquire or disgorge cargoes of human or other freight, but "down-town" stays down town and leaves its money-making jargon behind. There is considerable wealth, much of which is disbursed to encourage music, art, and literature, in fact everything noble and inspiring, and wealth forgets wool and lumber, dollars and finance, in its hours of leisure.

There are delightful old streets and houses. There are homes, where people really live, instead of being merely a number in an hotel. Boston makes the stranger feel he is living, and is one of a large family party. Boston is comfortable and cosy.

It is a city of crooked roads and straight deeds. The old Puritan blood keeps the Sabbath more strictly than in Great Britain.

Its own people are conservative, gentle, refined, and gracious; but an enormous alien population is dumping down, and some fifty thousand Italians are in their midst. Little Italy is planted in English Boston, on American soil.

New England is very like old England in many ways. The Britisher feels at home, and although he does not find *Boston brown bread*, *Boston beans*, or *Boston plum cake* (neatly done up in silver paper) anywhere in Boston itself, he does find real English muffins.

The post brought me a letter one day which ran:—

"11/27/12
"Boston mass

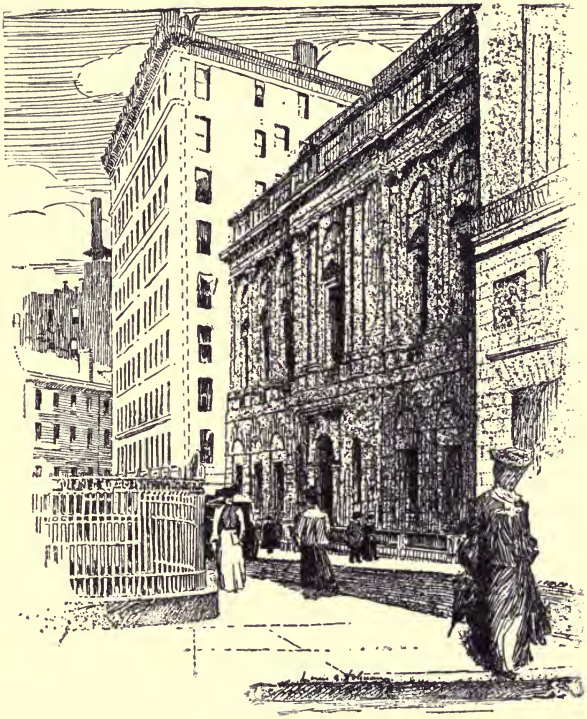
"Madam i see by the Boston Post that you are in Boston I would like two no if you are the Lady Mrs alec tweedie that was in D— and Em—
Sutherland Shire Scotland if you are i would like two tell you who i am you remember J— C— of Em— that was taking you out in the Small Boat for fishing you remember the Boat you have Christen Alec Tweedie in Em— i like to tell you who i am J— C— the Baker from Em— and i am married and living at No Larking Street and still at the Baking and Making muffins at J. J. & B. S. and i hope you will have a good time over hear your Trully,

"J— C— "

What memories that letter awakened from the Highlander whose real language was Gaelic. How well I remembered the "boatie" that bears my name, an account of the "Baptisement" of which is given fully in "Thirteen Years of a Busy Woman's Life."

There is a delightful peace about Boston. Its twisted streets and picturesque angles are a joy. For once one is rid of blocks and numbers. For once there is individuality. The streets are called by *names* in alphabetical order: Arlington, Boylston, and so on.

In New York the streets cross at right angles, beginning a mile up-town, and going to 100th or 150th street with cross *numbers*. The avenues run north and south.



Drawn by Louis A. Holman.

THE ATHENÆUM, BOSTON

In Washington, the streets running east and west are known by the *letters* of the alphabet, for instance, A, B, C, and D, while those crossing north and south are known by numbers. The great avenues, which add to its beauty, cross diagonally.

One of my Boston pilgrimages was to the Library to see the pictures by my old friends, Abbey and Sargent. Abbey's are fine and strong and interesting. Sargent's are unfinished and somewhat involved — too full of detail. Sargent, who is undoubtedly the greatest portrait painter of his day, has, alas, given up portraits for the present, and is enjoying a riot of sunlight. He has been travelling for the last year or two, revelling in sunbeam flashes in orchards, sunlight effects on wood or stone, sun on every side, and his canvasses, though small, have been ablaze with gorgeous colouring. His frescoes in Boston are, however, disappointing.

In the Library, sadly must it be owned, by far the best pictures in the building are by a French-speaking man, Puvis de Chavannes whose decorative work on the stairs is excellent. It tones with the marble, it is subdued in scheme. It is everything decoration should be, and yet many of his canvasses seen in Paris have not appealed to me at all; he is certainly a master of decoration.

Boston State House has a golden roof like the Capitol in Washington and the churches in Mos-

cow and Mexico City. The interior is fine. Tudor roses figure in the ornamentation on every side, reminiscent of the days of English sway.

There are trees in the boulevards and avenues, and the city is built on piles like Chicago. How America does love to reclaim swampy land, and build houses on this man-made structure, as if there was not enough — and more than enough — land in that vast country to plant a house on a firm natural foundation. These towns built on sand cannot have subways in the future like New York on its bed of rock.

There, on a little hill where the English soldiers once encamped, stands a churchyard. Below is the river. Great liners lap its banks, children's playgrounds and open-air gymnasiums adjoin the wharves and markets of this great commercial city, which has rapidly developed into one of the vast centres of immigration.

As one stands in that peaceful little churchyard, peeping round a sky-scraper towards Bunker Hill, one is struck by the number of small American flags ornamenting the graves. Each flag represents the burial ground of some American soldier, more often than not bearing a purely British name. The irony of time. The paradox of years. Soft fog, from smoke and sea, dimmed the sight of Bunker Hill, yet here at last was a spot where the English behaved themselves somewhat creditably; for once

the visitor as she looked towards Bunker Hill could murmur in soft tones:—

"Where were we beaten and how many thousand English were put to flight by a handful of Americans?"

And for the first time, a puzzled expression took the place of a ready reply.

Boston has a particular and unique gem in her diadem. A certain lady was left a fortune. She had great love for art, great appreciation of the beautiful, and great gifts of discernment. She was about forty years of age. Her mind was ripe; a woman in her prime, she decided that beautiful things gave her more real pleasure than mere dollars, and determined to spend her fortune in making a lovely, refined, and artistic home. She lived in Europe for several summers, and returned to America for the winter. She scoured Italy, and in ten years that woman, unaided and alone, had made one of the most famous private art collections in America. All honour to this quiet, gentle little lady.

Having secured her treasures she erected a house to cover them. The exterior is built in a severe style of Italian architecture; some might call it dull. Inside it is a revelation. It has a covered-in *patio* with Roman fountains, Italian pillars, palms, and roses; every capital is different,

every stone reminds her of some secret joy. There are famous pictures of the Early Italian School and some Dutch paintings. Several of them are world-renowned.

Quite lately the custom duty on works of art over twenty years old was taken off in America; but unfortunately this artistic woman was not as lucky as the late Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, and had to pay duty on all her treasures, and real treasures many of them are.

If Americans like to say:—

"Mrs. Eddy was the greatest, yes, the *real greatest* woman of America," I would agree with them.

Not being a Christian Scientist, seeing much evil in the world, and far too much sickness to believe her ethics, I look on quite dispassionately and rather critically at one of the great movements of the day. Greater than the Salvation Army with its world-wide repute because noise, music, thunder, brawl, all appeal to and often elevate the submerged tenth, Mrs. Eddy had none of these arguments. She was not even a man. She began before women had made the position they now have for themselves, and she aimed at the luxurious, self-centred rich, and caught them in her casting-net.

The gentle little woman rearranged the Bible,

and called it *Christian Science*, and herself its author. She started her preaching about 1890, in her *First Little Church* in Boston. This quiet edifice is still there. It holds about a thousand people and is used for a Sunday School. The great big *New Mother Church*, with its five thousand seats, joins on. From the street they both look like a colossal chemical tube — the larger Mother Church appearing like the vacuum, the smaller church the stem. Architecturally, there is no connection between them.

The Mother Church is large, imposing, simple. Inside it is all white stone except the golden pipes of the organ and the tiny dashes of cheery red velvet on the three desks of the male and female readers and the female vocalist.

The service is simple, dignified, and reposeful, and the singing is beautiful.

Every seat is free. Every seat was full, but I did not see a poor person in all that vast audience. Not one of the fifty thousand Italians in Boston was there; no one, in fact, who was not well-to-do, *very* well-to-do, one might say, judging by the sables and ostrich plumes and wealth of attire.

That one fragile woman, alone and unaided, preached a religion that numbers millions of adherents. Is not that amazing? She died at the age of eighty-seven. She was small and frail with a high colour; active in mind and

body, and a very good business woman; when she died, she left over half a million sterling.

She had had three husbands and left one son; another adopted son is a doctor. In the small church in early days she herself preached. The inherent power of the woman and her strength were shown by the fact, that for years, all the later years of her life, she personally did nothing, and yet she kept her hold on her public and enlarged her flock. Now that she is dead the vast administration she left behind is carrying on her doctrines; her books and her newspapers are selling with equal success. For years she lived in retirement with a royal retinue of twenty persons in a beautiful and expensive home near Boston. Such far-reaching influence as she exerted may well qualify her to be called the greatest woman of America, and perhaps the greatest woman of her day. Mrs. Eddy was a power, all honour to her.

Boston has many pretty little ways. Once a writer was invited to a luncheon. She was a stranger in the town and almost a stranger to her hostess, although both had many mutual friends. The hostess was Mrs. Alexander Martin. When the party filed into the luncheon room, the table was found to be laid for fourteen, and on everyone's plate was a large red box, prettily covered in scarlet-coloured ribbon, to which each guest's

name was attached. The flowers were red; the candle shades were red; it was a delightfully warm cheery scene. When the boxes were looked into, each one proved to contain a book, the latest book of the guest for whom the party was given, and who was naturally somewhat overpowered.

"I thought each of my friends would like this little memento," said the hostess, "and I am going to ask you to sign the copies and add the date to them."

Was ever prettier compliment paid to anyone? A dozen copies of "Thirteen Years," which ran into four editions in six months, was the volume.

At other functions in Chicago and New York the book was given as bridge prizes, another pretty compliment to its author. As I said before, American women are always thinking of nice little things to do, pretty little acts of courtesy to one another, and especially to strangers.

The people of Boston were particularly kind and hospitable. I lunched and dined and tea-ed and theatred and opera-ed with Mrs. Jack Gardner, Mrs. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Mrs. Alexander Martin, Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole, Mrs. Dexter, Mrs. Margaret Deland, President Lowell of Harvard, Miss Helen Clark, Mrs. Dreyfus, Mr. Sam Elder, Mr. and Mrs. Scofield, Miss Caroline Ticknor, Miss Helen Samborn, Mrs. May Wright Sewall, Miss Laura Drake Gill, Professor Bates,

Miss Helen Reed, Mrs. C. H. Bond, Mr. H. Jenkins of Little, Brown, & Co.

Alas, one of the most brilliant of these many brilliant friends has passed away, Lilian Shuman Dreyfus. She was a woman of rare gifts and gentle ways.

I was in Boston for the great national fête. It really was rather amusing to ask some ordinary persons what they thought of Thanksgiving Day.

Number One replied, "Something to do with Pilgrim Fathers, but I don't know what."

Number Two answered, "Thanksgiving? Guess it's for getting rid of English rule."

Number Three vouchsafed that "he had no idea."

Number Four, an hotel porter, answered, "Thanksgiving for the birth of Christ."

This is not so strange as it seems when one considers that of the population of the United States seventy-five per cent are not of American origin. But whether American-born or not, they all participate in the joys of feasting.

Thanksgiving Day!

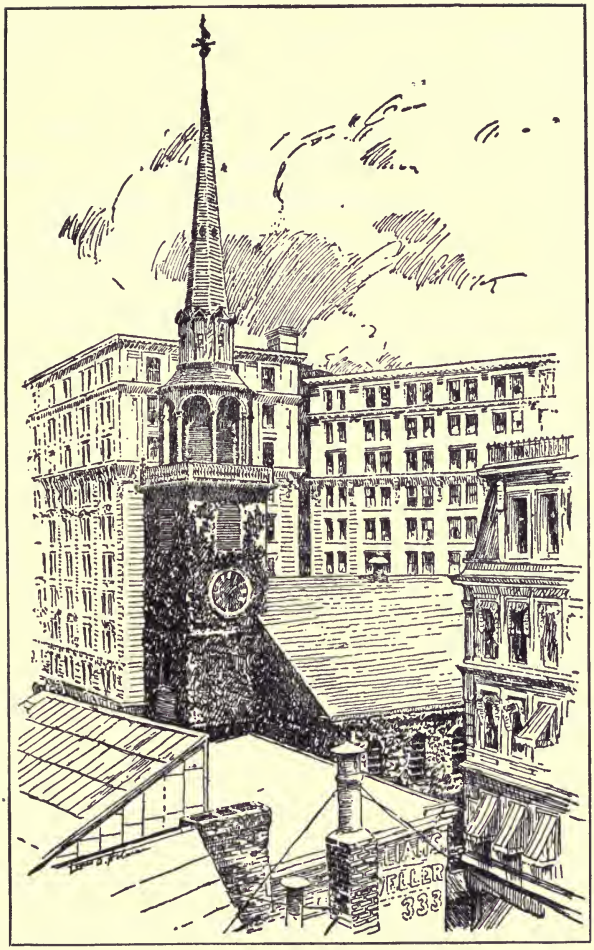
All America was eating turkey, bathing in cranberry sauce, and revelling in mince pies, plum-puddings, nuts, and raisins; traditional fare of rejoicing introduced into the Western Continent by the English.

Once I was in the train on Thanksgiving Day, running along the shores of the Mississippi; eight years later (1912) I was in Boston.

Snow a foot deep had covered the ground in Montreal as we sleighed to the station to the tune of jingling bells beneath a glorious moon to arrive one hot, sunny November day in Boston. But two mornings later the snow had followed us south, and watery mush fell from the sky as I gazed from my window. Hospitality was rife. Lunches and dinners prevailed; but Thanksgiving Day is a day of *family* rejoicing, and the stranger within the gates of the city who was being so royally entertained on other days was forgotten.

It was a delightful time of restfulness. The bells rang for church. I went not. Motors, carriages, and horse cabs plied to gay gatherings in the snow, while I had my first day's real rest since landing, many weeks before, on American shores.

And what was Boston doing? Its paper said, "Wintry gales add zest to Thanksgiving"; so even a sixty-mile-an-hour gale, raging on the coast, did not damp her ardour. Feasting and merrymaking prevailed in the homes. Special church services were going on in every denomination. Charitable societies were feeding blacks and whites, Christians and pagans, but the greatest excitement of all prevailed in the football field. It always does in the States.



Drawn by Louis A. Holman.

THE OLD SOUTH CHURCH, BOSTON

Christmas Day feasting and revelry in England is forestalled nearly a month by Thanksgiving Day in America; you see, they must be ahead of dear sleepy old England, so they eat their turkey, with chestnut stuffing, cranberry sauce, mince pies, almonds, and raisins for Thanksgiving, and only repeat the dose in a mild form at Christmas.

Baskets of food were handed out to three thousand poor, and the jailbirds were not forgotten. Sailors on battle-ships were fed. Nuns held high revel. Hospitals were treated. Every man, woman, and child in Boston made merry and jubilated over his annual rejoicing instituted by folk from Great Britain. And a representative of Great Britain sat alone and pondered, while great snowflakes fell from above, and lay thickly upon the trees and on the ground.

The real origin of Thanksgiving Day came from the Pilgrims at Plymouth, near Boston. They had a terrible time, and in 1621, after their first good harvest, they offered up prayers of thanksgiving. Gradually this idea spread, and it has become a universal holiday since President Lincoln fixed the date on the fourth Thursday in November, in 1864. It is now a national institution; but in New England probably it is more particularly a family reunion than in any other part of America.

Morals are largely a matter of geography. Feast days and religious beliefs are the same. While

all Boston was fêting and feasting and making merry, an Englishwoman sat alone in the spacious College Club. No one wanted a stranger in their family circle, and so she sat alone in that vast triple drawing-room before a wood fire, sipping tea and thinking. How strange it all seemed. This day means nothing in old England. Our bank holiday means nothing to America.

Every now and then the darky porter came in to ask if I wanted anything. I let him sharpen a pencil. He went away. Later he came back. I thanked him; but I did not want anything. Later he returned again.

"Can I do anything for you, m'arm?" he asked. Verily that darky of pearly teeth seemed to be sorry for my loneliness and apparently wanted to cheer me. Being alone does not necessarily mean one is lonely. I am never less alone than when alone. Imagination conjures up interesting company, and 'tis a dull dog truly that suffers ennui.

And while Boston was making merry, fire was aflame. Fires are so constant and so important, that they are reported daily in the press, as follows:—

YESTERDAY'S FIRES

Box	Time		Loss
	A.M.		
2123	3:39	—33 Garden street; Harry R. Pollock	$50
126	4:02	—343 E street, South Boston; Charles Jienuslimiscy	$25
	P.M.		
453	12:30	—549 Main street, Charlestown; Edward V. Murphy	Slight
20	3:00	—119 Staniford street; Edie Eufrena	$300
1489	3:10	—Fire in Dedham.	
78	4:01	—48 Sharon street; Ruth Wilds	$10
488	4:30	—60 Lawrence street; Charlestown; Jamieson Bros.	None
219	5:00	—Longwood and Huntington avenue; grass fire..	
70	6:30	117 Union Park street; Mary Hagerty	None
65	6:45	—False alarm.	
465	6:52	—98 Cambridge street; Charles C. Neal	$15
*	11:15	—715 South street, Jamaica Plain; Harry Small	$200
231	11:46	—9 Williams street, Roxbury; Jones & Farrell and others	$800

* Still alarm.

Why in London have we no such delightful scheme as the Century Club? Every Saturday at one o'clock as many members as can find seats, viz. fifty or sixty, pay their fee and join the round tables, where plain-living and high-thinking reign. Any visitor of note to Boston is invited, and it was my privilege to be there the same day as Baroness von Züttner, with whom it will be remembered I stayed at the Chatfield Taylors at Lake Forest.

It was Bohemian in its best sense. It had no

pretence; cold beef and coffee, ice-cream and crackers; but we all loved it, and personally I wished there were more of that sort of thing in America, where the rich feasting which prevails might make even a Roman emperor blush.

The club was established to promote a finer public spirit and a better social order; and grateful indeed I was to that entertaining Boston encyclopædia of men, manners, and matters — Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole — for entertaining me there.

Boston, once the home of all the learning of the States, as Edinburgh was to Scotland, is changing its character. There are still Societies of Art and Literature and Music; but culture is being swamped somewhat by the influx of foreigners.

Boston has its Toy Theatre with one hundred and fifty seats, where delightful entertainments are given, and where I enjoyed a literary tea-party with George Arliss, the actor; its great library, where they flattered me by showing me my own books neatly catalogued; its opera, where beautiful women and beautiful music were enchanting.

Boston has its Symphony Concerts; its Christian Science Church; its endless religions, and fads, and cures, even to the striking of a musical chord to remove a wart on the nose.

Then again Harvard returns to one's memory as a scene of peace; delightful red brick buildings, and a square filled with dead trees. One recalls genial and courteous President Lowell, virile American students, and near by five hundred women at Radcliffe. Professors and students should be continually exchanged between England and America.

Heredity does count. We may sometimes pick a genius out of the gutter, but genius and a trained mind together produce fine material indeed. Look at the Lowell family. President Lowell, its descendant, was very keen on the fact that the medical school at Harvard was busy with a cure for infant paralysis and the whooping-cough germ. Speaking of Ambassador Bryce he said: —

"He has done more to cement the friendship of the two countries than England knows."

It is interesting to remember in connection with Harvard that its founder, John Harvard, was born at the time of Shakespeare and in the same small town of Stratford-on-Avon. He left England as an undergraduate of Cambridge; but the love of learning was already acquired, and far, far away it bore fruit. This Englishman founded the first college in the New World about three hundred years ago. America seems to forget she has had a university for three hundred years, or she could not so incessantly inform us of

her infantile precocity. We hardly think of Shakespeare as a modern product, nor do we excuse his talents on that score. Harvard is a great bond of union between the two lands, a fact not sufficiently known, or appreciated, although America has produced three great historians in Parkman, Motley, and Prescott.

It is impossible to mention all the delightful people I met in Boston. One of them was Mrs. Margaret Deland, whose reputation as a novelist is world-wide. In the simplest, most artistic of drawing-rooms, with shining parquet floors and rampant tigers in tapestry on the wall, sat this kindly, lovable woman. A huge, long-haired Scotch sheep-dog was sitting beside her on the sofa, while she dispensed tea — a real English tea and cakes — and chatted delightfully on all possible subjects. Margaret Deland is a big woman with all the true womanly instincts, even to learning bridge to please her husband.

The hand of good fellowship is never lacking. People invite strangers to their homes, they show them all they have, they tell them all they know, they give up their time and their motors. or walk them about and explain things; in fact, the gracious kindliness and thoughtful helpfulness of the American is invigorating and delightful.

One of the nice things they do is to lend their motors; nothing is kinder. It is difficult to find one's way about in a new city, and one can see twice as much if guided by a friend. In every town I visited, with one exception, someone offered to put a motor at my disposal. That one exception, unfortunately, was New York; and it really was unfortunate, as it is by far the most difficult city in which to get about, and to the "alien" almost impossible. By the bye, it is not necessary to feed the stranger, or even to house the stranger; but to take the stranger somewhere, and personally show him something, is the greatest kindness and of far more real value than many people realise. Both men and women are charming in this respect. Naturally one sees more women, as men are never visible till the evening meal, and not always then; so one repeats at odd intervals all day, "Where *are* the men?"

I've been to Boston.

Yes, at last I have reached my American Mecca. After three visits of about three months each in the United States, I have seen Boston; so no longer can Americans twit me for knowing "nothing" of the country.

I am satisfied. Boston I saw, and Boston conquered me.

Stay.

"I beg your pardon," says someone in my ear. "But you have not been to — "

"Oh, yes, I have. I have been to Boston," I reply eagerly.

"But have you been to California ?"

"Cal—— ?" I stammer.

"Yes — have you been to California ?" persists the interrogator.

"No, I have not — only to Texas and Arizona and New Mexico and Missouri and — "

"But you have not been to California ?"

"No, I have not," I am obliged to confess.

"Oh, then you don't know anything of America," is the reply.

Collapse of the writer.

She must return again to see California before she dies, or remain *entirely* ignorant of America from the Southern Argentine to beyond the St. Lawrence, all of which she knows a little, although she has dared to omit California.

CHAPTER XIV

Manners and Customs

We have to concede many things to the Americans, but we cannot concede manners. In this particular line Europe can give them points.

It is a case of generations of manners *versus* cosmopolitan conglomeration of habit. The politeness of London is lost in the hustle of New York, although that hustle is much overrated, and often merely an excuse for abruptness of manner.

There is a certain calm dignity, a gentle repose of manner common in Europe, which is lacking in America, where many people have not yet learned to be quite sure of themselves, nor grown quite accustomed to their new position, although American adaptability is a thing to wonder at and admire. How well their daughters learn to be European Duchesses. But at home, in their own environment, it is more difficult to attain perfection of manner, because there is no standard to go by, no Queen to copy in the matter of courtesy, no King to follow as an example of stateliness, however much Americans may deride the figure-head of royalty. I once took a delightful woman to see

Queen Mary open a public building. When Her Majesty had passed us my American friend turned to me with tears in her eyes and said: —

"Most impressive; there is something in royalty after all!"

There are a good many little differences in custom to be noticed between England and America, more especially in the middle class; sometimes to the advantage of one, sometimes to the advantage of the other.

In England, when people are introduced, they smile, bow, and one or the other starts to talk on any subject uppermost in the mind. In America, they immediately repeat the name of the stranger who has been presented to them, saying: —

"Mrs. Jones, delighted to meet you," while the other replies: —

"Mrs. Smith, delighted to meet you."

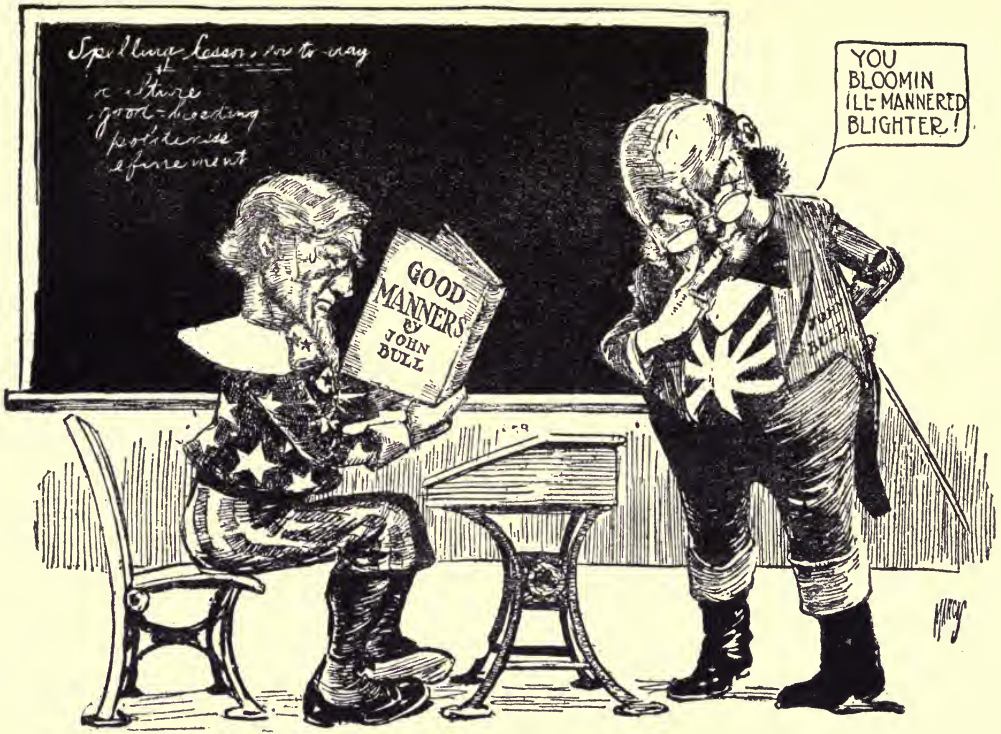
This "delighted to meet you" is a regular formula, and a pretty one, too, while the idea of repeating the name is really clever, and shows that the introducer has managed to pronounce it sufficiently distinctly for the friends to catch, which is more than can be said for most introductions in England. No two Americans can converse happily for one moment unless they know one another's exact names; they will even say, "What name, please?" Not that the name means anything to either of them; but because

they must be introduced, or introduce themselves.

Tips and railway porters are universal in Britain. Both were unknown in America until quite recently; indeed, it is amazing the difference I saw on my return after an absence of a few years, to find darky porters, and good ones, too, had been added at the principal railway stations, and also to notice how every one now expects to be tipped. Even an Atlantic stewardess cannot get an apple for a passenger without her tipping the ship's fruitman during every voyage. Tips within tips, truly.

Of course, it is the fashion in England for professional beauties as well as people of eminence to see their names constantly in the newspapers, but in America there is a perfect craze to appear in print. Every Tom, Dick, and Harry craves to see his doings described, not only when passed, but even in advance. The guests he is going to have to dinner, and what his wife is going to wear. And as for the women's photographs in the Press, they appear with never failing regularity, and they all look the same age.

Various relics of the past remain in this democratic land. For instance, a man speaks of his wife as "Mrs. Smith," and she of her husband as "Mr. Smith." They never say "my wife" nor "my husband," terms which they appear to think are



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WE HAVE TO CONCEDE MANY THINGS TO THE AMERICAN, BUT WE CANNOT CONCEDE MANNERS

like "my dog," or "my house," and have reference to a chattel, in fact. Nor do they refer to each other as "Mary," or "Tom," but concentrate all the deferential respect of America into this one formal nomenclature. Our nobility talk of one another in the same way; but nobility go still further, and the lady addresses her husband by whatever his title may be — without the aristocratic prefix at all.

Americans often use the terms "Ma'am" and "Sir" to friends and equals, just as those terms are used to Royalty in Great Britain.

Another American expression is "Sister." A man will say, "Take my arm, sister," across a bad bit of road; it is a term of protection and kindliness.

The American is never unconventional. The most fashionable spot is his Mecca; to be more exact, his god. From the make of his shoes to the pattern of his garments, in one and all, his chief desire is "to be correct." There is a certain type of American woman to whom the desire to do the right thing seems to be a perfect nightmare. She is constantly wondering who should be helped first at table, who should take precedence at dinner, whether she should keep her gloves on or not; and takes refuge in endless books on etiquette.

There are other books on "Letter-writing" "How to entertain," and endless questions not yet settled by rule of thumb in the New World,

where the manners of both men and women are founded on Old-world traditions, some descended from the early settlers.

In America the women are more free than in England and the men are more polite — when they know how to be — but, of course, there are so many grades, only the ones at the top have learnt social courtesy, and the lower orders of men are more rude and uncouth than the women. While the young married woman has the best of times in Europe, she takes a back seat in America, having had her fling as a girl; for girls are considered before everyone in the States. The girls positively rule the homes.

Boundless hospitality exists in America. Strangers are warmly welcomed, entertained, and made happy; while men are constantly sending flowers, candies, or books to ladies, and doing pretty little courtesies of that kind. The love of sweet things is so great, from candies to ice-creams, that even the stamps are sugared!

The contrast between "society" in London and New York is not so great as many suppose. There are more low dresses and diamond tiaras in London, and more smart-looking, tidy women in New York; more beards in London and more clean-shaven faces in Manhattan. There are larger hotels in New York, and bigger shops; there are prominent red pillar-boxes in London and smaller hidden green

ones in the city on the island; but these things are small details. In the main, both cities are much alike, and the men and women behave in much the same way. We have no street to compare with Fifth Avenue, and they have no park to compare with Regent's Park; but we drive out and dine out just the same; we eat and think and dress and read just the same, or any way so much alike, we seem to be one big family party, which is just as it should be.

Society is becoming more and more alike, but society does not represent a nation. It is, after all, only an item. The stronger this chain is made, the better for the whole world. The English-speaking race dominates. Look at the States and Canada in the West, Great Britain, South Africa; in the East, India, Australia, and New Zealand; to say nothing of the English-speaking people scattered all over the world. Do these millions not constitute a colossal strength and power? and is it not therefore right they should understand each other, sympathise, and take that same interest in each other's doings which exists between the members of any large family.

Every European hotel has a bedroom bell. Above it is a little card denoting how many times to ring for the waiter, the maid, or the boots; even in Egypt the Arab is available. In America

From The New New York.

New York in Rain (Park Avenue)
Drawn by Joseph Pennell.

there are no bells, and the "bell-boy" is becoming extinct; formerly he was called upon for everything.

A certain lady — married to an American — who had just landed in a New York hotel, had not ordered a room with a bath, because she did not know the necessity of that extravagance. She looked about for the bell in vain. She wanted hot water to wash. She opened her door and called. She waited. No one passed. At last in her dressing-gown (wrapper) she sallied forth. At the far end of a long passage she heard the sound of dripping water. There she saw a servant and near her were jugs.

"Can I have some hot water, please?" she smilingly asked.

"There's the tap and there's a can," was the reply.

The English lady was surprised.

"I would like some hot water every morning at half past seven, and in the evening at six, please."

"Fetch it yourself, then."

Collapse of the stranger, who had no idea that the telephone beside her bed was to be used for every conceivable purpose, even for the supply of hot water, and her personal request had therefore been resented. Some people are beginning to think they should play for six days of the week and only work on the seventh.

Nowadays, after many telephones and much

perturbation an off-hand American or Irish woman arrives. Every servant is better than her mistress, so she "kindly condescends" to hook one's blouse or fasten one's evening dress.

Of course we women are fools to wear such unutterably inconvenient clothing, and to exist without a single pocket, while the ordinary man has sixteen. We are fools, and we suffer badly for our folly.

It is equally unavailing to wish one's hot-water bottle filled, or to have one's boots cleaned, both being unobtainable luxuries; British women would call them necessities. There are beautiful boots and shoes in America; but no one in the house to clean them.

With luck, ice-water may be procured in the midnight hours of the coldest night — another American paradox. It is a land of topsy-turvydom.

Does the American traveller ever oversleep himself? If so, heaven help him.

It is utterly unavailing to ask to be called at a certain hour. The office clerk looks aghast, and if he smilingly promises that the traveller shall be aroused, his underling conveniently forgets. One either wakes oneself, or sleeps on unheeded, and forgotten.

No one is called in the ordinary way. No blinds are drawn. No bath water run in. No early cup

of tea tempts one from one's bed, except in multi-millionaires' homes, in the length and breadth of America. There are millionaires who have "emigrated" to other lands sufficiently often to pick up their ways of comfort. Even in small homes in England we are called at seven or eight; we women get a cup of tea, our blinds are drawn with a smiling "Good-morning, Madam," our bath is run in, the towels are put in place, our cleaned boots are put out, and often we are asked which dress we will wear, and it is neatly laid out for use. But then England has been the land of domestic comfort, and it will be a bad day for rich and poor alike, if it ever becomes a land of mob rule.

America, as far as comfort is concerned, is only fitted for the rich.

Invitations were issued for a card-party at two o'clock, and at two o'clock punctually a stream of smart ladies entered the house. The door was opened by a darky butler, and the visitors were ushered upstairs to take off their cloaks.

The chrysalis unfurled, and out came the feminine butterfly in all her glory. Light silks, white foulards, and painted muslins on an October day were made transparently open at the neck. Light hats and white plumes nodded from every head; veritable garden-party attire all these women wore, and wondrous smart they looked.

There is no doubt about it, American dames dress extremely well. Evening dress in England is far more in vogue and while women in the States are far better dressed on the whole from breakfast till dinner-time than Europeans, thereafter they fail, and the Englishwoman romps ahead.

More people have private cars in England than in America, so while we go out to dine in our car or taxi, Americans go by tram, train, or hansom, which last is still in vogue although almost obsolete in London. A cloak-room, therefore, is a queer sight; long, dark cloaks are doffed, shawls and hats discarded, overshoes slipped off. The women have learnt how to pin up their skirts and manage to hide their evening clothes to perfection, but still this awful tram or train business means that American women do not look so smart in the evening as Britishers.

But to return to the card-party. Every blind in the house was drawn down as usual at two o'clock, and all the electric lights were turned on. Perhaps it was thought more respectable to begin card-playing in an illumination which at least savoured of the evening.

The game was auction bridge. Six tables of four women each meant twenty-four ladies, to say nothing of the handful of onlookers. They sat at small, square tables, made on trestles expressly for the purpose, and the chairs were narrow.

On every table, covered with its tightly stretched, daintily embroidered white linen cloth, a dish of American *candies* reposed, and before the afternoon was "through," as our Western sisters would say, the candies had all disappeared.

For nearly two hours the game proceeded, played in a most serious manner; then darky waiters came in, cleared the cards and the glasses in which orange punch had been served, and laid the table-cloths for other and more substantial refreshments.

Chicken salad at four o'clock, with hot buttered rolls and cups of coffee, were followed by ice-creams and cakes, and of course the inevitable punch. Then the scores were totalled up, amid much amusement and good-natured chaff, and then the three prizes were given — and valuable and tasteful prizes they were too — with almost as much formality as at a school function.

The women all seemed to be in the best of tempers, were all good friends, and took as much trouble to amuse one another as though each woman was flirting with a man. How quaint it is to hear people talk of "Mary's beau," and "Annie's many beaux," merely meaning her male chums.

One delicious thing. It is seldom necessary to talk. They love talking, and will talk on and on, and will never notice if their visitor is silent. They

love to talk, or if not talking, they will ask questions; but the stranger will not otherwise get in a word edgeways.

No stranger — foreigners, we British are called — is ever allowed to tell a story, or talk according to our idea of being entertaining. There is no conversation, the talking is all on one side. We must lecture, answer questions, or be silent. Dinner-table conversation is entirely monopolised by the family party. The stranger is usually mum. He is not encouraged to vouchsafe any opinion unless asked a direct question. He hears his own country discussed, but he is not asked to correct any possible errors. His host's party is perfectly happy and jolly among its own members, and his surest route to popularity is to hold his tongue.

The *raconteur*, so valued in Europe, is unknown in the States.

Bridge entertainments, theatre parties, or anything to evade an evening where the hostess wonders how she will entertain her friends; never realising that if her friends are worth their salt, they will entertain one another.

Unfortunately there are people all over the world who talk big. They have a superficial knowledge of things, and certain trite quotations from Goethe, Nietzsche, Strindberg, Ibsen, Shaw, La Bruyère, or d'Annunzio. They really know little about any of them beyond their names; but they think by

continually quoting them or dragging those names in with a query, such as "What do you think of Strindberg?" or "Don't you remember in Ibsen's 'Doll's House'?" or "I approve of Nietzsche's philosophy," they will impress their hearers by their profundity. They often do so, because we are seldom quick enough to gauge that shallow waters have a good deal of glint on the surface.

Twice I went to dances; I love a good waltz. Even an elderly scribe can dance — because if one has skated or danced or ridden much, at any time, one never forgets how to do it. So, although I seldom go to a ball nowadays, I can enter into the fun, and enjoy myself. Accordingly, to two parties I went, particularly anxious to see American dancing.

At a certain ball in England, an old servant watched the proceedings from an upper gallery. The next morning she asked her young lady, who was the débutante, what a certain dance she had seen could be.

"Oh, that was the Kitchen Lancers."

"Lancers it may be, Miss Jean, but no one in the kitchen would dance in that vulgar way," retorted the maid.

I feel much the same about the "bunny hug" and the "turkey trot" and other zoölogical dances. Dear old darkies footing out the beams in a slow rolly, leisurely way to their own droning tune

are quite charming, but that respectable white people can call such a performance a dance, is deplorable.

To see young men and women with their arms round one another's necks, their bodies closely pressed together, performing indecent antics to the delirious strains of music is a sad spectacle. To see middle-aged men and women, the women's legs showing through split skits, or too tight skirts and no petticoats, wobbling about like over-fed turkeys in tight embrace, is disgusting. The bodily contortions remind one of saints on early stained-glass windows, and the faces resemble martyrs at the stake. Thank heaven, when these American dances started in a mild form in London, good society vetoed them from the drawing-rooms. The English hostess was right. They are vulgar, suggestive, and not even artistic to look upon. While we clamoured for rag-time America sought our serious drama.

Novelty helps existence; but novelty that is retrograde is better left alone. Outside these childishly grotesque and inartistic performances the men and women of America dance extremely well, and since the Russian invasion step dancing is quite a feature.

Tolstoi by the bye wrote a book that made one shudder at the insult to all that is beautiful in music.

"Turkey trots" and "bunny hugs" make one

By permission of the New York Times.

IN LONDON GOOD SOCIETY VETOED THEM FROM THE DRAWING-ROOMS

sorry for Terpsichore. Such dancing is not poetic, and yet when he chooses, the American dances beautifully.

To get into the "best Society" in New York, one must be both conventional and normal.

Every spark of genius is taboo. Every mental novelty is looked on askance, and conventionality has full swing. The Bohemian set try to throw off the thraldom and exaggerate the unconventional until they become too unrestrained. To wit, the "bunny hug" and the "freak" parties. The bunnies should now return to their warrens, and the turkeys to the farmyard ; neither are fit for the ballroom.

The most modern idea is for the guests at a ball to remain to breakfast. The dance begins late, refreshments are served all through the night, but by breakfast time a good solid meal is required. As no servants can be expected to serve a new meal in the early hours after an all-night entertainment, these swell New Yorkers repair in battalions to Sherry's, and there enjoy their breakfast in their dishevelled garb. If this continues, private house balls will discontinue. Guests will dine, dance, sup, dance again, and breakfast at an hotel. Madrid and Berlin never appear to go to bed. Does New York wish to follow suit ?

CHAPTER XV

Niagara Up-to-Date

God's Work, Man's Slave.
Even Niagara is up-to-date.

The Philistine is doing his best to ruin one of God's greatest works, but luckily he cannot succeed.

He has written his name in letters of shame on seats in the public parks on each side of Niagara's stupendous Falls; he has scrawled his hideous hieroglyphics on rocks at every point of view; he has even put up advertisements hard by, exploiting pills and powders and soaps and shams; he has erected large chimneys and hideous factories below the Falls; but, in spite of all, he cannot spoil Niagara. He has tried hard, this up-to-date advertiser, but he has failed as yet to ruin one of Nature's triumphs.

We crossed by boat from Toronto on the Canadian side to Lewiston. It is only two and a half hours' steam over the narrowest part of Lake Ontario; nevertheless quite a number of people managed to be uncomfortably ill, and certainly we did pitch a little, in spite of the barrels of sand

kept for the purpose that were rolled from side to side by boys to steady our ship. The United States Custom-house officer was on board, and "Oh, my!" as our Canadian friends exclaimed, "he did just rout!" He searched rigorously; even small hand-bags were denuded of every bottle and packet for inspection, so particular are the authorities in these matters.

Leaving the lake at "Niagara on the Lake," we had a pleasant seven miles' run up the river to Lewiston, where the electric tram awaited us. This calm, pretty, reposeful Niagara River is the outlet of several enormous lakes which divide parts of America from Canada. Though near the foot of the great Falls, it looked so quiet and peaceful that we experienced much difficulty in realising that those thousands of miles of lakes, and those great cataracts, could be emptying themselves through this comparatively small river into the sea.

It was early in October; the hotels were shutting up for the winter, the boats making their last passages, and yet the hundreds and hundreds of wooden baskets, full of peaches, grapes, greengages, apples, and pears, which carpeted the wharf, all grown near Niagara, hardly suggested winter, but rather warm summer weather, which indeed it was, for the thermometer stood at 78° in the shade.

It is a wonderful tram-car journey, that gorge line — some seven miles long — from Lewiston to

Niagara Falls, built so close to the edge that often the rails are barely two feet from the side of a cliff dropping sheer down some twenty to forty feet, with a cataract or whirlpool swirling away below. On our left the cliff rose perpendicularly some two hundred or three hundred feet.

As we neared the village of Niagara Falls the road became more and more beautiful; and a huge rock here, a cave there, added grandeur to the scene.

At the whirlpool we drew up for a moment; it seemed almost like a small lake, so completely was it shut in, but the waters were comparatively calm as they swirled round and round in endless rotation. Here was the very representation of the proverb, "Still waters run deep"; many hundreds of feet deep is this whirlpool, yet a barrel will continue turning round and round for days upon its surface.

Several mad attempts, such as those of Captain Webb and Captain Boynton, and various wild efforts in barrels, have been made to descend from the rapids above and cross this whirlpool; but almost every case has proved certain suicide. The people who look on, and so encourage such exploits, ought to be heartily ashamed of their morbid love of excitement. It is an awful thing to think that human beings will pay to stare at a man literally risking his own life and courting

death, for the sake of a possible handful of gold; but they will do so, to the shame of every country alike, whenever they get the chance, so great is the craving for the gruesome.

The Whirlpool rapids are wonderful, and far more turbulent than the whirlpool itself. They are naturally at the narrowest part of the river, which is there spanned by two splendid railway bridges. In the course of one mile the rapids make a drop of over a hundred feet as the waves froth and foam and swirl over one another.

Strangely enough, not only does the water look like the waves of the ocean beating upon the land in a storm, but there is almost a sea smell in the air, although the water is really fresh. A green, seaweedlike growth covers the rocks, and perhaps the smell may proceed from that; in any case, it is distinctly noticeable.

The clock struck six as we left the hotel at "Niagara" on the American side, and wandered forth for our first peep at the Falls before dinner. We passed through Prospect Park, heard the swirl of the upper rapids, realised that evening was drawing in with the strange rapidity it does in these climes; and then all in a moment we seemed to stand on the very brink of the American Fall itself.

This was Niagara. This mystic veil shrouded the widest, noblest waterfall of the world; for though report says the Victoria Falls on the

Zambezi are just as fine, it is in their height that their wonder lies.

We heard the rush, and stood still.

It was a wonderful sensation suddenly to find oneself near enough to the edge of the flow to be able to touch the water with an umbrella, as it took its dive of a hundred and fifty feet into the seething cauldron of froth and spray below.

It is absolutely impossible to give any idea of the magnitude of volume of that water, which, as we saw it, in the short twilight and quickly gathering darkness of night, seemed weird in its vastness, and eerie in its grey-blue opalescent charm. The great Canadian Horseshoe Fall, by far the grander of the two, was lost in spray and evening mists. Verily, a scene of poetry and romance; and yet of strength withal, for the power of that force is stupendous. It seemed unreal, untrue, half hidden by a mist of watery crystals and covered by a veil of darkness.

Grey clouds descended to meet the ascending foam; all seemed unfathomable, weird, and strange; a hazy moon rose rapidly in the sky and we shuddered as we thought of the horrors of a pouring wet day on the morrow, which indeed seemed imminent after such a grey, misty, autumn evening.

Next morning, however, all was changed; the watery moon had given place to gorgeous sun,

the grey clouds had dispersed, and the heavens were blue, a vast expanse of cobalt blue. When we reached Prospect Point a little after breakfast, it seemed impossible that the wild, ethereal, Brocken-like effect could have been followed by such a glorious Indian-summer day. We saw more than on the previous evening; we saw everything clear and sharp and distinct; we loved the rainbows chasing each other in the spray; but the charm and the poetry had gone.

Niagara in the glare of the day was disappointing, and we longed for the evening again. We longed for the mist to hide those hideous advertisements which hit us and hurt us. But we had not time to dally, for a day and a half is little enough at Niagara; so into a wonderful electric railway shoot we went, and in a few seconds were whirled down below the cliffs, and into the little steamer known as the *Maid of the Mist*, which goes right up to the very Falls themselves.

We took off our hats and, putting on mackintosh coats and head coverings, sat boldly on deck. The spray from the Falls is more wetting than a really steady downpour of rain, for it comes not merely from above and the sides, but rises up from below; it comes from everywhere, in fact, and the drops of water simply poured down our noses. But it was worth going through such an experience, although, when we really turned round under the

Horseshoe Falls on the Canadian side, the feeling of bobbing about in a cockle-shell on a whirlpool was rather ghastly, and we all had to hold tight to keep our seats on the deck at all, so tremendous is the force of the water across which this little craft ventures.

The spot known as Rock of Ages forms a perfect picture. The rugged brown grandeur of the stones, the white frothy spray, and the green and blue hues of the water, with the sun shining through, made a scene such as no artist's brush could ever catch in feeling, colour, or force. The sublimest works of nature can never really be reproduced by art; for, at its best, art cannot depict fleeting sentiment, ever changing beauty. Every cloud, every sunbeam, alters the scene on which it falls, as every thought changes the expression of a face. Pictures, much as we love them, can only express one phase; they cannot represent all.

It was a short trip, though an extremely interesting one; and we left our boat on the Canadian side to drive along the park and go under the Horseshoe Fall, so as to obtain an idea of the water from below.

The Canadian side is certainly the best from which to see Niagara Falls; the views are better, the park is better; nature is left more to herself; and is not disfigured by such enormous hotels with rows and rows of straight, ugly windows.

Having driven along the top of the cliff, we arranged to go below the Falls.

"Will the lady step into that room?" asked an attendant, which the lady accordingly did.

"You must take off nearly all your things and put on these mackintosh trousers, coat, and helmet," was the next mandate. We mildly remonstrated, but remonstrance was of no use; the woman assured us we should be wet to the skin unless we did as she bid us, and subsequent experiences proved that she was right.

The black trousers were large and baggy, of the peg-top order, and about as thick as a coachman's driving apron. The attendant tied them in at the knees with white tape to keep them off the ground, for they seemed to have been made for a woman at least six feet six inches in height. Goloshes — so loved by *The Private Secretary* and by all Americans — were next adjusted from a row which contained some hundreds of pairs, reminding us of Ibsen's hall in Christiania, where we saw goloshes standing in rows one snowy winter; then the coat was fixed, and the headgear, after putting a towel round the throat, was strapped on. What a sight. What sights, indeed, we all looked! Then out into the sunshine we went, men and women seeming exactly alike, and yet each more hideous than the other. We laughed and chatted, got into the lift, and were whirled

below, to walk along a small wooden pathway with occasional staircases, — all very slippery, and, to our thinking, not over substantial. It became wetter and wetter under foot and more drenching from above as we proceeded, and we soon realised the good lady was right; no ordinary clothing could have withstood a millionth part of the spray of Niagara.

We paused almost in front of a branch of the Fall and tried to look up; but so blinding was the whirlwind of spray that we could hardly see.

The cavern was washed out by the wash of ages.

A huge sheet of water, a stupendous curtain of force, so thick that its transparent drops were massed into a translucent wall, fell beside us. It was so thick, so dense, so immense that we could barely see the beams of light through that massive veil of water.

The spray filled our eyes, hung upon our lashes, ran down our noses until we tried to gasp out that we had seen enough; and gladly turned away. The sound was deafening; we could not hear one another speak. The spray was too great to allow us to see anything, and yet this was only a small branch of the Falls themselves. It gave a wonderful idea of what the hourly, weekly, monthly, yearly overflow of those Falls, which Goat Island divides, must be.

"Please walk this way," said our guide, and into a long, dark passage, with a tiny gleam of light at the end, we went.

So great is the force of the fall that it flows outwards many feet from the rocks themselves, and enables people actually to stand under the arch of water in comparative comfort. On looking up there seems a veritable roof of water through which the sun shines; on our right was the grey rock over which the water rushes, while on our left was a wall of water, falling into the seething pool far away below.

Niagara is worth travelling many hundreds of miles to see; its power, its strength, its force, teach a sermon far deeper and more lasting than the best of sermons, or the finest books of man. Even the most frivolous must pause and think before such a masterpiece of majestic Beauty and Power. It is devoutly to be hoped that the material gain to the industrial undertakings in the neighbourhood will not be allowed to destroy one of the greatest, most forceful, and most awe-inspiring sights of the world.

There is only one Niagara; Canada and the States may well be proud of their possession, and ought to guard such a treasure from the clutches of the speculator.

CHAPTER XVI

A Mississippi Darky Cake Walk

Moral conventionality is the outcome of public philosophy.

The Mississippi Negro is a remarkable type. "Gentleman" he would call himself, for all darkies are "ladies" and "gentlemen," and their employers "men" and "women." They have strange and wonderful ways, and their customs are most interesting. They seem to value human life as they would that of a dog. When I visited the darky prison in New Orleans, among the folk who were waiting trial were nearly thirty who had been arrested for murder, the youngest of whom was a nice-looking boy of fifteen. Niggers shoot or stick one another on the slightest provocation, and consider the successful man in such a squabble quite a hero.

But they have their gayer moments, and a "cake walk" is one of them. The Highlander has his reel, the Irishman his jig, the Indian his nautch dance, the Argentina his tango, and the American darky his cake walk.

The origin of the term "cake walk" seems some-

what obscure. Many folks affirm, however, that in the old slave days, the best performer was given a cake as a reward, the common expression, "He takes the cake," originating from this institution. The cake is now rarely a prize at these amusing entertainments, but fortunately the dance survives.

It was in New Orleans that I first saw a cake walk, that delightfully quaint old French town, with its green-shuttered houses and balconies, its ill-paved roads, and its open street drains, where a passer-by often has to jump over an open gutter, like a small river, in order to reach the high footpath at all. There are many more blacks than whites, and it is this dark population which so often causes trouble, although it is not as bad as Barbados, where there are seven blacks to one white, or as, at Bahia, in Brazil, where eighty per cent of the people are negro.

New Orleans is, of course, a famous port; but it is more than that, — there is an Old-world air about it, and it is delightfully picturesque. It is most amusing to watch the jet-black porters on the wharves handling the snow-white cotton, which comes down the Mississippi in shiploads for exportation. The vessels that bring it are the funniest things imaginable; they are generally flat-bottomed, and at the back is an enormous wheel or paddle, the entire width of the ship itself.

Drawn by Vernon Howe Bailey.

A Southern Homestead

The darkies work on the quay all the week, and on Sundays enjoy themselves. Some thirty or forty of them were assembled in a large square, ready for a cake walk, and as we approached, they were enjoying their Sunday afternoon festivities. Some of the folks were leaning against the wall, others lying on the pavement, some were sitting on their heels, in that curious way they have; but one and all seemed bent on enjoyment, and chatted and laughed merrily. Two men, one in a green flannel shirt, the other in a red one almost faded to pink, were performing a cake walk in the middle. They were the real African nigger type, with huge lips, lovely teeth, wide nostrils, and crisp, frizzy hair, like astrakhan, but there was an artistic touch about them, displayed in their love of beautiful colours, and something really graceful about the movements of these children of nature. They would bow to each other, quite low salaams, and then join in a slow measured waltz. They would catch one another by the shoulders or hands, and perambulate and wriggle, often with bent knees, through the onlookers, waving a stick the while, as an Irishman would his shillelagh. They twisted their bodies into all kinds of queer shapes, but so slowly and gracefully that it was a pleasure to watch them.

Then a woman joined the two men: she was fat,

but like the others was imbued with the poetry of motion. They all danced in measured time some sort of minuet, the onlookers clapping an accompaniment to the fiddler's tune as the old blind, white-haired musician played away, sitting on an inverted pail. One trio after another took part in the cake walk, and the set that received the most acclamation claimed the prize.

A dancing lady's hair was particularly interesting, although it subsequently proved to be a common style of head-dress. The hair of a nigger is so tightly curled up, that it is almost impossible to comb it; therein originates the style of dressing. Her scalp was divided by seven partings, one down the middle, and three down each side. Each little bunch of short hair was carefully combed, screwed up as tight as it would go, and tied with a red ribbon, the hair above the knot being cut off quite close. The result was extraordinary. Fancy sleeping on eight knobs! Imagine anything more unbecoming than this screwed-up style of head-dress, which, report says, takes so long to comb out, it is often not redone for a year.

The women are not beautiful; their only claim to that title being their lovely teeth.

This lady dancer wore a pink cotton gown, and round her neck a green scarf, which toned so exactly with the pink, that it might have been chosen by Botticelli instead of a Mississippi mammy.

She was quite shy when we complimented her, actually covered her face with her hands, and blushed, if such a dark skin could blush. Many white women who make dancing a profession, would give a good deal to possess the grace of this stout black woman, who moved her arms and her hands, and swayed her body as to the manner born. The modern drawing-room attempt at turkey trots is vulgar and hideous in comparison with this native grace. There is no doubt that, though not physically strong, these darkies are often splendidly developed men and women, tall of stature, and extremely graceful, but they have one great failing, — they will tell a lie as soon as look at you, and they love to steal small things — your stockings are their stockings, your handkerchiefs are their handkerchiefs, — in their eyes, — and they tell you so; they seldom rob on a large scale. A sin is a sin; but when it is simply and humbly acknowledged, it earns forgiveness.

Once in a private railway car, a funny little incident happened with a darky. He was of Portuguese origin, and hardly understood English.

He brought some hot water about seven o'clock in the morning, and proceeded to draw up the blinds. "It is very foggy," I said, wishing to be friendly.

"Boggy, no boggy, me know no boggy," and he looked sadly perplexed.

"It is misty," I said in further explanation.

"Oh, yes, ma'am; misty, yes, misty," and, nodding his head, away he went.

A few minutes later he returned with a tray, a bottle, and a glass. He imagined *whisky* was the subject of conversation, and produced it triumphantly at seven A.M. !

The bulk of the negroes are English speaking, and have the most beautifully soft musical voices; but round New Orleans most of the darkies are French, and it seems as strange to hear these black folk talking French, as it is to see them with curly white hair.

A boxing-match was another amusing sight. A couple of tin pails were turned upside down for the combatants to sit upon, old sacks being spread below as carpets. The two men solemnly proceeded to take off their boots; then one, in a striped shirt, and wearing no stockings — not even rags bound round his feet, as the Finlander or Italian so often does — boxed in bare feet, though the other gentleman wore socks. Each had his second, and the surrounding crowd was betting on the result. Everything was done in the most businesslike way. Dollar bills — pieces of paper each worth about four shillings — were used, and the bills ran up to eight or ten dollars. A couple of pounds for a darky to bet is no mean sum, and shows how well off they are.

They dearly love a gamble, and dice-throwing is their great game. Somehow they always remind one of children. It seems impossible to believe they are grown-up men and women, disporting themselves in such childish fashion.

What a strange person the negro really is. He makes a first-class servant. A darky cook is excellent, and a butler efficient. He is often faithful; many of the old slaves and their children are working to-day on the same plantations on which they were reared in bondage; and if he takes a fancy to his employers, he will literally lay down his life for them. Everyone, however, who has anything to do with darkies, invariably speaks of them as childish, with undeveloped minds and irresponsible ways. If they are put in a position of real authority, they lose their head, become arrogant and unbearable, and often terribly cruel to those beneath them. They seem to have been born to serve, and not to command, as may be realised from the episodes in Putumayo.

But even the black man is waking up to his own inportance. He has taken to pince-nez, like the rest of America, and he may some day be disturbed by his blood pressure, although his skin is so swarthy it is difficult to believe his blood is really red; but it is.

It strikes a stranger as most extraordinary to

see tram-cars and railway carriages labelled "Blacks," or "Whites." Yet such are universal in the Southern States. The different races are forbidden by law to intermarry, in some of the American states, and, as already mentioned, custom prevents their even travelling together. Often quite a pale person gets into a Jim Crow car, and one wonders why, until the stranger is told: "He knows he has black blood and takes his place accordingly. His children may all be quite black."

Only a few days before I reached New Orleans there had been a deadly shooting affray between whites and blacks. People may shrug their shoulders in disbelief, but the United States have a very great problem before them, and one which may cost them more lives than the Philippines: that is the increase in numbers and strength of the negro population.

In that splendid modern city Washington, every third or fourth person is coloured. They are often rich and well-to-do, and are driven about in their own carriages and cars by white men, and their homes, both rich and poor, are dovetailed in between the finest dwellings.

As one travels farther south, one finds that though the negroes may be less rich, they are more numerous, and it is in this enormous uneducated population that the danger lies.

There are over a hundred thousand coloured folk in New Orleans alone, many of whom of the lowest possible type are employed on the docks. A hundred thousand persons compose an army, a far larger army than America herself can put in the field; for she can only number about thirty thousand.

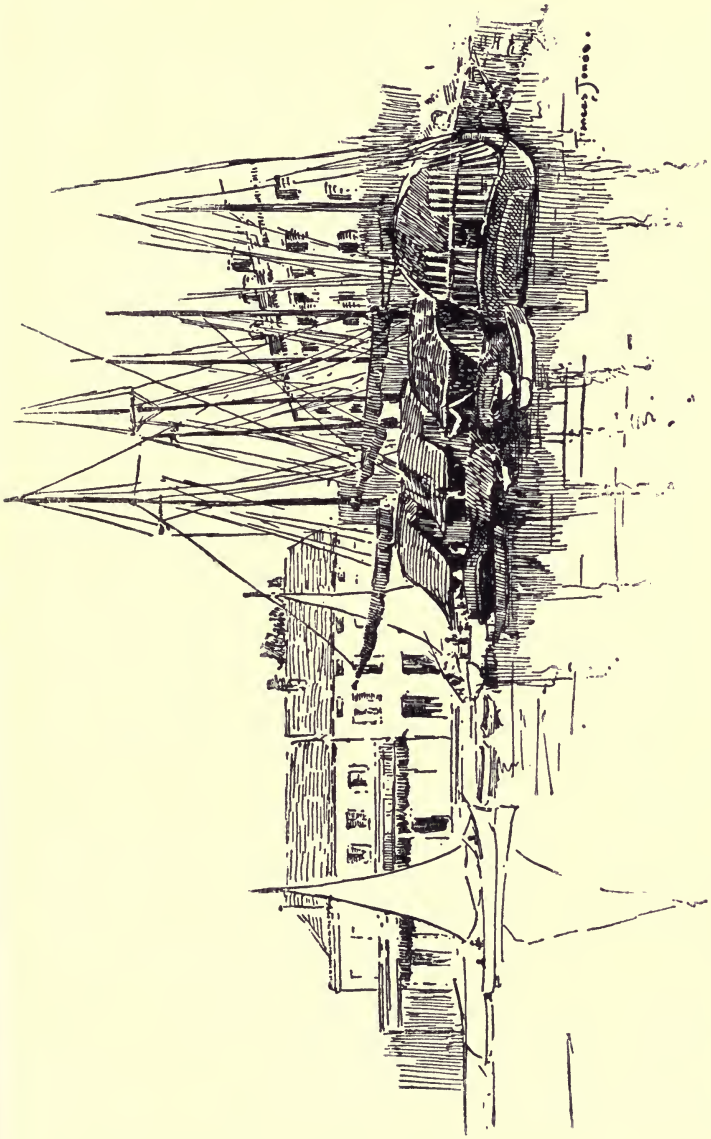
Although whites and blacks generally live peaceably together, there is sometimes a smouldering fire below, and when once roused, these race riots are difficult to deal with, and mean mischief.

The darky is jovial and childish when at play, but he is dangerous and cruel when roused.

He has given us cake walks, turkey trots, perhaps rag-time, and certainly coon songs. He is a study in himself, and his status is one of the most intricate questions of the future.

The paler his skin, the more high bred and aristocratic he considers himself.

What a wonderful problem would be unfolded if the blacks and the whites were encouraged to marry. The whites are the stronger and longer lived, the blacks the most prolific. Suppose those blondes from Scandinavia and the frizzy-headed, thick-lipped blacks from Africa all intermarried — what would the result be in a hundred years? Would a yellow-skinned, grey-coloured race people America? It would indeed be a great study of colour, capacity, racial char-



THE WATER FRONT, NEW ORLEANS

Drawn by Frances E. Jones.

acteristics, and all the rest of it. But — horrible thought — would the result be a success?

Intermarriage of black and white often ends in consumption and other diseases, especially in the second generation. According to the theories of Abbé Mendel, when breeding fowls of two kinds, about fifty per cent show the mixed blood, and twenty-five per cent follow each parent, and even then certain dormant characteristics reappear in the fourth and fifth generation. How would this apply to the blacks and the whites? Perhaps, then, it would only be necessary to have one form of tram-car, and that might be grey.

The black population is enormous. Will it end in a race war? To-day there are professors in the land who are suggesting that the only possible solution of this great problem is the absorption of the black race by the whites; to encourage, in fact, matrimony between the two races.

Will it work like the hens?

In twelve years they have made vast strides. In 1900, I never saw a darky except in some subservient post — as railway porter, restaurant waiter, domestic servant, boot-cleaner, street-sweeper, or something of that kind.

It is a terrible thing to be born with a curse upon one's head; and really, it seems to the onlooker that the darky opens his eyes on this land

of promise to be handicapped at every turn. America has not yet solved this great problem for herself. Twelve years ago marriage between the blacks and whites was denounced in horror, and such is still the case in many states, although a famous boxer married twice, and each time was allowed to espouse a white girl.

In 1904, a diamond-blazoned individual travelled in the Twentieth Century Express to the West, much to the amazement of an American ambassador who was kindly looking after me on that trip. He was furious. He fretted and fumed; the coloured gentleman had paid for his ticket, he could probably have bought us all out; he stuck to his guns. He did not, however, come to dine, but was served by a fellow-darky in the car while we were in the restaurant. He slept in the berth next to me, in spite of all the protests of the American ambassador.

In 1912 these people were everywhere. At a Club one day I was having a chat with the hall porter, a pleasant, smiling youth with the most delightful manners possible; but he was black as a coal and his head as curly as a door-mat.

"I'm learning law," he said.

"Learning law?"

"Yes, m'arm, I'm going to be a lawyer, and I'm making the money at the Club, so as to study. I'm off every evening at eight, and then my real

work begins. This ain't no work; it's just fun."

That is the modern darky.

These coloured people are queer folk. They are so insolent one wants to knock them down, even a woman feels like that; or they are so polite one feels it is a joy to be waited on by them. People say they assimilate the ways of those about them, and a master can be judged by the manners of his servant. A good darky is a joy, a bad one wants kicking for his insolence. In one of the best hotels in America I asked the hall porter the way to a certain house.

"Walk along two blocks and turn west."

"Which is west?" I ventured to ask.

"West is west," he surlily replied, all the time keeping a long lighted cigar between his teeth.

"I am a stranger, and would be much obliged if you would explain whether I am to go left or right."

"Left," he insolently snorted, and puffed a great whiff of smoke into my face.

That man wanted kicking.

Then again I have known them perfectly delightful, especially when a white man was in sight.

These children of nature have an amusing way of calling everyone "miss," and when there happens to be a mother and daughter in the same establishment, they will say "Miss Smith, m'arm," or "Miss Smith, miss."

It is very curious how not only the darkies but other people mix their grammar and use quaint words. For example, "Did you sleep good?"

"I feel good" (well).

"She made good" (meaning "she has been a success").

"He is shovelling coal" (meaning that he has died and gone to Hades).

"She sat down and buzzed to me."

"It is way down town."

"It stuck way out."

"He has a lovely disposition."

"Throwing bouquets at themselves" (blowing their own trumpets).

"Movies" (another title for cinematographs).

"I'll send a porter right back here."

"Come on back right here."

"I don't think he is coming any." One wonders why "any" should stand at the end of the sentence.

A house "to let" is called "for rent" or in Scotland "to feu."

"You can't squelch him" is American slang for "shut him up."

The white man who lives beside the black man — it matters not in what country — always refuses to assimilate with the lower race. It is so in Africa; it is so in the West Indies; it is so in the United States.

Coloured people are terribly superstitious. At the time of the awful Galveston storm, September, 1900, when more than eight thousand human beings met their death in a few hours, perishing cruelly by wind and wave, the dark population was petrified. Above the altar of St. Mary's Cathedral was a large wooden crucifix. The storm had torn down the wall behind it, but in some wonderful manner the enormous cross, when falling outwards, was caught, and hung there at an angle of forty-five degrees, a weird illustration of the lowering of the cross which the black thought an evil omen. I was in Galveston a few weeks later, and saw and heard many terrible tales. One darky, telling me how he left the death-stricken town, said :—

"Oh my, it was like getting out of hell !" And his simile was suggestive.

It is interesting to hear the old mammy singing to her baby at a street corner, or to watch her down on the wharf waiting with her pickaninnies to give her husband his dinner. The little black children gambol and frolic like young lambs, and the mother croons away at her quaint old coon songs.

There is something particularly melodious about their voices, and yet there is at the same time a sad ring in their intonation. Look at their coon songs, first introduced into London by that inimitable actor, Brandon Thomas,

whose name is best known as the author of "Charley's Aunt." They sing on all possible occasions, and are very fond of music in every form. They beat music out of an old tin can or a fiddle at a cake walk.

There is no doubt about it that darky blood is musical, though it has not produced any great musician, with the exception of the late Coleridge Taylor, whose works have been given at festivals all over the world, and yet died such a poor man. So badly the Arts are paid. He might have made more with a hawker's barrow.

"I must take you to Begué's," exclaimed a friend in New Orleans.

"And what may Begué's be?" I enquired, of course imagining that it was some quaint building in that charming old creole city, but it proved to be nothing of the kind.

"It is an eating-house," was the reply, "or rather, as it would doubtless prefer to be called nowadays, a restaurant."

The great meal of the week is on Sunday at twelve o'clock, and so popular has this *déjeuner* become that one has to procure seats some days in advance.

We arrived in a back street, and entered a small and by no means inviting doorway. It is quite near that attractive old French market which

is certainly one of the chief charms of New Orleans.

Up a curious wooden stairway we tumbled, into a dining-room. There was nothing imposing about it; a frugal place, truly, to which the term eating-house seemed quite appropriate, but despite its extreme simplicity everything was clean. At one long table people were seated, and immediately at the back was the kitchen from which most savoury odours emanated. So near was it that we could hear everything cooking, and the fried food literally hopped from the pan on to the plates before us. It reminded me of the sanded floor of the famous "Cheshire Cheese" in Fleet Street, but the old creole dining-room was still more primitive.

A fat, comfortable woman in a blue print dress and large white apron at once stepped forward; this was the renowned Madame Begué. By birth German, the good *Hausfrau* had studied the culinary art from her early days. Married to a Frenchman who was evidently an epicure, she and her husband by their united efforts made one of the most famous little eating-houses in the world.

Madame Begué knew my companion, — she was acquainted with everyone of note in New Orleans, — and in the most delightful effusive fashion shook hands with him, and at once took me to her

Drawn by Vernon Howe Bailey.

AN OLD SOUTHERN CHURCH

heart, so to speak, because I could talk German. She then proudly showed me her kitchen, which was quite a small place, chiefly composed of stove, but the brass pots shone so brilliantly, the lettuces looked so bright and green, the tomatoes so red, and everything was so well kept and orderly that the visit to the kitchen was appetising in itself.

Man has ever been the slave of his stomach, but since the days of epicurean Rome surely no calves' liver was ever so well cooked as in that creole kitchen. I still cherish its memory, and am apparently not alone in that opinion, for a would-be poet has written the following verses in Madame's visitors' book : —

> New York is noted for her bridge,
> Ohio for her river,
> Edison for electric lights,
> But Madame B. for liver.

But then this dish is Madame Begué's great specialty.

Eugene Field, the American poet, wrote in that famous book : —

> I'm very proud to testify
> The happiest of my days,
> Is March 11, '95,
> At Breakfast at Begué's.

After we were seated there was a great silence; we almost felt as if we were in church. No one

spoke above a whisper ; an air of expectation seized upon the guests. Suddenly a shrill whistle which almost made us jump from our seats rent the air. What was it ? Could it be a fire alarm or a negro rising ? It was nothing so troublesome ; merely the call of the *maître d'hôtel* to announce that the *déjeuner* was about to be served. Every course was heralded in the same weird fashion.

Sweetbread omelette and red snapper fish served with tomato sauce were wonderful, to say nothing of those stewed prawns which, in New Orleans, are four or five inches long.

"Mine host," in a white hat, with a white apron covering his ponderous form, was the butler, assisted by a couple of *garçons*, and after each course he came to enquire solicitously : —

"Madame, est-elle contente ?"

He was very fat and very good-natured, this smiling Frenchman, who found the plates so hot he could hardly hold them, and the little room was so small that when we were all seated there was not much room for Monsieur to pass behind his customers.

Bottles of red wine stood down the centre of the table, and were included in the menu in truly French fashion. The Begués could fill their dining-room over and over again every day, but thirty is their maximum ; they can cook for and superintend that number themselves, and no offer

of gold will tempt them to increase their gains or renounce their personal attention.

Formerly this old place was the dining haunt of ships' captains and wharfmen, and so it is still on week-days; but on Sundays it is the fashionable resort, and the swells of New Orleans and visitors from afar clamour for seats at that cheap and hospitable board.

The simplicity of the whole thing had a great charm, and the fact of being so near the kitchen meant that everything was served absolutely hot; but it was very funny to see the dear old fat lady appear at the kitchen door after every course was served, pan in hand, sleeves rolled up to the elbow, just to smile on everyone and receive their approbation before embarking on her next dish.

Inside the kitchen old darky women were washing plates.

CHAPTER XVII

Prairie Peeps

Many horsey things are exciting, but a drive behind a pair of smart American trotters will easily hold its own.

"Sit tight, say nothing, and I will make them spin," said my host.

And he did.

It was a glorious autumn day, and that wonderful river, the Hudson, was looking its best. The gold and yellow of the trees, deepening into darkest russet browns, the glorious reds of the sugar maples cannot be understood until they are seen, for verily, they are scarlet, cardinal red, or orange. The vivid green of other leaves, the high rocky headlands, the wide expanse of water, its small craft, barges, and bigger river steamers, all tend to make the Hudson attractive in what our American friends call the "Fall." They are right; it is the Fall, as the carpet of leaves lying on the ground testifies. Somehow, I was reminded of the wilder parts of Scotland — certainly not the heather and the pine, or even the bracken — they were missing. The beautiful colouring, the crisp

feeling in the air, and the bright sky overhead were there; only all more golden and more red, more vivid in hue. Running along the east bank of the river, where the rocks are not perpendicular, as they are on the other side (which is known as the Palisades), is a roadway, and here we went for our spin. Houses dot the lawns along the Hudson River, almost from New York to Albany, for it is a famous summer resort, and some of those houses are veritable palaces, owned by the rich millionaires of Yankee-land.

My host's portico possessed a double staircase which, curving down on either side to the carriage drive, ended opposite the porch door in a platform about three feet high, falling sheer. This arrangement is for getting into buggies or dogcarts, and by its means the occupant is not obliged to step up or down at all, but simply walks from the stone platform into the vehicle itself.

These American buggies are something peculiar to the country. They are so light and fragile to look upon, that one is amazed they do not fall to pieces, especially after a drive behind the famous trotters. The spindle wheels, of which there are four, have india-rubber tyres. The little seat is so small, it seems impossible that two grown people can occupy the same, while there is no place for a man behind, but a dear collie dog did scramble in, and by some wonderful proficiency

in the art of balance, kept his place till our return. Like ourselves, he evidently enjoyed the excitement, because as soon as the trotters came to the door, he jumped up behind, and was always most woebegone if told to come down, although his position, clinging on at the back, could hardly have been an enviable one.

Before us was a small splash-board, and in front of that again, a netted metal guard to keep back the mud ; it was really something like the guard I have sat behind in Norway, when sledging, to hold back the snow: these help to keep one clean, but are in no way efficient, as I soon learnt to my cost, by a big lump of mud getting into my eye.

The horses wear very little harness, no collar at all ; a strap for a breastplate, and instead of the bearing reins, they have another strap from the top of the head to the withers. This is to give the driver some purchase over them ; without it they would become utterly uncontrollable, and to help him in such an emergency, he has a couple of loops on the reins, through which he can pass his hands, and thereby gain still greater power in holding in the excited steeds. Once started off at their full pace, trotters cannot easily be pulled up ; therein lies the danger.

A pair of good trotters will cost as much as five thousand dollars ; so, as can readily be understood, they are a luxury. They certainly do not look

worth their value, for they are a weedy lot in appearance ; having long legs, long bodies, long necks, long tails, they seem composed of extremities, with very little body of a horse at all. The fact is, they are all muscle, and although so thin to look upon (they are a small stamp of horse from Kentucky) manage to eat more than any other breed.

Being comfortably tucked up with a rug in the buggy, and a golf cape to keep away the mud, we started. A minute or two, and we were out of the grounds on the Hudson River road. Away we spun. A good deal more is done in the management of these trotters, by word of mouth, than by the reins, and so splendidly are these animals trained that they obey, not instantly (for that is impossible with the pace), but gradually. To give some idea of the lightning speed at which a trotter can go, a mile has often been done in two minutes and four seconds along the "speedway," a drive outside New York, lying a little beyond Central Park. So wild a career as this, however, cannot be kept up, although a pair such as my host was handling would accomplish sixteen or eighteen miles an hour quite easily. Think of it ! Eighteen miles an hour behind a pair of horses. Of course, action is out of the question. They have no time for that sort of thing. They simply *go*, and one feels that they are going so fast it would be impossible to pull up in an emergency. Every

muscle in their bodies seems to work; they have barely time to switch their tails as they tear along.

It is a curious thing that in so great a sporting country as England fast trotters have never really been established, for England is the home of all sport, and the originator of most; but in this particular case the honour belongs to America, and its means of perfection also. Of course, the horses are trained, but they are always the descendants of trotters to begin with, and are at their best from four to nine years of age. Much depends on their speed, but much more on their lungs, for a horse which is not sound in the wind could never be trained to become a trotter at all.

On we flew past Yonkers, and through Irvington, the leaves falling from the trees like a veritable shower of gold, as the wind swept up the river. Who will deny that it was exciting? But somehow, in spite of the pleasure and the novelty, I felt that it was a terrible strain on the animals themselves. The jar of coming down upon the hard roadway at such a pace must be felt by them, and it cannot be good to tear along at such speed, although their condition was so perfect that they were, as I said before, without one superfluous ounce of flesh on their bodies, and they hardly turned a hair.

When we reached home, the dear old collie dog was still hanging on behind, and the trotters did not

look any the worse for their spin. There was no froth about their mouths, nor were their coats even damp, and they went off cheerfully to the stable, to be thoroughly well rubbed and blanketed.

America is to be congratulated upon her trotters, and an hour behind a smart pair of them is an experience worth remembering.

While writing of horses it may be as well to tell a little story that happened to the writer: One day, in New York, I was on Fifth Avenue, the only quiet, peaceable street in all that vast city, for it is not riddled with tram-car lines or overhead railways, and therefore one can cross the road without peril to life. It began to rain; I had no umbrella, and alas, was wearing my best hat. Every woman will sympathise, for we all treasure in our hearts the possession of a best hat. Standing in the doorway of a druggist's shop for some minutes, I watched the rain descending steadily, and there being no omnibus and no sign of one, I decided I should have to be extravagant — and in New York it is a veritable extravagance — and take a hansom home. Now, be it understood, a drug-store is not like ours in England; for, while one counter is given up to drugs, the other sells "soft drinks." Is this arrangement prophetic? Do they drink too many iced concoctions on the one side and require physic on the other? Anyway, the druggist seems to do a thriving trade, and both

branches prosper. Going up to a man at the iced-drinks counter, I ventured to ask: "Do you think I could possibly get a hansom cab?" He looked at me, and, seizing a tumbler in his hand, "No, ma'am," he said, "but I can mix you a horse's neck." He thought I was mad, and I thought he was rude, but after all it was nothing; for one of the soft drinks in America is called a "horse's neck," and, as I subsequently found, is extremely good. It is composed of ginger ale with the entire rind of a lemon, and well iced, and as the man thought my "hansom cab," was a drink, he imagined a "horse's neck" would do quite as well.

"Where are you going to, next?" a friend asked one day.

"Coss. Cobb. Conn."

"Where?"

"Coss. Cobb. Conn.," was my reply.

"What do you mean?"

"What I say. "Wyndy Goul." Coss. Cobb. Conn."

The interrogator looked surprised. But the address was correct, and my host and hostess were the author of "Wild Animals I Have Known," Ernest Thompson-Seton, and his brilliant wife.

Born in England, he was taken to America by his father at the age of six, and then sent

back to the land of his birth to be educated. He rambled, and tried his hand at many things. Then he began to lecture. I was at one of his early lectures in the Carnegie Hall, New York, in October, 1900. Mark Twain was beside me, and we went on to the platform afterwards. It was not much of a lecture; the hall was not very full, and the hero was just feeling his way. He has given hundreds, almost thousands of lectures since then, all over England and America, and his name is known to every boy and girl who loves animals. Thompson-Seton's success has come.

Mark Twain (Mr. Clemens) was a curious personality. I only saw him once or twice, but I always felt he owed far more to his wife than the world knew. After her death he never wrote another successful work. He chaffed Americans, and they loved him; but then he lived mostly abroad, so he did not have to explain personally what he meant by his little jokes.

Mr. Seton's "Wyndy Goul" is a home after the hunter's own heart. Thirty miles northeast of New York, the house stands on a small hill in a wood. It is an artistic place, with large open fireplaces and bearskins on the floors; but the walks around are the chief joy.

It was a few days before Christmas when I was there; four or five inches of ice covered the lake; but the sun shone, and when the wind dropped at

sundown, it seemed more like September than December.

Mr. Seton has many hobbies; one is his skunk yard, where he is breeding these queer little black furry beasts experimentally; the last thing at night, however cold or wet, he went out to feed and look after the welfare of his young families.

There is far more of the artist than the hunter in the appearance of the "Chief Scout of America." He is tall and thin, with dark hair, and penetrating dark eyes shaded by gold-rimmed glasses. It is a benevolent face, and one sees the gentle nature that turned its back on hunting big game, preferring to study the animals' habits in the wild, and then to paint or lecture about them, rather than shoot them.

That charming home, that motor-car, that little flat in New York, all the luxury and comfort, are earned by the fertile brain of this artist-writer of English origin and American habitation.

Mr. Seton is casual by nature, not to say a wee bit untidy; he can himself find what he wants in his big workroom, but to anyone else it is a chaos of skins and pictures, books or Indian dresses, stuffed birds or native beadwork; just a hunter's hodge-podge.

An excellent picture by Zorn of Mrs. Seton in her ride-astride dress stands on an easel. It reminded me of my first ride astride as a girl in

Iceland in 1886, and of the many thousands of miles I have traversed in that fashion since then. She has accompanied her husband on his rambles, and a big moose head in the dining-room fell to her rifle.

Just a short motor trip from the Thompson-Setons' home is a very wonderful place called Indian Harbor. The whole of Greenwich is famous for its beautiful homes. In fact it shelters many millionaires and multi-millionaires along the length of its shore from New York to Boston. Indian Harbor — which was built by Commodore E. C. Benedict, the banker — might be Amalfi, and as it appeared a few days before Christmas, with the sun shining upon the water, Long Island in the distance, and its beautiful Italian pergolas and the wonderful colouring of the clear sky, one felt it might have been Italy on a winter's day, instead of Connecticut.

Few American women have travelled as much about their own country as the writer. Many of them have never been outside their own state. I have spent days and nights going from one end of the United States to another, although I have not been farther west than Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas, or El Paso.

What contrasts the vast territory of the States presents. Compare the concentrated, overpacked

capsules of human life in New York with the diluted medicine draught in Texas, where the population is so meagre and widely dispersed that it is difficult to find a trace of the medicine at all. One hails with joy that delightfully interesting old pseudo-Spanish town San Antonio. Think of those miles and miles, and hundreds of miles of bleak, barren lands in Texas and Arizona. Sand, sand, nothing but sand, without a blade of grass pretending to grow and like a desert waste, never a tree — seldom a shrub — only cactus here and there for the beasts. Parts of the Argentine are quite as hideous, but there the land will grow anything, and yield five crops a year of alfalfa.

There are still millions of acres of undeveloped land — land not yet homogeneously settled; but how are the people to be established in the country when they prefer the squalor of the towns?

Think of the ugly little frame houses all made to one pattern, like children's Noah's Arks, and quite as weirdly painted, that may be found miles and miles apart. Some green, with great, gaunt white-rimmed eyes or windows; some with death-like apertures marked out in red. Tin roof, wooden roof, some balcony, no balcony; all young, raw, square; some cosy, some drear. Such are the homes often to be seen on the prairie, — no flowers, no gardens, no creepers growing up those naked walls, just hideous, hideous, hideous — in

which men, women, and children grind out their existence.

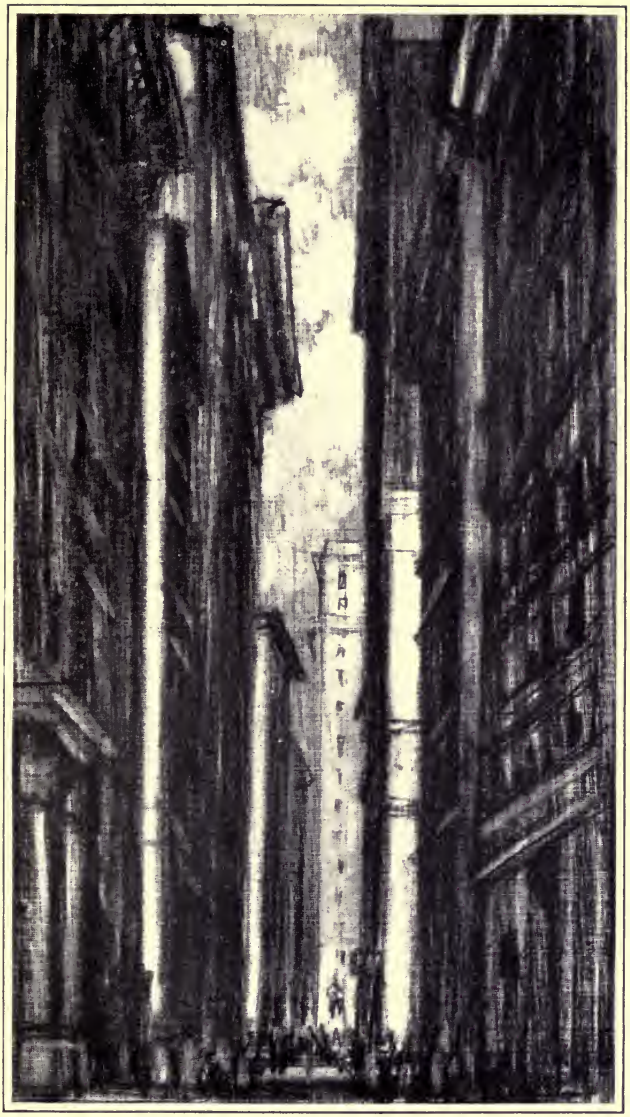
That wooden buildings are allowed in towns in the promiscuous way they are is surprising. Except in the heart of the city any sort of wooden shanty seems permissible, and yet one fire can sweep away acres of these Noah's Ark playhouses. Municipal councils appear as indifferent to the public good as sleeping car managers are to the hygienic condition of travellers.

One reads "Destruction of City by Fire," and in England we think of some fine city like Milan, or Barcelona, Hamburg, or Edinburgh, being swept away in a few hours; but we need not weep; it is more a subject for rejoicing. It means the sweeping away of ugly yellow, green, or red, wooden houses, built anyhow, in a hurry, and tumbled out on the world in the same kindly fashion that they are swept off again by flame.

These hideous little frame towns are spread all over America. Thirty years ago, Denver was one of them. Now, it is a fine city. Although the big cities begin to build stone houses, the small towns are all "prairie", and on prairie nothing else but a wooden homestead is known.

Everyone rises at daybreak and goes to bed when it is dark, to save oil.

The men are away in the saddle all day. It



From The New New York.

A Downtown Cañon in New York

Drawn by Joseph Pennell.

sounds so lovely, but ten or twelve hours of saddle work is mighty monotonous, and old ranch horses are not exciting. I've done it all myself, and galloped across the open prairies after the wild bulls when they were being caught for the ring.

They "round up cattle," count them again and again, brand them every year, make and mend corrals incessantly, go to market to buy or sell, and shoot something for the pot when chance offers. Anyway, the men have some diversion, some change of scene in the monotony of prairie life, even if they return home at dusk, bodily exhausted from the open air in this wild, healthy, unsettled, unintellectual ranch life.

Far-sighted people don't look for trouble.

But what of the women? My heart aches when I think of the women I have seen tens of miles from anywhere — gently born, daintily reared, strong, beautiful young American and English women, who have left their paternal homes, in which they have been surrounded by all the wealth and refinement of life, young girls who have gone off drawn by the glamour of love to drag out this weary lonesome life, where they become nothing but charwomen. The post comes once a week or less. Intellectual interest does not exist. Neighbours are seldom seen. Roads there are none, although the advent of motor-cars has brought people somewhat more together than formerly; but it is

a drear, lonesome life for a gentlewoman, and one that no man should lightly ask her to undertake.

Glorious sunsets, an occasional mirage, the everlasting croak of the grasshopper, and the weird wild cry of the coyote at night, are the music in the silence of this life.

The picturesque cowboy is no more, except in Mexico; the danger to life has practically passed, adventures seldom occur, and only dull monotony remains on the ranch, where the life of the prairie makes some characters and mars others. It is always a toss-up.

A ranch near a town is different; but few ranches are near towns, and then the loneliness and isolation for the woman is well-nigh intolerable. To read, continue her music or her singing, to keep her home even clean after the ravages of a dust-storm, all require heroic effort, where the daily routine of washing and mending, or cooking and scrubbing, wears her out bodily before the evening arrives. Only the strongest should attempt it; only a philosopher can endure it in contentment.

The women on the ranches are often real heroines. They strive to make the home civilised, they endeavour to keep it pretty and refined against enormous odds. And the ranches without a woman soon show to what depths of ruffianism men can descend in appearance — though not in heart — if there is no woman to keep them up to the mark.

Ranch life is for young blood, for the youth without ambition, and the wild young animal. It is not for a cultured woman. She pines away in the cage, or throws her culture to the winds, and becomes "one of them."

I remember a girl and three brothers. They had come out from a Lincolnshire parsonage; first, two brothers, and later the sister, and the youngest brother, when the home was dismantled.

"I do all I can," she said; "I try to keep up my music, and in return I insist that one night a week we shall all dress for dinner, and have a musical evening. I won't let the boys forget to be gentlemen, but they are so tired — we are all so tired, we can't do it often. But at Christmas and on birthdays, and on Sunday nights, we all dress up smart, and have a little social evening; then whenever a friend is handy we ask him to join us. It *is* an effort," she continued, "but it is worth it."

Slack ways which some men think a joke, some women think an insult. Courtesy in a man is a great gift.

I said men become uncouth. They don't shave — why should they? They let their hair grow long; why not? there is no one to cut it. They cease to wear linen collars, because there is nobody to wash or iron them. Besides, they wear out quickly and there is no shop from which they can replace them. College men lead these lives. They become

wild men of the woods to look upon, and some for amusement merely go to the nearest town to spend their time in the saloons, and let themselves go — but there are others, God bless them, who become more and more idealistic, more chivalrous, more manly, and when they meet a woman, treat her as a queen. I have met such men; their hearts ache, but they nurse their ideals. To such men, such refined natures, ranch life is hell. They are veritable heroes, for they cling to all that is best. It is a hard life, with poor pay, and they just rot away and die.

The far-away sound of the engine and the bell, as the locomotive draws her heavy load of Pullman cars or freight waggons across the desert, is the only sound of life, as the two trains a day pass over the prairie.

Ranch life is romantic in books: but it so often leads to nothing save emptiness of pocket and loneliness of soul.

It is really a necessity that houses should be built of wood on the prairie, because bricks or concrete are unprocurable though wood was once cheap. Yes, *was once;* yes, once, hence wooden fences and wooden houses, but the forests have been cut down, and nothing has been planted instead, so wire fencing is employed to-day. Frame houses themselves have become more expensive, and every form of wooden decoration and porch is therefore tabooed.

Men cut the trees down ruthlessly. Someone said they used four hundred and fifty feet of lumber a year per inhabitant in the United States, as against sixty feet in Europe. As they are tearing down at this pace, and four fifths of the timber in the States is in private hands, it is about time for the Government to intervene, and see that the rainfall and climate of the country is properly protected through its timber. In Switzerland and France the handling of private forest lands is protected by the State, so that the individual may not injure the public welfare. America will have to do the same. Wake up, Brother Jonathan; you are napping again, and letting single individuals go to sleep at your expense.

It is rather amusing to hear the Americans talk about their woods and forests. As a rule, these "forests" do not contain trees in our sense of the word, but merely saplings. We should not even call them woods. They are just wild plantations, the average trees of these forests being, perhaps, a foot in circumference, except, of course, in the wondrous Yellowstone Park or such districts. Another term which the Britisher might consider misapplied is "hunting the duck and shooting the fox." When a man goes out duck shooting, he calls it hunting, and strange as it may appear, the fox is not hunted or chased in America, except in Virginia, but battalions of people sally forth

with a certain number of dogs, each gun being stationed at some particular point, and as the dogs chase the fox before them, the man shoots it with the gun. So they call it "shooting the fox, and hunting the duck".

"I am going hunting," is a remark one constantly hears in England; it conveys the impression of Monsieur Reynard and a pack of hounds. But "I am going hunting," means nothing of the kind in America. It means shooting with a gun, or, as the Americans call it, "a hunting gun". They take a hunting dog with them, not a pointer or a setter, and apparently the most usual way of enjoying the sport is to join a "Hunting and Fishing Club", which raises pheasants for its members, ensuring to each so many days' sport. It is not uncommon to pass posts on which are the words, "Hunting forbidden" (meaning shooting), with the same notice written below in Italian, "*E vietate cacciare.*" These Italian words indicate the enormous influx of those people into the country, showing that they are sufficiently numerous to necessitate warnings in their native lingo. On the electric railways similar notices may also be found in Italian not to touch the "live" rail. Travelling through the country in America, where the distances are so vast, is often like travelling in a wilderness. Travelling in Britain, where the distances are so small, is like one continuous garden.

Across the Atlantic one misses the parks and country-seats ; one misses those dear little thatched cottages, alas, so rapidly disappearing from our midst, just as the gamekeeper's velveteen jacket has already vanished.

Almost every inch of England, Germany, France, and Austria is cultivated. Tens of thousands of miles in America are uncultivated. The soil would not yield anything. Cattle can barely keep alive upon it, and four or five acres of grass are often required for each beast.

Change is recreation, and it is a change and a recreation to leave the overstocked, overcultivated lands of Europe, for the understocked, undercultivated prairies of the Western States. How many good people there are in the world, and how few interesting ones, is a reflection driven home with the force of a sledge-hammer, in the wilds. Goodness is so often negative. One can behave disgracefully, too, in a negative way, by not doing or saying the right thing at the right moment.

Is there any city anywhere that decreases in size ?

Wherever one goes in Europe, Asia, Africa, or America, every township seems to have grown enormously in ten years. All these new people are not born there ; many of them have come from the land. The land itself must be made more attractive, it must render better payment eventually, or

it will only be inhabited by the weak-brained, strong-bodied, animal man and woman, while the towns will increasingly call for the brighter minds, the intellectual pushers, who gradually deteriorate and fall out in the struggle for bread, that goes on unceasingly in the life of a vast city. Practically all cities grow. We, who live in any particular town, think it grows faster, and better, and greater than any other city all the world over. Nothing is so big that some place is not bigger in some way or other. Each land, each city, each nation, has its good and its bad. The great thing is to learn toleration, and acquire the art of gentle comparison and emulation.

Talking of cities, St. Louis wafts two recollections to my mind: a blizzard and an exhibition.

An American blizzard once experienced will never be forgotten. The wind was so awful, the snow was so blinding, the hurly-burly was so hideous, that it was almost impossible to enter the hotel through double sets of doors. A great strong porter hauled me from the cab, and holding me by the arm, ran me into the hostelry.

American weather is certainly extreme. It is extremely beautiful, clear, bright, invigorating; or it is extremely bad, and blizzards and rains, as the Irishman would say, "like the very devil".

Dare it be acknowledged that an Englishwoman passed through St. Louis when the Exhibition was

in full fling, and did not get out of her car to look at it? One exhibition is much the same as another, and having seen two or three in Paris and London, being also alone, on a six days and six nights continuous travel from Chicago to Mexico, I was content to look at the buildings from the train in the early morning light, and I probably have the honour of being the only lunatic who passed through the "greatest Exhibition in the World," — for, of course, being in America, it must have been the greatest, — and did not descend from her car. When I returned, St. Louis treated me to a blizzard as a punishment.

Kansas City was kinder. The sun shone, and Kansas City is going fast ahead.

In 1900, Houston, Texas, was an awful spot, but even such an uninviting place as Houston is now a thriving inland cotton port; just as Galveston is to-day shipping hundreds of thousands of bales of cotton yearly, for Galveston rebuilt its hideous wooden houses, and is flourishing again.

The Mississippi valley is a wonderful place. I remember that great wide river with its curious boats laden with cotton, and the darkies handling the bales. So few of us realise that the Mississippi River is navigable for two thousand five hundred miles, and that its tributaries drain over forty per cent of the United States, while the waters from thirty states are pouring into its lower reaches.

It is this vastness of America that is so amazing, this great size, this great wealth of water power and water transport, that impress the stranger. We appreciate it all until we are told "it is the biggest in the world".

Painting the lily spoils the flower.

CHAPTER XVIII

Wonderful Washington

Of course the United States, being "the greatest place on God's earth", and its President, "the greatest power in the world", according to the idea of most Americans, it would be mighty presumptuous to suggest that so large a country is badly handicapped by such a short term of office.

It appears to the "foreigner" that for the first year the new President is busy giving office to his numerous friends and followers, and generally finding his way about. The second and third years he begins to stand on his own feet, so to speak, and the fourth year he spends his time in struggling hard to keep on them. So that at the end of four years, when he is of the most value to his country, he has to go. Therefore, only about half the time of his office really counts. From Canada to the Gulf of Mexico, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the country is upheaved every four years. There is a sort of "general post"; even Judges — except those splendid men in the United States Supreme Court — go out of office. Is this unrest, this instability, good for any land; does it lead to honesty or discourage place seekers?

The entire régime, even the servants at the White House, are changed. Black domestics succeed white domestics, and even Mrs. President has to put her house in order, instead of its being kept going like a large, well-organised hotel in which Mr. and Mrs. President become the principal guests for the short term of four years.

No, out go the servants, out goes the organisation; everything must be new, everything strange; every experiment has to be gone through over again both by the head of the administration and his spouse.

For instance, the Roosevelts had white servants. The Tafts had black ones, and so on.

A presidentship of seven years' duration might promote more restfulness and would probably give better results; at least, so thinks an alien.

The Lord Mayor of London steps into a ready-made establishment. The servants (except his own private ones) belong to the Mansion House where plate, linen, silver, secretaries, and regulations are all ready waiting; so neither the Lord Mayor nor the Lady Mayoress has to bother with such details.

Not so at the White House; there all is change, everlasting change and experiment.

Why do people abuse that White House?

The White House, so often ridiculed, is really a very charming place; or rather it appears even more

Drawn by W. K. Haselden. Reproduced by permission of the London Daily Mirror.

WHY AMERICANS FIND LONDON DULL

charming than it is because it is set back in a small park, and the double carriage drive and the trees show off its Greek stone pillars to advantage. It has a frontage about one third of that of Buckingham Palace, but is without the courtyards at the back; and it is just the nice large comfortable handsome house of a private gentleman. It is not regal, although the two tall darky butlers, who fling back the doors, give an air of regality to the scene; and the suites of rooms are imposing enough when Mrs. President dispenses tea before a large open log-fire.

Portraits of former Presidents by indifferent artists do not add æsthetically to the rooms, though they are, no doubt, of great interest to the people.

The Lord Mayor of London and the President of Mexico receive about the same income, viz. ten thousand pounds ($50,000) a year. The President of the United States now receives nearly double that sum. Even this is not a fortune to work on, as they are often poor men, and they have many calls on their money, while public entertaining swallows much of the income.

General Diaz lived at his simple castle on the rock of Chapultepec, or his private home at Cadena Street, like a dignified citizen. He had a guard of soldiers, it is true, and aides-de-camp, but his life was unobtrusive, and he often walked or rode

alone in the streets. After thirty-five years of office, he left his country a very poor man.

The Lord Mayor of London has no soldier guard, but he also is a private individual, and the fine old Mansion House — run for him while he controls our City limits — he tenants for a year only.

The poor President of the United States of America is head of nearly a hundred millions of people, and in such a short spell of office, he never gets time to settle down. His home is quite in keeping with his means, and now that it is all done up in fine Georgian style inside, it is a very charming home, too. The rooms display good taste, dignity, and space. Whoever re-decorated them is certainly to be congratulated on having banished those awful yellow brocades of Mr. Roosevelt's day.

I like the White House both inside and out.

Several attempts have been made to turn this Presidential Residence into a sort of Royal Palace; and women have been known to curtsey to the President as though he were Royalty. Invitations from the White House are seldom refused, being considered in the light of a royal command; but all this is rather absurd in a Republic, which should be Republican in this respect above all things. After a very pleasant chat with two successive Presidents, I cannot imagine anybody less likely to desire a woman's curtsey. Both were

delightfully hearty, frank, impetuous, enthusiastic men, to whom conventionality must have been a bore almost beyond endurance, and yet there are those in Washington who want to tie up Society in all the red tape of Court life.

Society in Washington is delightful; but it is very rigid, although it is sometimes asked to accept some strange folk among the diplomatic circles.

It is difficult to draw comparisons between Society in England and America. The best is always the best in every land, and so much like its neighbour, that there is little to choose between either.

Personally I had a lovely time, thanks to the kindness of the President and Mrs. Taft, Ex-President Roosevelt, the British Ambassador and Mrs. Bryce, the Attorney-General and Mrs. Wickersham, the Speaker and Mrs. Champ Clark, Major and Mrs. Sydney Cloman, Captain and Mrs. Gibbons (Annapolis), Captain and Mrs. Simpson, Hon. John Barrett, Hon. Charles and Mrs. Fairbanks, the late Hon. John and Mrs. Hay, Mr. and Mrs. Allerton Cushman, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Willert (of the *London Times*), Major Leonard, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Walker, Mrs. Ely, Mr. and Mrs. Arsène Pujo, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Carter, Professor Willis Moore, Mr. John Griffiths the brilliant American Consul-General in London and his wife, Señor Algarra,

Mr. Maurice Low, Mr. and Mrs. George Becker, Madame O'Kabe.

The best Society in America is to be found in Washington, the most cosmopolitan and beautiful city in the States. Of course, Boston claims to be the intellectual centre, just as Washington aspires to harbour the *élite* of Society. It is a social world — a world literally; for every nationality is represented among the Embassies, and thus it ceases to be American, and is thoroughly cosmopolitan. There are no great business concerns, there is no gambling as in Wall Street or in the Pit; nearly everyone living there has a government salary or belongs to a profession. There is great wealth, too, because the western millionaires have bought or built vast homes in Washington, and go there for the season. Many of them have bought themselves into Congress, too; for politics in America are not all they should be as regards bribery and corruption.

Speaking roughly, Washington Society is distinctly political. It has not any great *salon*, nor any woman who is a leader, although nearly all the women there are interested in politics; and it is in every way a political centre, just as Boston is unmistakably literary. Then again New York and Chicago are distinctly business strongholds. Both have a flavouring of art and literature which has progressed rapidly within the

last few years, but business predominates, and politics are in the background.

It seems so strange that no American woman has so far been able to form a *salon*. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, in England and France, *salons* were at their height. In the nineteenth century they lingered on in England, though in France they fell with the Empire. In London, in Edinburgh, in Dublin, and some smaller towns there are women to-day who by sheer individuality attract people to their homes. It is easy enough for the rich to open a restaurant; but it requires less food and more brains to maintain a *salon*. There are women in London — great political leaders — who entertain lavishly, and there are women with small homes where everybody who is *anybody* can be met.

The moment anyone who is *no one* frequents a house, someone who is *someone* ceases to go.

Over the tea cups, diplomats, authors, painters, actors, men and women of brains, can be found in those drawing-rooms. Large subjects are discussed in small *salons*. England and Germany are producing the greatest thinkers of the day, but in the matter of *salons* Germany is far behind, because her women are not yet as advanced as the women of England or America.

America ought to have her *salons;* but she has not. Why?

A smiling welcome from a good hostess, useful introductions between suitable people, a little trouble and much tact, and the thing is done, provided the men coöperate. In America, till now, the men have failed to do so.

The bulk of the people, the mass, take no interest whatever in politics. They are far, far less concerned in them than Europeans, and people who are keen, are keen over a dozen different things. They ran three distinct candidates for the Presidency in 1912, and several hundreds of under-men for subordinate posts. Everyone seemed to have a different opinion on every subject, and on every individual. There is certainly little concentration and much indifference.

The British workingman is far more alive to the government of his country and himself than the American.

There is a curious resemblance between Mr. Taft of the Republican platform and Mr. Roosevelt of the Progressive one. Both men have a sense of humour in their speeches, they have twinkling eyes, prominent noses, double chins, broad foreheads, and are of heavy bulk; in fact, the physical resemblance between these two men is quite striking. Whether the atmosphere of the White House influences its Presidents the writer knows not, but they both have the same geniality, the same cheer-

fulness, the same jolly, hail-fellow-well-met manner that is so pleasing to the stranger.

They are neither of them orators, but both are forceful speakers. They take their audience into their confidence and proceed to have a little friendly cheerful chat. Their minds are quick and their words ready. They both speak with broad American accents, and again we must repeat that in method, style, and looks, on the platform there is a strange likeness between these two men who were once such friends, and later such bitter enemies.

It is mighty hard to climb the little stool of repentance.

Speaking of Roosevelt, a man once said to me: —

"He is a demigod with only one idea, and that one idea is himself. He is wrapped in egoism, and that egoism is Roosevelt. He is undoubtedly a humanitarian, but his ideals are lost in the *Ego* which blinds him. He is the greatest psychological study of the age. He was the autocrat of the White House, and its demigod. He may come up again for election with only his own individuality and personality for his party. The Progressive party is merely another spelling for the word 'Roosevelt.'"

Another time I asked a darky what he thought of Mr. Roosevelt. "I never knew any man make

so many soap-suds and do so little washing," was his reply.

"Roosevelt is dangerous because Roosevelt is able," said a third.

Another man called him "the boy President, because he is so irresponsible, ingenuous, and has the enthusiasm of youth. He has never probably earned a dollar in his life, and, it is said, was the first President from Washington onwards, who was not a man of affairs."

"Roosevelt has awakened every conscience in the United States except his own," said a woman.

Everyone had something to say about him in 1912; and he certainly was deeply beloved by many and cordially hated by some.

If the conversation could evade blood pressure, it invariably turned to Mr. Roosevelt.

"Wilson, of course, is a well-equipped scholar," some one remarked, "but he must remember our President is only one of a group. The Cabinet settles the policy of the party, and whether Mr. Wilson's Cabinet will uphold all Mr. Wilson's ideas remains to be seen."

Philosophical politics are extinguished by Democracy.

And what shall a stranger say of the latest experiment in Presidents?

Woodrow Wilson is an educator, scholar, thinker, historian, a student of man and of man's living

conditions. At Princeton University he was a leader and director of college boys. Will he be able to lead and direct the grown-up boys of America ?

It was Whittier, was it not, who wrote "that men are only grown-up boys."

It is interesting to note that Woodrow Wilson was the first man to be made President of the United States, who, up to the moment of his inauguration, was universally known and referred to as "Doctor," this title being in recognition of his *scholarly* attainments. This in itself was a unique and eloquent circumstance, flattering to the country.

It is indicative of a desire on the part of the United States to select as their chief magistrate, a man not only sound of character, clever of purpose, and of resolute courage, but signally known for his mental attainments and culture, in striking contrast to past presidential selections from soldiers, lawyers, and politicians. All Europe applauded, and regardless of the policies or the politics of the man chosen, congratulated the States on the type of man now elected to such high office. It would seem as though certain high — perhaps new — standards of presidential qualifications had been set, and that in the selection of Dr. Wilson for the office these standards have been fully met.

Honest, strong in spirit and mentality, he is

without the practical experience of a statesman. True, but will that prove a disadvantage? The President of to-day, by title "doctor," is expected to decide upon the exact nature of national disorders, ascertain the proper treatment, or operation, necessary to bring about the cure, and finally to put into effect the treatment or operation required. This is the Herculean task which confronts the new, "scholar President."

All doctors like to prescribe, and with his splendid preparation, courage, newly acquired power, and the pressure of the Democratic party with its demands and howls for change and reform, will he be able to resist the temptation to try and set things right too quickly by special treatment? Or will he be wise enough, strong enough, big enough, to realise that he must work through the people, all the people, big and little, rich and poor, powerful or weak, rather than by means of drastic legislation, in order to effect a substantial and lasting improvement in the existing national evils of to-day.

Dr. Woodrow Wilson made a wonderful appeal to business men after his election, and before taking up office. He asked for their coöperation and honest counsel. He spoke the words of a statesman pleading for justice, and asking for assistance — they were not the words of a demagogue.

"We must see to it that the business of the

United States is set absolutely free of every feature of monopoly."

Again he said: "Life is a little thing. Life lasts only a little while, and if it goes out lighted by the torch of glory, it is better than if it had lasted upon a dull level a thousand years."

In that speech made in Chicago in January, 1913, on business, President-Elect Wilson appealed directly to the managers of big business interests for their support in the work of the nation which he was so soon to undertake. This was gratifying and leads one to believe that, in spite of the great power placed in his hands, the tremendous pressure of his party, and the temptation to effect an immediate cure, the good "Doctor" will be sagacious enough to move slowly and with caution, enlisting the sympathy and assistance of the "big interests" as well as the small, with the probability of arriving at his goal. May his hard hits at big corporations awaken individualism and enterprise again. The tariffs enable monopolists to organise, and it is the tariff he singles out for attack.

May good fortune go with him.

Next to Dr. Woodrow Wilson comes William Jennings Bryan, now Secretary of State.

There is no doubt that Bryan is strong and forceful. I was very much struck by the fact when I heard him speak in Madison Square, where

he walked from one platform to another to deliver his addresses to the greatest possible number of people. But it was a curious thing for a Secretary of State to make his first speech to show how another country — viz. England — should govern Ireland.

What a contrast !

One day to see all the pageant and display of the opening of the Houses of Parliament in Ottawa by His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, and hear his splendid reading of the Speech from the Throne ; and twelve days later, to hear Mr. Taft's speech read in Washington.

Luck brought me to Ottawa on November 21, 1912. On that day the Parliament of King George V was opened by his Representative and Uncle at the Senate House in that town.

I suppose I had not thought much about it before, and, therefore, it came as a surprise that anything so regal, so impressive, so redolent of London itself, could be possible outside the capital of the Empire. It chanced to be a beautiful day. The snow had gone, the sun was shining brilliantly, the whole air was gay. The Senate Chamber is about the same size as our House of Lords ; and is also covered in red. At the end, on the daïs, almost a facsimile, though not quite so grand as that at Westminster, were the Chairs of State, on which the Duke and Duchess of Connaught sat during the

ceremony; for His Royal Highness read his Speech from the Throne sitting, although he raised his plumed hat every time he addressed the "Gentlemen of the Senate" or the "Gentlemen of the House of Commons."

On the "floor of the House" sat the officials with their wives, in full evening dress, at half-past two in the afternoon. One might have been in London; the women were so well gowned, they were so pretty, their manners so nice, and the general air of everything was so smart. I had no idea there was so much wealth, or so much similarity to a great English function, to be seen in Canada.

The entrance of the Royal people was regal. The Duchess rested her hand on that of the Duke in exactly the same way as the Queen of England rests her hand on that of the King, as she proceeds with dignified step along the Royal Gallery to the House of Lords. I have several times seen this function from the former, though not being a Peeress, I have not had the honour of witnessing the rest of the ceremony in the House of Lords itself, where only Peers or Peeresses or officials have seats. The Duchess's train was carried by two pages in royal red, and the *cortège* was heralded, although the real heralds were not there, and followed by the various members of the suite. She was smiling bravely although only just off a bed of sickness. How brave royalty are.

It was certainly impressive. Two things, however, struck me as lacking. One, the depth of the obeisance of the ladies; in Great Britain we curtsey much lower to Royalty. The second thing was the entrance of both men and women to their seats after the proceedings had begun. This seemed to show a little want of respect. Just as people are shut out at concerts during the performance of the music, surely the same should apply to all those who are not in their seats at the appointed time for a State ceremony. That, and a murmur of voices during the proceedings, showed an absence of etiquette — even good manners. Otherwise the whole proceeding was impressive; the interest of the people, the crowds who had flocked to enjoy the spectacle from the galleries and also outside, the delightful tones in which His Royal Highness read his Speech, the calm, manly dignity of his bearing, and also his charming pronunciation when he repeated the entire Speech from the Throne, word for word, in the French language. It seems that the Duchess of Connaught is an excellent French scholar, and speaks that language almost like a native. The Governor-general is not quite so fluent, but his accent is extraordinarily good, especially so for an Englishman. It was a very gay scene, very pretty, and very dignified.

With the punctuality of Kings, their Royal Highnesses arrived at the exact moment, and

everything was done to time. What a pity it is that there is not a little more reverence in the United States. There is no doubt a pageant impresses, demands respect, and is a very good thing for everybody. Besides, in the heart of hearts of every man and woman, pageantry and display are loved. We all love pageants; we all love show, just as we have within our inmost hearts some hankering after religion, some faint tinge of superstition, and some form of ideal. We may pretend to be prosaic, we may like to be thought materialistic; yet in some degree or other we are all idealists, dreamers, and lovers of the beautiful.

Shyness often prevents our better instincts having full play. We strangle what is best in us.

Twelve days after that royal function in Ottawa, I was present when Congress met at Washington. The President does not sit in the House. He holds Cabinet meetings at the White House.

Mr. Taft's message to Congress was read, in a dull, monotonous voice. No one seemed to listen; the reader appeared desirous of scrambling through as quickly as possible. Anything more unimpressive cannot be imagined.[1]

[1] April 8, 1913, Dr. Wilson threw down all precedent and read his own address in the Lower Chamber. He mounted the rostrum with his Vice President and Mr. Champ Clark on either side. Much cheering, and then a complete and stately silence, while he read the shortest speech ever given to Congress from a President.

Some points from Mr. Taft's last Message Reviewing Foreign Relations and the New Diplomacy were as follows: —

"Declares United States' foreign policy should be raised above partisanship, and that this Government should present a united front to the world in conducting its foreign relations.

"Points to reorganisation of State Department as a big step forward in strengthening our diplomatic resources.

"Renews recommendations for legislation making permanent the merit system in the Diplomatic and Consular Service.

"Wants Government-owned buildings for residences and offices of our diplomatic officials.

"Reviews triumphs of United States' mediation, and expresses regret over failure of two arbitration treaties.

"Discusses relations with China, and with Central and South American Republics, and Knox's recent journey of good-will.

"Cities' increase of foreign trade as result of new diplomacy.

"Reviews claims and fisheries arbitration with Great Britain.

"Says United States has maintained neutrality in connection with two wars in the Near East.

"Urges merchant marine and American banks and newspapers in other fields as means of stimulating commercial activity with foreign countries.

"Declares opening of Panama canal will work a new era in our international life, and this nation must meet the situation in a manner befitting its high ideals."

Anything more tame than the opening of that Congress, December, 1912, it would be impossible to imagine.

The country had been in a turmoil for months. The boiling bubbles had cooled by election night when Woodrow Wilson gained the seat, and all interest in the party leaving office was as dead as a herring within twenty-four hours. Congress met within a month after election. Mr. Taft was still President, and poor Mr. Taft and his following had to remain in power, without power so to speak, all December, January, and February, until the new *régime* stepped into office in March. The whole thing was like a coach without a driver. It was moribund. There was no bubbling enthusiasm, nor even life. There was a general air of carelessness, a go-as-you-please attitude. This Republican party had been strenuous for sixteen years. It had nothing to lose now and everything to gain, when once really in opposition.

The Democrats had come into power. They would take up complete possession with the new President four months later; the tension would then begin. It is often easier to gain a reputation than to hold one.

"Will the much-talked-of tariff revision come into effect?

"What about anti-trust legislation?

"The restrictions of immigration?

"Will intoxicants be allowed in dry territory?

"Will six-year Presidents without chance of reëlection be passed?

From The New New York.

NEW YORK FROM THE UPPER BAY
Drawn by Joseph Pennell.

Drawn by W. K. Haselden. Reproduced by permission of the London Daily Mirror.

WHAT AN AMERICAN CANDIDATE HAS TO SPEAK AGAINST

"Will income taxes be introduced and even salaries be taxed ?"

All these things had been shrieked loudly from end to end of the States for months, and yet at the opening of Congress there did not seem to be a single man present whose voice could speak above a whisper.

An hour and a half after the opening of Congress a strange thing happened. A great and important, and at the same time a curious, case came on : a Federal Judge was tried by the Senate, which organised itself into a Court of Impeachment after the opening ceremony. He had been impeached by the House of Representatives. A crowd filled the galleries to see such an unusual spectacle as a Judge on trial charged with grave offences rendering him unfit to hold office. It was only the ninth time in the history of the Republic that such a thing had happened.

Solemnly the Judge marched in with a host of Counsel. Everyone had to be sworn. Everyone looked very solemn ; but the proceedings were long-drawn out and lasted many weary days — the subjects varying from railroads to land sales, coal, loans, promissory notes, and other technical things. All America was agog with interest.

The Judge and his solicitors and friends sat in a row in front of the House, the Speaker being in the chair.

To my mind, and I was only a bird of passage, Mr. Elihu Root was far the most important politician I saw in Washington. Tall, thin, grey, he impressed me deeply as he stood fighting the Panama tolls, appealing to the nation to stand by their treaty and keep their promise to Great Britain. Mr. Choate, one of the most able ambassadors America ever sent to the Court of St. James, took the same stand. Mr. Roosevelt said apropos of this, "A promise to arbitrate is worthless unless we mean to keep it on the precise occasions when it is unpleasant for us to do so."

"Will international arbitration be the end of war?" one asks oneself again and again. Ah—*Quien sabe?*

I was kindly invited to luncheon by Speaker and Mrs. Champ Clark. Mr. Champ Clark, it will be remembered, was nearly made President of the United States. He took me to the Speaker's gallery, and left me with his wife to see the proceedings opened. It was interesting to hear a debate in Congress. The chamber is much larger than our House of Commons, and every man not only has a seat, but a little desk.[1] In this House there are only four hundred and thirty-five members; in the Upper House (Senate) there are ninety-six. The Senate is about the same size as the House of Lords, and there is ample room

[1] Benches have since been substituted for the desks.

for many more senators. But Congress has fewer representatives than our House of Commons, where there are six hundred and seventy members, if I mistake not; our floor space is limited, for there is no room for these men all to get a seat at the same time, and they have no desks.

We are over-represented; America is under-represented. In Great Britain every thirteen or fourteen thousand people have a representative; in America every two hundred and fifty thousand people have a member.

There is a certain everyday calm dignity in the House of Commons (except when they forget themselves and have a vulgar and distressing row) that does not exist in the American House. All British members sit down or loll in their seats, except when they are actually speaking. In Washington they seem to wander about most of the time, sit and dangle their legs, or lean on the desks; messenger boys ply to and fro; in fact there is so much hubbub going on, on the floor, that it is almost impossible to hear what any speaker is saying. It is a very go-as-you-please affair, but they are never so rude as to boo any one down.

The authorities are very polite to the general public. There are splendid galleries for the people, large and comfortable, and women take their seats therein among the men. They are treated as ordinary human beings and not like wild beasts,

relegated or hidden away behind a wooden cage, as in our House of Commons; nor put in a pen where they cannot see, as in the House of Lords.

British women do much political work; they do it because they are interested, and keen, and often speak well, and yet are treated politically as of no account. American women rarely do any political work at all and yet are welcomed as human beings.

There was a constant murmur from the gallery, which — combined with the ceaseless moving about downstairs, the incessant chatting among themselves, the nonchalant air of the members, and the general want of attention — does not give a dignified picture, nor impress one with the idea that the laws of a vast continent are being made by these restless gentlemen. The proceedings, which last generally from twelve o'clock till five, begin in the same way as ours, with a prayer, and the pastor in this case was blind. We once had a blind Postmaster-General in the House of Commons and his widow, Mrs. Henry Fawcett, is our most esteemed suffrage leader; Washington has a blind chaplain in Congress.

After an hour's debate, very little of which I was able to hear, we went to the Speaker's private room; a fine, big, comfortable abode, with delightful easy-chairs and a beautiful view. Then we proceeded downstairs to his dining-room, where twenty of us enjoyed his hospitality at

luncheon. The porcelain made me feel particularly at home as it was prettily decorated with Scotch thistles. A predecessor in office had been a Scotchman, and had left his mark upon the china. All the china in the House of Commons in England is decorated with the arms of Westminster in the form of a portcullis.

Mr. Champ (short for Beauchamp) Clark has a wonderful head, white hair, a fine nose, and strong mouth. In fact, his head is very striking. He would have made a splendid ornament to the presidential chair, and is much more dignified and quieter in manner than Mr. Roosevelt or Mr. Taft.

The United States pay their members of the House of Representatives $7500 a year, or about £1500 a year. Alas and alack, we now pay our English members four hundred pounds per annum, and with the advent of paid politics the whole tone of our House has changed. Corrupt practices creep in with paid politics. Instead of men giving up their lives to their country and studying political economy and history with the object of going into Parliament, instead of the House being filled by some of the best and most cultured brains of the country and with disinterested patriotic men, we shall now have members to whom four hundred pounds a year is a fortune, and the whole tone of the House of Commons will be altered.

At the present moment there are no darky

members in the House of Representatives, but there have been on different occasions. It is strange that more have not been able to gain admittance, but then there are few brains equal to Booker Washington's among their number, although their status is considerably improved since Mr. Roosevelt invited that gentleman to luncheon with him at the White House.

When anything is to be put to the vote in Congress, it is often settled *viva voce* by the members standing and being counted by the Speaker; but when there is any uncertainty as to the result, or too large a number of members for this proceeding are present, there is a roll call and the members answer to their names "Aye" or "No."

In England, only members of the Cabinet and secretaries have a room to themselves, but in Washington every member of Congress (both Houses) has his own private study. It is really a necessity because many of these men live three or four days' journey away from the capital, and consequently during the session at Washington they must have somewhere to keep their papers and do their work. Thus it is that they are allowed these charming workshops.

How different: the calm, quiet dignity of the opening of the Canadian Parliament by the uncle of a Royal King, and the indifference and go-as-you-please reading of the Speech of the

President of the United States at Washington; and then the absolutely callous indifference to duty in the Argentine.

Ten weeks later still I was in Buenos Ayres (February 18, 1913). It was a great day, because it was the last possible moment for a ratification of an important convention with Italy, and a Special Ambassador had already sailed for Europe.

A few minutes before four o'clock the British Minister (Sir Reginald Tower) and I drove up to the palace of marble. The Buenos Ayres Congress Hall, called *Camera de Congresso*, is to my mind the most beautiful modern building I have ever seen. It is not as big as the Capitol at Washington, nor as wonderful in design as the House of Commons in London. But it is white and clean and majestic. It is dignified, and exactly suited to a warm climate and brilliant sun.

That mysterious little ticket which diplomatists carry soon gained admission to the special box; but lo, the Chamber of Deputies was empty.

There were the dark red leather seats, — unoccupied. Every little table had a palm-leaf fan resting on the blotting-pad, but no one was sipping tea, which is the custom, it seems. The moment a man rises to speak, he is given tea.

The public sit in boxes; several of them had occupants. The press was ready; but the floor

of the House was empty. For weeks they had been trying to get a quorum. Day after day whips had been issued far and wide, to some of the highest-paid members of Parliament in the world, requesting them to do their duty. These men receive £1500 a year each, but they were too busy bathing and gambling at Mar del Plata, their great South American watering-place, or attending to their estancias, to return to attend to their public work. It was indeed a comic situation. Neither patriotism, telegraphic whips, shame of drawing a salary for nothing, or threats of force could collect a quorum of fifty-one members out of a hundred and twenty. Dr. Palacios moved that the police should fetch the absentees. He spoke of national disgrace, that the honour of the country was compromised, and so on.

There we sat. No one did anything. Nothing happened, and so a great national question was left alone.

It really seemed a childish affair in a House of such exquisite beauty.

CHAPTER XIX

Heterogeneous

But to return to our mutton, which in this case is Washington, a funny little incident is perhaps worth relating.

The town was for a long time perturbed where to place a very important statue. Much discussion took place, because it was to emphasise the glory of the whole American nation. At last a tiny plot of land was decided upon. A vast concourse of people were bidden to the unveiling, and among them the late British Ambassador, Mr. Bryce.

Since the English were driven out of the States in the eighteenth century, the only inch of land we possess as our very own is the Embassy at Washington.

Gaily stepping down from the tram-car at the gates of Britain's only *terra firma* possession, my attention was arrested by the statue of a man opposite, with a pen in his hand.

When our Ambassador entered the drawing-room, I exclaimed: —

"Why, Mr. Bryce, you have a grand new statue here since my last visit."

He laughed.

"Who is it ?"

"That statue is placed there," and he chuckled, "to ennoble the gentleman who signed the Declaration of Independence."

So that small spot, exactly opposite our Embassy, the city had chosen for the erection of the statue commemorating *our* defeat ! It was a comical idea to place it immediately facing the only bit of territory remaining to us ; and stranger still to invite the Ambassador from Great Britain to assist at the opening ceremony. Americans can have little sense of humour.

"Did you go ?"

"Yes, of course ; I went to their rejoicing to show there was no animosity. The Americans often ask me to go to dinner celebrations of some victory they gained over us, and it is always most good-natured and amusing. All personal feeling in the matter is dead."

Some countries would make war over a smaller episode. We are wiser. We planted our language and our names. The British impress on America is indelible.

Great Britain may be proud of her Embassy at Washington. It is a noble home of red brick, not far short of the White House itself.

Up a flight of stone steps one enters a fine hall with a staircase facing the door, and where this

stair branches off to the right and left, a life-size portrait of Queen Victoria smiles upon the guests. There are fine reception rooms and a good ball-room; in fact, it is an imposing Embassy, although inconveniently old-fashioned in many ways. In spite of America sending us her best men as her Ambassadors, she does not, as previously mentioned, provide them with free quarters in London. If her representative is poor, he is obliged to live in some cheap district; if, perchance, he should be a millionaire, he can rent a "Dorchester House," and pay for it out of his own purse, as his salary is ridiculously small.

We train our diplomats in political economy, history, and languages from boyhood, and their zenith is an Ambassadorship, but America picks out a good businesslike man who seems suitable for the post. In the case of Mr. Bryce, however, who is a lawyer, a politician, and, above all, the writer of the "American Commonwealth," Great Britain laid aside her rule, and he was chosen for Washington. For six years he ably filled the post, and endeared himself to the country to which he was sent as Ambassador, by his scholarly ways, and amusing and witty speeches. If such a thing exists as transmigration of souls, Mr. Bryce must have lived in America in a previous existence, so much in sympathy is he with the American people.

My old friend somewhat resembles Mr. Carnegie in appearance; both are small, wear closely clipped grey beards, both are young for their years, full of life and vitality, but there the likeness ends. Mr. Bryce is a great scholar; he has read enormously, travelled widely, is quick and temperamental, and has one of the most retentive memories I have ever come across. He appears to have forgotten nothing in his long and busy life. Like Lord Justice Fletcher Moulton, he can join in any conversation, in an intelligent manner, ranging from Honolulu to-day, the spectrum of the theodolite, to China and Confucius of the past, Fiji of to-morrow, or the earliest inhabitants of Mexico. A memory of that kind is one of God's greatest gifts, and rare indeed.

The Bryces lived a quiet and simple home life, except when they entertained on Monday nights; and the Ambassador thoroughly enjoyed his luncheons of Spanish mackerel, followed by his British pipe and coffee, chatting meanwhile to a friend; he is always then at his best. Mr. Bryce is a great man in many ways. He is not only possessed of much learning but has proved himself a diplomatist, and has a cheery, frank, and pleasant manner, and has an able helpmate in his wife.

There was great excitement in Washington during my visit just before Christmas, 1912, about the *Banking and Currency Committee.*

The first Trust in America was the Havemeyer Trust in 1889. It seemed an extraordinary thing that, by 1912, five or six men in the United States were juggling with more money than the entire Government had at its disposal. The control exercised by these men had become so colossal that a great agitation had arisen against this monopoly of finance.

Hence the enquiry.

Mr. Arsène Pujo was the Chairman,—a delightful Southerner from New Orleans, who spoke fluent French, and retailed quaint stories of darkies remembered from his youth. It was no light post to be chosen Chairman of such a Committee, and to have the greatest financiers of America in the box.

This tremendous enquiry into the money trusts was held in a small room in the House of Representatives. Around its table sat the Chairman, Mr. Pujo; the Government's Counsel (Mr. Samuel Untermyer), and the men who were, so to speak, in the witness-box. The only person allowed to ask questions was the Counsel, and the one object of the Government he represented was to break down the enormous Trust embracing about a hundred and thirty-four companies, and to make it in future impossible for the whole country to be ruled by a handful of financiers.

I hate money.

Drawn by Frances E. Jones.

A Bit of Old New Orleans

Money is not my god; money so often leads to jealousy, to juggling, and to dishonesty; we must have enough for our requirements, but personally I prefer a more modest sum to tens of thousands of dollars a year, when one sees how most of it is made and spent.

Is money worth all the scramble that Americans go through for its attainment?

"No, a thousand times No," say I; and yet "what is the good of having money if one may not talk about it?" says the American.

On October 24, 1912, when I was sitting in the wonderful library of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, he told me the last of his treasures, the miniature collection, was on the high seas on its way to the States.

Think of what the people of Great Britain lost! After his death his son insured the collection for twenty-three million dollars.

But for our exorbitant death duties, which Mr. Morgan dare not face, we might have had, anyway, part of these treasures. That was only fair. Many of them were collected in England, and were housed for years in London at Princes Gate, or loaned to our museums.

We were foolish enough to let them go. America was ungrateful enough to haggle over their acceptance by not conceding at once to Mr. Mor-

gan's wish that the Metropolitan Museum should build a special wing. When he was dead, — and not till then, — they at once voted the money. He died not knowing the ultimate destination of his treasures.

Mr. Morgan was a man of medium height, with the most strangely piercing eyes — a man one would have noticed anywhere. Besides being a genius at finance, Mr. Morgan helped his country over many stiles; he not only appreciated Art, but really understood it. Sir William Agnew once told me what exquisite taste Mr. Morgan had, when we were all three sitting together at Princes Gate; and Dr. Williamson, the compiler of those beautiful Morgan catalogues, once said, "He hardly ever makes a mistake."

His library in New York is built quite separate from his house, and consists of about three rooms and a large marble hall.

One enters by fine bronze doors, and on the right is the main library — a very large room, but a very, very small library in size when compared to Lord Acton's famous room at Bridgenorth. It has a gallery, and all the walls are lined with books; no glass on the bookcases; but brass cross-patterned wires cover the precious volumes, and lock them away safely. Old Italian chairs, cardinals' chairs, stand in rows; fine tables have cases of treasures upon them; jewelled books of

Charles V; Byzantine gold ornaments; Egyptian treasures; and an *olla podrida.*

On the left was his own "sanctum" wherein he sat. Its famous ceiling came wholesale from Italy; the glass in all the windows is "remade," he said; "all old bits, remodelled and refitted into a whole." Soft red Italian damask covered the walls, soft velvet covered the sofas; Memling pictures, old Limoges enamels, lustre plates, precious bronzes, all and everything beautiful, stood on the book shelves, which were about four to six feet from the floor.

Off this room was the Holy of Holies; this was locked off, and contained the original Mss. of Scott, Meredith, Milton, and the exquisite small illuminated volume of Benvenuto Cellini.

Galileo was persecuted in the sixteenth century for his scientific discoveries, and another Italian, Torricelli, a few years later made a barometer and thermometer; little did either of them dream of the vast results to follow.

A hundred years later Benjamin Franklin, among many other things, first saw the possibility of locating and predicting storms; one wonders if he ever vaguely had visions of the perfection we are nearing to-day.

"May I introduce you to the clerk of the weather?" a woman laughingly asked.

"Delighted," I replied. "He is a gentleman to whom I should like to give a bit of my mind occasionally."

Before me stood a pleasant-faced man with grey hair. This was Professor Willis Moore, Chief of the United States Weather Bureau at Washington, and one of the most interesting men I met in America. For sixteen years he has looked after this department, which has grown and grown, until to-day two hundred clerks are employed in Washington, and two thousand officials elsewhere at a couple of hundred observation stations scattered through the country. We at home are indebted to this Weather Bureau; for as most of the storms travel from the west to the east, it is this Bureau which forecasts wind, rain, snow, or heat upon our shores.

At ten o'clock every morning all the observations in the world have arrived at this office, and an hour or so later this information, classified and compressed, has been sent by rural telephone to five million farmers in the United States.

What will be the end of all this? It really seems that these observations, made now so scientifically in every land, will one day enable us to foretell, not merely a week ahead, as they do to-day, but a month, or perhaps a whole season. That will be the agriculturists' and shippers' millennium. The farmer will know when to plant

the seed; the shipper will be certain when his vessel should leave port, and what route she should take.

One has to pause and wonder what the end of all these inventions is to be. No single brain can assimilate a hundredth part of their number. Are we all to become specialists in a hundred years' time in one particular line, and know nothing whatever of the multiple sciences around us? This is an age of specialisation, and with the enormous advancement of knowledge even specialisation has its own branches, and tends to presuppose that our brains will become lopsided, or at least confined to some particular line of work.

It really seems as if all the "education" that is necessary to-day is reading, writing, and arithmetic. Those rudiments all must learn. But from that moment each boy and girl should specialise. There is no time to make a lumber-room of one's brain. Technical training should commence at once along whatever line the child wishes ultimately to develop; this should be followed by more profound learning towards the chosen career. Such "education" would have its faults, it would be narrow, but life is becoming so complex education must of necessity become focussed. The personal instinct of the individual will have to find its own vent, in its own way, in its own leisure.

Little kites are nowadays sent up into space,

alone, but aided by science, for they contain instruments that test the atmospheric pressure, and register the height to which they ascend; and they return to earth with the results of their investigations.

Where will it all end?

Will Marconi's amazing developments prevent all disaster at sea by telling captains how to alter their course to avoid the elements? Shall we prevent every disease by inoculation?

All these things, and more, are being perfected year by year through the vast strides of Science. How much we all owe to her labourers, and yet how ill their toil is rewarded either by honour or gold.

After a third visit to Washington, I feel that if I were going to live in the States, Washington would be my choice. It is the playground of American Society, the working home of American politics. In twelve years it has grown enormously; not like Chicago, — in a business, bustling way, — but socially, grown in fine homes, splendid mansions, and cosmopolitan life, in its best sense. Everyone wears evening dress. People dine at eight o'clock instead of at seven. All languages are spoken by the diplomatic world, and Washington is like London, Paris, Berlin, or St. Petersburg in its social atmosphere. Society fluctuates

as diplomatic society must; but there are always big brains and large ideas to be found in Washington.

Boston is a city of ideals; Washington, a city of ideas; Chicago, a city of force; New York, a city of dollars.

It was a stroke of luck that Captain Gibbons, who had been Naval Attaché in London, should be the Superintendent of the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis in the winter of 1912; and very pleasant were the two days I passed there, with him and his wife, in their lovely home.

What a world it is — that small naval city within stone walls. To the sound of martial music one is awakened in the morning, as the midshipmen march past in battalions to their work. These youths seem to have an excellent time. They are kept very hard at work; and the United States has taken a lesson from our British men by insisting on physical culture and physical exercise, and these boys must either have games and extra drill, or take long walks under supervision every day. Naturally they do not care for the latter.

There are something like one hundred and fifty professors at Annapolis, and delightful men many of them seemed to be. It is a veritable colony; for those who are married live in detached houses of their own.

One great feature at the time of my visit was the hydroplane practice when these machines were trundled to the water, from which they took their flight. Unfortunately the wind was so high during my actual stay, that they could not rise; but it is part of the educational system that some of these middies should learn to fly.

Looking back across the Severn, the gold roof of the little church reminded one of Russia, and one's thoughts wandered back to that magnificent Greek cathedral, built by the sailors' pence, at Kronstadt on the Neva, as an offering and prayer for their safety at sea.

Is it merely chance that we hear so much more about the United States Navy than formerly, or is it becoming an important factor in the world?

Officers of both services seem more to the fore than they used to be; and yet there are only about thirty thousand soldiers among a hundred million people. The Navy, on the other hand, is becoming very efficient.

England has the largest Navy in the world; France the second; and the United States the third.

We take our boys at twelve, keep them at Osborne for two years and two years more at Dartmouth. After six months on a training ship we send them to sea. Up to that time their parents pay for their education.

Annapolis is the one Naval Academy in the United States. It houses seven hundred and fifty boys (and has room for one thousand); it takes them in between the ages of sixteen and twenty, keeps them at work, and very hard work, too, for four years, with only one month's holiday in the year. They get good wages from the first. During this naval course they go for three months each year to sea, generally on a battle-ship with the Atlantic Fleet; then on leaving the Academy, they get their commission as ensigns, and go off to sea often for seven or eight years without a break.

Which country's system is the best can only be shown by subsequent trial in warfare.

Luckily these two English-speaking Navies are the best of friends, and always ought to be. But that it should be so is amazing, considering the way American children are still fed on the "cruelties of British rule," and enjoy everlasting feasting and rejoicing over every British defeat, their greatest annual holiday being in commemoration of freeing themselves from the yoke of America's best friend.

We have none of these feelings in England. We teach our children to respect and admire the younger land, and foster good feeling with Brother Jonathan. We cannot be united again by law, but every bond of friendship should be tightened, every link of brotherhood strengthened. English is becoming the language of the world, and we all

Drawn by Vernon Howe Bailey.

A Hotel in the South

originally come from the same stem. In spite of Annapolis being on the Severn, with a Queen Anne church and English names everywhere, the very first thing I was shown was the Royal Standard — taken, of course, from our poor troops — and other English flags, all of which were being most wonderfully restored for the Naval Academy of America by an *English* woman. We seem to have sent out an extraordinary number of flags with our army, and to have scattered them about in a most promiscuous manner, judging by their display in the States.

We have had one hundred years of peace between all English-speaking peoples. Let us shake hands across the seas and vow that peace shall never again be broken. It is a hundred years since the treaty of Ghent ended the last war between Britain and the United States. All the old subjects of dispute have gone. A large family is reunited.

What a dear old town Annapolis is. One hundred years ago it was bigger than New York, to-day it is a baby in comparison. Within its confines stands the delightful little red brick house with its two or three rooms, the first public building in Maryland.

There are lots of houses of the old colonial architecture with the *slave wings* on either side, for Maryland was a hotbed of slavery.

'Tis an old-world town — Annapolis; with its funny buggies plying the streets, and strange carts with great heavy lumbering oxen, neither as fine nor as handsome as those of Spain or Portugal, where ox-drawn carts are such a feature. 'Tis a town resonant of colonial days, which, while they ended in 1776, have left their dignified imprint till now. One sees it in the architecture, the social life, the politeness of the people, and even in the gardens.

Old England's influence is still strongly marked three thousand miles away in New England, in Virginia, in Carolina, and in Maryland. We are one people. Only twenty miles divide us from France, to which we ought, of course, to be joined by a tunnel, and yet how different are the two races, and the languages.

CHAPTER XX

Christmas and Edison

Christmas Eve of 1912 was white.

Seven or eight inches of snow had fallen in New York in a few hours, and were lying thick by half-past nine, when I struggled to get over to Orange to see the world-famous Thomas Edison. It was my only chance. Just sixty hours remained before embarking for the Argentine and twenty-four of those were Christmas.

"Now or never," I said to myself. "Snow or no snow. It is to be."

The greatest man in America is probably Thomas Edison. In the line of Applied Science he is the greatest man of the age. Nobody made such a world-wide reputation for his inventions in the last generation as this man of Dutch and Scotch descent, a quiet, unassuming person, as all great workers are. Telephones (which he perfected), the phonograph, and its offshoot, the gramophone, have entered palaces and cottages; from prince to peasant everybody knows the inventions of Thomas Edison. He was the first man to reproduce sound.

Naturally I wanted to meet this representative of Applied Science; and, hermit though he is, he kindly acceded to my wish.

Some men's reputations die with them, others are only born after death. Edison has been fully appreciated during his life, and will be remembered by posterity.

"It will take you an hour to reach Orange," Mr. Edison had written; but he had reckoned without the snow. It took me three hours before I stood in his library.

New York was paralysed. Little or no attempt had been made to tackle the snow fall, although the Clerk of the Weather had predicted its advent. Great flakes darkened the air as I came out of a Fifth Avenue house. Taxis there were none. I waited under falling sheets of snow at the street corner for that joyful "'bus" in which no one is allowed to strap-hang, and civilisation and peace reign for fivepence the journey. No 'bus came. Everything was hung up. After a bargain with the darky on the box of a hansom, we started off for 23d Street to catch the ferry.

I had been lent a pair of rubbers (goloshes), at which I had rather scoffed when leaving the house, but I soon found that even "gums" could not keep out the snow, which at Orange was eighteen inches thick, and before I got back to New York in the afternoon, it was piled three or four feet deep

in some parts of the city, so even wading boots would have barely kept one dry.

What a drive ! Trams held up, motors in snow-drifts, carts stuck, fallen horses on every side, — truly a hideous day. At last we reached 23d Street Ferry, only to find there was no chance of catching the train to Orange on the other side of the Hudson. Even the ferry-boat was late because of fog and sleet. It is a horrible journey at the best of times to be always catching ferry-boats ; for although two lines of rails have tunnel connection with Manhattan since the century began, those two lines do not go everywhere, and the ferry is still a great factor in circulating the traffic.

Once on board we plodded across through fog and sleet. The boat was full, more with parcels than people, — because every single person seemed to be carrying a dozen Christmas gifts. Arrived at Hoboken, of course I had to wait ; every connection was disconnected, and the sleet was cold and dreary.

Should I give it up. Dare I go on, on such a day ?

Why, of course I would go on. What was present discomfort to the likely pleasures to come.

Half an hour of train journey through blinding snow in an overheated "day coach" landed me at Orange. Time was getting on. I almost turned

back, even then, the day was so terrible, but I hate not to keep an appointment at any time, more especially when it is with such a busy man as Edison.

Carriage? Cab? Taxi? No, there was nothing. And what was worse, the passengers had to step into more than a foot of snow between the train and the road; there was no platform and no sheltering roof where the train stopped at Orange, New Jersey.

An Irish bobby at the corner of Main Street took compassion on me.

"It's a bit hard on strangers," he said, "who don't know their way about. Just you stand in the doorway of that store, and when a street-car comes along, I'll let you know; but they are running very irregular."

Twenty minutes passed. Everyone was grumbling; not that that was any good — the snow merely smiled, and fell the faster. The street-car came at last and deposited me at the great works. Mr. Meadowcroft, Edison's assistant, welcomed me in the large, airy, light library, where photographs of old friends like Lord Kelvin, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Roosevelt, Huxley, Baron Justus von Liebig (my godfather), and others smiled down from the walls.

In the middle of the room was Edison's desk, a yellow, pinewood, ordinary sort of American

roll-topped desk, with every paper neatly arranged and scrupulously pigeonholed. It was such a tidy desk for such an erratic man.

There was nothing grand, or imposing, or even workmanlike about this library; many private houses have far finer ones. But tucked away in one of the alcoves between the bookcases was a small trestle bed — a mighty simple sort of a bed, a comfortless sort of arrangement at the best; and on this small couch this giant among workers throws himself when utterly worn out, and snatches an hour or two of sleep.

In this workmanlike rather than beautiful library is a model of his concrete-house scheme. It will cost a fifth of the price of ordinary houses and be fireproof and vermin proof; and will be made in an iron mould riveted together. In fact, two tin jelly moulds — one inside the other — will give some idea of the scheme. In this way a duplicate house within a house, a space of a few inches being left between the two, will be joined together; bath, sink, everything, including the chimneys, will be on the moulds. Into this model the concrete will be poured through the chimney-stacks.

"I'll make a concrete house in six hours, and in four or five days it will be dry, and you can live in it in a week," said Edison when I met him. "Sixty per cent of the plant is ready, and I'm going to complete the rest shortly. In Holland

they are already making such houses, but they take two days about it."

"That does not seem much waste of time, when one is going to live in it all one's life," I remarked.

He laughed.

"They will be especially useful in industrial communities," he continued, "where the frame mould can be moved from one site to another, and a whole town run up quickly."

Edison is more an investigator than a scientist. He does not come into the sphere of pure scientists like Lord Kelvin, Professor J. J. Thomson, Professor Henry, or Sir William Ramsay, — men who are all fully equipped with physics, mathematics, and chemistry, — the fundamental knowledge required for pure science, — but Edison is a scientific investigator, and above all an inventor.

As a boy he was a telegraph operator. He had many weary hours of waiting, when he had to be at his post, and yet had nothing to do ; and he realised that he might go to sleep if only he could be sure of waking up at the right moment. He invented an alarum clock to help himself, and incidentally it has helped the world.

This youth gradually pushed himself forward till to-day he is at the head of five thousand men and has a huge financial company behind his back. He has a whole chemical experimental laboratory, wherein he produced his Edison storage battery.

He has fifteen high-class chemists constantly at work, and if an investigation does not succeed: —

"Try it a hundred times then, in different formulæ, and bring me the result," is his reply. He has lavishly squandered money in experiments.

He is himself all over the place. He knows his men; quarrels with them, makes it up again; calls them Tom or John or Bill, and withal remains just the same simple man as ever.

Having seen the library and peeped at the shops, where thousands of men were just going off to their dinners, we went up some queer back stairs to a sort of factory at the top of the house. In the outer hall various young mechanics were working at gramophones. Several songs were going on at the same time, so the sound was somewhat discordant.

In a smaller room beyond stood an ordinary mahogany-enclosed gramophone. Bending over it was a young man attending to the cylinders, while an elderly one sat on a common wooden chair beside it. The latter was holding his right hand to his ear, which was circled by his thumb and first finger, while the little finger was against the wood of the gramophone. The reason of this was to help transmit the sound to the ear.

He did not hear us enter; he was intent on the song and kept his head closely glued to the machine.

At the end of the verse the grey-headed man straightened himself:—

"Rotten, rotten!" he exclaimed.

This was Thomas Edison, and he was trying to get rid of the buzzing sound in gramophones.

A man of medium height, quietly dressed in a blue serge suit. His eyes are blue, cheery, hopeful, and at moments thoughtful; they are his most characteristic point, and he has a fresh complexion with long unruly grey, in fact almost white, hair.

Edison has not such a fine head as Hiram Maxim, Ibsen, Björnson, or Savonoff, but he has the same blunted tops to his fingers that I have so often noticed in inventors. He is not commanding in appearance. He is, in fact, a kindly, clever, easy-mannered man who would not excite curiosity in any way. Although so absorbed by work, he is not one-sided, as I soon learnt; he reads his paper with avidity, and has positive ideas on the busy questions of the day. So Edison is a man of parts as well as of concentration.

Edison did not look his age, viz. sixty-six (born 1847). He looked ten years younger than that, and when asked how he was, he danced round like a boy and replied, "Splendid," and brightly remarked he might think of retiring at ninety.

He has a frank smile and cheerful manner when he comes down to earth; more often he lives in the clouds.

And why his ear so close to the gramophone? Ah, why? Because like another great American — the late Horace Howard Furness — he is very deaf. He does not hear one word that is not spoken right into his ear. This may be a blessing in disguise, as it enables him to concentrate his thoughts without outside distraction.

"I saw photos of many old friends in your library," I said. "Lord Kelvin —"

He laughed.

"Poor Kelvin. The last time he stayed with me he had toothache; it refused to go, so he took to champagne."

"By whose prescription?"

"Oh, his own. I never drink anything; but we keep stuff up at the house for those who do, and Kelvin cured his toothache by my champagne."

"Have you no vices?" I laughed.

"I smoke."

Edison has always been an amazing worker. Twenty hours on end day after day do not wear him out, and he has been known to go for sixty hours without sleep.

In 1911, when he was deeply interested in his *disc phonograph*, he actually worked straight on end for six weeks. His house was barely seven minutes away by motor, and yet he only went home four times during that period just to bring back a fresh supply of clothing, and to see his family;

and he seldom slept more than two hours in the twenty-four. His men had to work in relays, but he never relaxed himself.

Mrs. Edison tries to insist that he should go home every day to his meals; but when he is absorbed, he cannot be dragged from his work. His assistants take in trays of food, but if they leave them beside him, there they remain; so he has to be stood over and cajoled, and coaxed to eat, and watched like a child.

"He's a devil to work," said one of his men.

He has two boys by his second marriage; the elder is at college. The second boy, who is seven years younger, bears an exact physical resemblance to Edison.

When the great inventor starts his night séances, poor Mrs. Edison is informed by telephone that "he is so busy she must not expect him," and it is quite a business to manage for people to be about all night "accidentally on purpose," so that he should not be left alone. He would like to be alone — and he often imagines he is alone — and so he is, but someone is near, generally two or three of them, so that they may be on the spot if they are wanted.

Edison has amazing physique or he could not work as he does, and he has an amazing brain or he could never have perfected so many inventive achievements. His Battery and Cement Houses

are his hobbies, and the Phonograph has kept up the funds. He has practically remade the phonograph and has now remade the gramophone, his experiments and betterments have been so incessant. His results are attained he says:—

"By one per cent inspiration and ninety-nine per cent perspiration."

No detail is too trivial for his attention.

The Kinetophone is his latest babe. It is a machine which allows moving pictures (cinematograph) and human voices (gramophone) to be used together, veritably a talking-motion-picture. It is the outcome of twenty-six years' work.

No one has any right to say anything is impossible in these days. Science is standing the round world firmly on its basis.

How strange it is that this deaf man should have made the most far-reaching contribution to universal music of anyone in the world, and yet he is no musician. He likes a tune, but he does not understand classical music. W. S. Gilbert was the same. He wrote his "book" and Sullivan added the music. Gilbert's lines were full of inspiration, full of musical cadence as well as permeated with his own particular kind of wit; but W. S. Gilbert was no musician and could not have written a bar for himself any more than Edison can. Yet both men have helped so materially to the universal enjoyment of music throughout the world.

Edison was very chatty and pleasant and friendly, and signed a large photograph on which he wrote the date (after inquiry) in a clear round hand.

"I was once an office boy, and then it was I learnt how to write so that people can read it. Pity everyone doesn't write distinctly, eh?" he said as he blotted the card.

Every scientist is necessarily a philanthropist, or he could not go on. Our Government pays more money yearly for note paper than in the encouragement of science.

New York under such winter snow is a pitiable sight. I never saw so many horses down in one day in my life; they lay about in every street. On my return in the afternoon there was no foot road at all; motors were skidding everywhere; others were held up in snow heaps. Large trucks had stuck, and the horses could not get them started again; in fact, New York was snow-bound, and traffic was delayed in an appalling manner. Even my dear Fifth Avenue 'bus which I caught on my return became a veritable torture. I am not a nervous person; but never, never, shall I forget that drive; generally, a quarter of an hour is sufficient to return from the ferry to 54th Street, but we were *five* quarters of an hour. We swerved, we swayed, we jumped over snow-hillocks till the passengers could hardly keep their seats,

and the 'bus itself could barely keep on the road; we wondered how the springs could stand it. Seldom has a drive been more exciting. All the traffic was skidding, and it was mere luck that there were not more accidents than there really were.

And this was Christmas Eve—the greatest day of the year in America after Thanksgiving.

Such snow on such a day was a veritable calamity.

In the morning everybody seemed to be carrying parcels; but in the evening, when New York traffic was in a worse muddle, every man and woman seemed to be literally laden with packages.

What a Christmas Eve!

Monday is the fashionable day at the New York Opera House, and the night before being a Monday, I had been taken to hear the American singer, Madame Farrar in *Madame Butterfly*. She was excellent in the last two acts, but still a poor contrast to that greatest of all present-day artists, Madame Destinn.

It was very interesting to watch the conductor going through that opera as he does every other opera, without any score. A singer has only his own part to memorise; but for one man to memorise several dozen entire operas, in which he is responsible to the fifty or sixty performers in the orchestra, and many more on the stage, is an

achievement. A thin white bâton is his medium. In this he is unlike the leonine personage, Savonoff, the Russian, who uses no bâton of any kind, merely his hands.

The Metropolitan Opera House is fine. It is not as beautiful as the one in Paris, nor so magnificent as the one in Buenos Ayres, nor so secluded as Covent Garden, where the boxes and their curtains form a dark, strong, if somewhat dingy background for our aristocracy and their diamond tiaras. In New York the boxes stand right forward till they appear like one continuous dress-circle. Everyone there and everything worn shows in that coveted "Horseshoe," the hall-mark of social success. Stop, there is another stamp of success, not so select but still very important, and that is to find one's name in "The New York Social Register."

There were plenty of beautiful women in the audience. Two persons in every three seemed to be Jewish, and many spoke broken English, but they wore expensive clothes and rolled away in fine motors.

It was cold but fine that night at half-past eleven when we left the Opera House. By one o'clock snow fell, and Christmas Eve was ushered in by a thick mist of falling crystals that covered New York with nearly two feet of snow.

Christmas in New York is a little different from

Christmas in England. I remember a delightful tea-party a few days before given by Kate Douglas Wiggin. There were various wreaths, green wreaths, with red bows ornamenting her drawing-room. I thought they were the offerings of admiring friends for her play "Rebecca," but they were nothing of the kind; they were Christmas wreaths.

While we festoon the homes of England with garlands, America decorates them with wreaths. This idea of green decoration is to be seen in the windows of the Clubs on Fifth Avenue. Each large pane has a wreath made of holly, mistletoe, ground pine, or bay leaves about eighteen inches across flattened against it, and ornamented with a red ribbon bow. They look like funeral wreaths and are yet to commemorate the Birth of Christ —Nativity, not Death.

Another Christmas custom, but, thank Heaven, not an English one, for it comes from the more southern climes of Italy, is the crippled beggar. For a week before Christmas these people are allowed upon the New York streets to clamour for alms.

Christmas is a season when everyone spends time and money buying things nobody else wants. New Yorkers do not seem to evince much foresight in their shopping; they wait until the very last day, which, of course, puts an extra

strain upon the shop people; and then they seek what they want at overcrowded counters in stores overheated with perspiring, struggling humanity, and say:—

"What a hustle Life is."

It need not be, but it often is where there is no organisation.

The States is a tremendous place for giving. It is bad enough with us, but really it seemed to be fifty per cent worse in New York, where the giving mania is a veritable disease. To control and do away with this somewhat ruinous generosity, Miss Anne Morgan, daughter of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, organised what is known as the Society for the Prevention of Useless Giving, or more popularly the "Spugs" (a word formed by the initial letters of the chief words in the title). In former years many of the shop-workers and shop-girls were often seriously involved in debt for months, by the necessity of gifts to those in more exalted positions in their places of business. It was to assist and protect these classes that the "Spugs" first banded together. The good effect of this Society was already proved in the first year of its existence, Christmas,—1912.

The large stores in the States are open on Saturday afternoons just the same as any other day during the winter months. In this land of independence, where the work-people are *supposed*

to be so much better off, they never have half-holidays (that is, in the shops) except during three months in the year, and on Saturdays work just the same as any other day. In England, the working-classes get one afternoon a week off. If, as is the case in the poorer districts, or country villages, they are open on Saturday night for the benefit of the wage-earner, then they get Wednesday or Thursday. We have four Bank Holidays a year, which always fall on a Monday. This means the shop people, bank clerks, and so on are free from one o'clock on Saturday until the following Tuesday morning. Such a thing is unknown in America (except Labour Day). On the whole, the British working men and women are better off in this respect than are their American neighbours.

America is the land of democracy in theory. England is the land of democracy in practice.

It was the most ideally Christmassy Christmas Day I ever remember.

Yonkers on the Hudson wore a white garb of snow, a solid foot and a half thick. The trees were weighed down with it. It might have been Canada or Norway as the mist of early morning cleared away and the sun rose. Then as the atmosphere grew warmer and warmer, huge hunks of snow fell from the trees; not a breath of wind

stirred the air. Warmth permeated the atmosphere. Blue shadows fell upon the ground. For miles one looked upon the snow-clad landscape gradually unfurling from white to green and brown, when the heat of the sun's rays uncovered the evergreens, the hollies, and the elms, the poplars, or the ash.

Not a sound stirred the air but the swish, swish of the snow as it fell from the branches. The very birds, except an occasional crow, seemed to sleep in the calm peace of that Christmas morn on the banks of the fine Hudson River. It was only the third time in all my life I had spent Christmas away from my mother and my home — once at school in Germany, once in Mexico when writing a book, and now in the United States.

It was the anniversary of the Birth of Christ.

It was the opening of one of the most beautiful days I can remember. It was the true Dickensian Christmas. Such a contrast to the horrors of the storm of the day before.

The Christmas Tree had been lighted the previous evening about half-past six, so that the babies might enjoy their toys and a game before they went to bed.

It was a beautiful house, full of artistic treasures from many lands; fine French tapestries, portraits by Shannon, sculpture, beautiful cabinets, endless

objets d'art, and to make it appear "Christmassy," the Scotch gardener had decorated the oak-panelled hall with evergreens, from which fringes of smilax fell, and a hundred or more scarlet poinsettias gave a brilliant note of colour to the whole.

That decoration was a triumph of floral art. The big Italian marble font in the middle of the hall added to the general effect, of course; the quaint candelabra gave brilliancy to the scheme. It was all so refined, so artistic, so beautiful, so in keeping with the gracious dainty châtelaine and her clever husband.

The tree was a real English tree, or — more properly speaking — a German one. And yet this one was novel, novel to me anyway; all along its big branches were flowers and birds, roses of every hue, canaries, red-breasted dicky-birds (probably robins), and each of these contained an electric light. A fire-lit tree without danger was a novelty, and the effect was charming.

While we were enjoying the wonders of that beautiful home, and gazing at the sunset on the Palisades across the Hudson, the poor of New York were being entertained in Madison Square Park by a public Christmas tree. It was a pretty idea. Mrs. Herreshoff, who conceived it, felt that many people in that vast city were homeless and lonely, and did not even know what a Christmas tree looked like; consequently, she ordered the

biggest possible fir tree, and on Christmas Eve the ceremony started.

At the trumpet call from "Parsifal," the large Star of Bethlehem on the topmost pinnacle of the tree commenced to glow, getting brighter and brighter until, one by one, myriad-coloured lights began to appear upon the branches below until the tree was a blaze of glory. With the lighting of the tree itself, a huge chorus of mixed voices burst forth, singing the hymn "Holy Night," and from half-past five until midnight, band music, choruses, and songs continued to do honour to Christmas Day.

Masses of people enjoyed the sight. Amongst them were many of the city's very poorest who went to see this wondrous show; the sort of thing some of them had dreamed of, but never realised before, and there also were the rich, who came merely out of curiosity to see the people's enjoyment. Madison Square, in the heart of New York, is the loneliest place in all Manhattan; on an ordinary night there is nothing there but loneliness.

The City of London, and Wall Street, New York, are two of the noisiest, busiest places in the world, and yet few people realize that at midnight, no country village is more deserted or more silent.

CHAPTER XXI

What is it all about?

And after all, the writer asks herself: "What is it all about?"

Is this jumble of impressions of any value, is it amusing or instructive, or is it all just so many wasted words and hours?

What is it all about?

Well, it is merely the lightest possible summary of one of the greatest possible problems of the day. Just a woman's impressions of a vast country and a vast people, steering a great huge ship, manned by many nationalities, out of a sea of prejudices and conventionalities — steering her for a harbour of her own making.

America is no man's land, and it is every man's land. America represents nothing, and America represents everything.

America is a tangled skein of possibilities.

The old English blood is being swamped by the foreigner.

The African nigger is multiplying.

The cities are increasing at an alarming rate.

The land is still crying for cultivation. There is a scarcity of cheap labour.

There are manufactories without workmen.

There is a surplus of general wealth; but there are few millionaires of sovereign value.

A political experiment is still in the making. A diplomatic school has barely begun.

Some ships — the *Great Eastern*, for example — have been found too large and awkward to handle in the sea, while small frigates have proved more useful.

Will America break up in chunks, or go on adding new countries unto herself?

Who can tell?

But the one thing on which the whole country is agreed at the present moment is *its own value; its own greatness*, and the *far-reaching importance of its own flag*.

The size of America is what amazes one. Its vastness, its great lakes which are huge inland seas; its gigantic waterways; its mountains; in fact, its colossal size and immense population, not immense for its area, for it is sparsely populated, but numerically immense, nearly one hundred millions is stupendous. All these are big words, adjectival exuberance, perhaps; but it is the vastness that amazes the stranger.

When every man and woman is a college graduate, what will become of the world generally?

Will the man at the linotype machine write

his leading articles on classics direct on the lead ?

Will the dressmaker discuss the lines of the Greek goddesses, and insist on a large neck because *Venus of Milo* had one ?

Will the chauffeur compare his car with the chariot of Athens ?

Will the *chef* wonder whether his sheep's tongues are as good as the peacocks' tongues served to the Emperors of Rome ?

Will the lady who wears false pearls compare her wondrous gems to the pearls in the vase of Cleopatra ?

Will the umbrella-maker discourse glibly of the early head-coverings of China, and talk Marco Polo to his *confrères?*

Will the druggist deal in potions as the magicians of Catherine of Medici, and talk history ?

Or will the world be so highly educated that everyone will specialise, and become mere automatons along his or her own lines, until their brains are atrophied, and they are glad to go back to the position from which they came, and everyone finds his own level again ?

Education in the wrong place is far worse than no education at all. Everyone is not capable of being educated satisfactorily to himself or to the world, and many brains become more addled than when they started.

That unrest which is the result of indiscreet education, which teaches every Jack that he is better than his master, is being felt in the States. The education there is as good (or as bad) as in Germany. The result in Germany is socialism, which is, however, held in check by a strong hand. In America this is coming. It is beginning to assert itself by a memorable struggle of the unlettered classes. Who is going to control that with an ever changing government?

We — we people of the middle class — are all subservient to someone. I am a worm in the hands of the editors, the publishers, and the public. We must of necessity be so; every man must have someone over him: —

> "Order is Heaven's first law, and this confest
> Some are, and must be, greater than the rest."

In America every man thinks himself better than his master, and says so with no unblushing inference of manner.

The United States has three dangers, — outside elements, as it were: —

(1) *The Negro*, who is of lower intelligence, and has heretofore been controlled; but numbers and education are strengthening his position.

(2) *The Roman Catholic*, who, when powerful enough, controls countries and throttles individualism; both policies antagonistic to the American cult.

(3) *The Jew* has wonderful acquisitive talent, and is really gifted in all the arts; but he has yet to win his social footing in the States. Personally I like Jews, and appreciate their great intellectual gifts. In fifty years they have entered America in millions and their numbers and their wealth are increasing hourly.

Any custom that becomes a habit may develop into a curse. There are men in business who are so involved in business they cannot leave it. Younger partners and employees are dependent on them; they have made enough money themselves, but the moral sense of duty to the men who have helped them to climb, coupled with the thraldom of the business habit, makes them neglect every human amusement and instinct.

"I can't leave my business," one hears again and again; "the only thing I love is yachting or shooting (or whatever the case may be), but it comes at our busy season, and so I have to do without it."

All this is a pity. Let the successful business man give his juniors a chance. Let him take his three months' holiday at the busiest season of the year. Those juniors may make mistakes, there may even be a deficit. Well, let the business man replace the two or three thousand pounds deficit so that none may suffer, and let him look upon it as so much paid for his own holiday.

The juniors have bought their experience, and are not likely to repeat the mistakes.

The "Boss" will have learnt to be human, learnt to enjoy life outside himself before it is too late, and done much to make a happier future for everyone concerned at the expense of a little money, which, with his accumulated fortune, is cheap at the price.

We are all apt to think ourselves indispensable; others can generally fill our place provided the opportunity offers, and they have a little pluck and initiative.

A dead man's shoes are soon filled.

A living man wears his shoes far longer if he sometimes puts on his slippers.

Nothing short of a surgical operation amputates some men from their office.

In the first chapter the writer asked:—

"Why do Americans resent all criticism?"

It is a well-known fact that while we will allow a friend, almost a stranger, to say, "I don't like that hat," and may even change it to please them, we become perfectly furious when a near relative, a brother or a sister, exclaims, "I don't like that hat!"

We purse up our lips and reply:—

"It is no business of yours."

Change it we won't, and we don't.

England and America are much the same. We

are brothers and sisters ; the one, being aggressively young, resents criticism and comparison ; the other is perhaps inclined, from being older and having knocked about the world, to assume an attitude of superiority.

Both are wrong. Even when we resent criticism, we are often wise to weigh it carefully, and use it discreetly.

The American hates British "ragging," and cannot understand British jokes, while we often fail to see the subtlety of American humour. The humour of each country is totally different. It cannot be compared.

Instead of saying to anyone, "You are wrong," it is, of course, more tactful to ask, "Do you think you are right ?" Only it takes longer.

A delightful American exclaimed, "We don't resent criticism, although we don't always like it ; but we do resent the spirit in which it is made."

"Why ?"

He didn't know why ; unless it was that no country and no people have the right to criticise another.

If we only did what was right in the eyes of this world, we should do nothing. Neither in an individual nor a nation can one expect consistency. We are all growing more material and selfish every day. Oh — for the resuscitation of ideals !

The destiny of the race is, or should be, the

American ideal. The country is working out its own civilisation.

The unfortunate writer has probably heaped a blazing furnace upon her head by daring to joke or compare, or to admire (even admiration is resented sometimes) a people she likes and esteems, and calls her friends, and hopes to embrace yet more warmly. If the public or the press do not accept her kindliness of spirit, she will be more than ever convinced that —

HYPERSENSITIVENESS IS THE AMERICAN SIN.

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